



Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series.
Vol. LVIII., No. 2.

AUGUST, 1893.

{Old Series complete in 63 vols.

THE PROSPECTS OF THE CIVILIZED WORLD.*

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THERE is a distinction in kind between predictions which refer to a remote future, and which are necessarily, if not professedly, more or less arbitrary, and those which profess to infer what soon will be from what now is. A prophecy of the latter class, if it relates to social history, is a criticism of life. The Bible prophecies, according to the truer view of them which now prevails, are of this nature. They paint, indeed, imaginative scenes of ultimate glory; but for the most part they express the liveliest interest in the present, and declare what, under the divine purpose and law, the present is about to bring forth in the future. Such a prophecy pronounces judgment upon existing tendencies, and serves both for a warning and for

an encouragement. No philosophy of causation will drive out of the heads of living men the belief that they can do something to guide the course of things, and so to modify the future. Men have always been accustomed to assume, and they will go on assuming, that they can set themselves against a tendency which they believe to be dangerous, and give support by their endeavors to one that promises to lead to good. Some of those who are most convinced that the future is a necessary consequence to be developed out of the present, and most sure about manifest destiny, happen to be at the same time most earnest and importunate in denouncing what they consider to be hurtful habits and movements, and in urging their fellow-men to adopt and favor those which they judge to be beneficial. A forecast of the future which shows genuine insight is

* "National Life and Character: a Forecast." By Charles H. Pearson.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. LVIII., No. 2.

not only interesting to intellectual curiosity, but it can scarcely fail to have some moral influence.

No one, I think, can read Mr. C. H. Pearson's recent book without being in an unusual degree excited and disquieted by it. The extraordinary range of knowledge exhibited in it must quickly awaken the reader's respect; and he will be impressed by the keenness and originality of observation, the philosophic calmness, the apparent disinterestedness and openness of mind, with which tendencies are traced and probable results indicated. And the author touches upon all the things that concern us most closely—upon our beliefs as to the unseen world and the life beyond the grave, upon the relations of husband and wife and of parents and children, upon town and country, upon trained armies and volunteers, upon poetry and art, upon science and industrial invention:

"Quidquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira,
voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli."

But what will probably most astonish the reader is the success with which Mr. Pearson conceals any interest he may feel as a fellow-man in human doings and fortunes. There is something abnormal in the dispassionate coolness with which he reports upon the world and the downward way on which it is going—a coolness which the impatience of his readers may be tempted to resent as cynical. Almost the only sign of warmth is in the angry bitterness of the remarks on "the Churches" and theology, though some other antipathies may be guessed. We cannot help wondering what purpose the author had in writing the book: we feel as we read that so serious a thinker must have had some purpose besides that of making a good many of his fellow-men unhappy; but the object he had in view is not apparent. He gives us a dismal prospect, and he writes as if he held a brief for discouragement; but here and there he suggests that it does not much signify. He gives us leave to reject his forecast if we please, on the ground that rational forecasts have often turned out mistaken. Where he does refer to the effect which his prophecies may have upon his readers' minds, his language is curiously confused, and we speculate in vain as to what he can really mean. Thus at the

close of chapter i. he says that, for us of the Aryan race and the Christian faith,

"our pride of place will be humiliated. . . . We shall wake to find ourselves elbowed and hustled, and perhaps even thrust aside, by people whom we looked down upon as servile, and thought of as bound always to minister to our needs. The solitary consolation will be, that the changes have been inevitable. It has been our work to organize and create, to carry peace and law and order over the world, that others may enter in and enjoy. Yet in some of us the feeling of caste is so strong that we are not sorry to think we shall have passed away before that day arrives."

If we, who will have passed away, are to wake, it will be presumably in the persons of our descendants. For whom, then, will the consolation be? For us, to whose pain the author allows no better name than that of injured caste feeling? Our consolation is, that we shall not see, except in prevision, the melancholy condition to which our humane endeavors, aided by opportune circumstances, are bringing the world. The deluge will be after our time. This is a consolation which I should suppose to be hardly worth offering. But it is about as satisfactory as that which our descendants will have, in the reflection that the changes were inevitable. This stoical acquiescence in the inevitable is the solitary moral attitude which Mr. Pearson suggests to his readers. But can he really think that he is offering them consolation? I should suggest for this purpose the reflection: "We did our best; it is not our fault, but Nature's." Still stranger is the passage which concludes the volume. The author seems to feel that he must say something in the way of moral reflection; but he has nothing to say, and he does not shrink from saying that nothing in curiously unmeaning phrases:

"When Christianity began to appear grotesque and incredible, men reconciled themselves to the change by belief in an age of reason, of enlightenment, of progress. It is now more than probable that our science, our civilization, our great and real advance in the practice of government, are only bringing us nearer to the day when the lower races will predominate in the world, when the higher races will lose their noblest elements, when we shall ask nothing from the day but to live, nor from the future but that we may not deteriorate. Even so, there will still remain to us ourselves. Simply to do our work in life, and to abide the issue, if we stand erect before the eternal calm as cheerfully as our fathers faced the eternal unrest, may be nobler training for our souls than the faith in progress" (p. 344).

Here, again, "we" are evidently our descendants. "Eternal" is always an impressive word, but why is it applied either to the calm or to the unrest? The unrest, at all events, was not eternal, for it will have been superseded by the calm; and the calm at any moment can scarcely be more than a stage in the progress of decay *ad non esse*. Our fathers are not happily described as having cheerfully faced unrest, whether eternal or temporary; it should rather be said of them that, sustained by faith in Divine Providence, and animated by hope of a better future, they threw themselves into the struggle of their time, and were a part of its "unrest." To do our work in life, and abide the issue, has a good old sound; but what is the work of life to be, when people will ask nothing from the day but to live, when they know of no Taskmaster who sets them their work and takes account of its performance, when they see clearly that any good efforts which they might put forth would only make things worse, when "the savor of vacant lives will go up to God from every home"? (p. 338). I could willingly believe that our author secretly intended to suggest to his readers an unspoken alternative; that he would wish "some of us" to say, "These depressing prognostics are not easy to refute; it looks as if decay may be coming upon our world; but it will be better to resist the coming evil with all our might than to stare blankly at it, or to acquiesce cheerfully in it; we have still enough of faith and hope at the back of our minds and the bottom of our hearts to give us courage to die fighting."

It seems possible that Mr. Pearson may have been vexed by the cheerful anticipations of those who believe in reason, enlightenment, and progress. Those imaginative spirits who are most excited by the movements of our time have been dreaming of universal peace and happiness. In epochs of change, forecasts of the future have not been uncommon, and prophecies of evil have always added a growling accompaniment to the hopeful forecasts. There are plenty of disaffected persons in these days who rather enjoy telling us that we are going to the bad; who look with disgust on triumphant democracy, and are sure that we are in the way to lose refinement and religion, if not on the eve of a period of rob-

bery and rioting. But these Cassandra warnings do not aim at being scientific; they are rather expressions of displeasure at the turn things are taking than attempts to conceive the actual condition of the world during the coming generations. It is impossible to take part in making changes, or to rejoice in their being made, without believing that mankind will on the whole and in the long run be the better for them. The youthful and poetical, who dip into the future far as human eye can see, have always had visions of a better and happier as well as more wonderful world. Just now, philanthropy, which pervades all classes, and socialism, which is the creed of those who are most zealous in promoting social change, are looking forward to a millennium of general comfort and international harmony. Attempts have been made to give realistic representations of the socialist world of the future, in which life is to be made easy and happy for all by a skilful reconciliation of interests. Through no such revolution, but as a gradual result of evolution, a satisfactory future has been anticipated by philosophers also. Mr. J. S. Mill gave economic reasons for expecting a stationary condition of society, in which a quiet and general pursuit of things really desirable may take the place of eager competition and the increasing of wealth. Mr. Herbert Spencer convinces himself that, by the continued action of existing causes, an industrial organization of society will completely supersede the military organization which is already passing away, and will bring with it general well-being, and oblige every one to be amiable. To disturb these pleasant prospects of the augmenting happiness of the superior races, Mr. Pearson brings to the front the Chinese, the Negroes, the Indians of the tropical parts of America, and the natives of British India. His primary argument is, that the yellow and black races are bound to multiply and advance, and so to squeeze into narrower quarters the hitherto dominant races of the temperate zone.

The first and gravest danger with which Europe is threatened is from the expansion of China. Mr. Pearson, a distinguished Oxford student, has been Minister of Education in Victoria, and he looks back with keen satisfaction upon the policy adopted by the Australians toward

the Chinese. What the yellow race is capable of doing was seen and tested in Australia. China has a multitudinous population, trained to habits of industry, habituated to privation and hardships, of singular toughness in body and spirit, ready to emigrate to any land to which they are attracted by a hope of bettering themselves. Mr. Pearson's auguries with regard to the future development of China have been to some extent anticipated by other observers, who have predicted that both Russia and the British Empire may find in that power a formidable rival on their oriental frontiers. I have come across a physiological forecast, which goes beyond Mr. Pearson's, in a paper by Mr. S. S. Buckman on "Some Laws of Heredity, and their Application to Man," read before the Cotteswold Naturalists' Field Club, and published in their "Proceedings," vol. x. part iii. :

"In time—a distant time truly, but none the less certain—the European, the quick-developing race, will disappear altogether. . . . Medical science and philanthropy, though admirable for the individual, absolutely necessary for a high degree of civilization, and indispensable for the evolution of scientific thought, are decidedly detrimental to the race. They keep alive and allow to multiply just those weakly members who would be so surely and summarily weeded out by that rough-and-ready process known as Natural Selection. In the distant future, when that over-population which they do so much to cherish (*teste* India at the present day) precipitates a genuine struggle for existence, the races in which natural selection has been checked the most will assuredly go to the wall. A race in which a high level of physical vitality is maintained by a constant struggle for existence under arduous but healthy conditions, a race able to subsist on a sparing quantity of food from the same cause, a race unaffected by so-called civilization, and a race sufficiently prolific withal, is the one which is destined to occupy the place of the Europeans. Strange as it may seem, the Chinese appear to be fitted for the work" (pp. 315, 316).

Mr. Pearson takes shorter views, and does not look forward so far as to the extinction of the European race, but is content to threaten it with decline and torpor. He sees other inferior races advancing with minatory strides, the lower civilization showing more vigor than the higher ; but it is with China that we have to reckon first :

"No one in California or Australia, where the effects of Chinese competition have been studied, has, I believe, the smallest doubt that

Chinese laborers, if allowed to come in freely, could starve all the white men in either country out of it, or force them to submit to harder work and a much lower standard of wages. In Victoria, a single trade, that of furniture making, was taken possession of and ruined for white men, within the space of something like five years. Only two large employers excluded Chinamen altogether ; and white men, where they were retained, were kept on only to supply a limited demand for the best kind of work. Now, what Chinamen can do in Melbourne . . . Chinamen at home could do incomparably better, if they worked in establishments fitted up with the best machinery and were directed by foremen knowing the European taste. Does any one doubt that the day is at hand when China will have cheap fuel from her coal-mines, cheap transport by railways and steamers, and will have founded technical schools to develop her industries ? Whenever that day comes, she may wrest the control of the world's markets, especially throughout Asia, from England and Germany" (pp. 125, 126).

This is the check with which England is most immediately threatened—a deadly competition in the Eastern markets. And Mr. Pearson makes the shrewd observation, that "the Chinese would be less dangerous than they are if they were as warlike as the Turks in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, because in that case they would waste their reproductive forces in arms" (p. 96). "Every year seems to increase the pre-eminence of industrial over essentially martial nations" (p. 95). But he believes that China will soon become formidable as a military power :

"Neither does it seem possible to imagine that the great inert force of China will not some day be organized and rendered mobile and capable of military aggression. . . . We have compelled her to come into the fellowship of nations. She has adopted steamers, and European artillery and army organization ; she has accepted the telegraph ; she is about to introduce railways ; and she has credit enough to carry out the changes she needs with foreign capital. On three sides of her lie countries that she may easily seize, over which very often she has some old claim, and in the climate of which her people can live. Flexible as Jews, they can thrive on the mountain plateaux of Thibet and under the sun of Singapore ; more versatile even than Jews, they are excellent laborers, and not without merit as soldiers and sailors ; while they have a capacity for trade which no other nation of the East possesses. They do not need even the accident of a man of genius to develop their magnificent future. Ordinary statesmanship, adopting the improvements of Europe without offending the customs and prejudices of the people, may make them a State which no Power in Europe will dare to

disregard ; with an army which can march by fixed stages across Asia ; and a fleet which could hold its own against any the strongest of European Powers could afford to keep permanently in Chinese waters" (pp. 111, 112).

The reader sees with what *verve* our author argues his case. One of his chief points is, that emigration has of late years done much to promote the prosperity of the European, and especially of the British races, by providing a vent for their growing numbers, and for their more eager and enterprising spirits ; and that soon there will be no vacant part of the globe which these more civilized races can occupy. The black and yellow races are filling up the hotter parts of the globe with their much-enduring populations. Mr. Pearson speaks with pride and warmth as an Australian colonist who has "resided twenty years under the Southern Cross :

"We know that colored and white labor cannot exist side by side ; we are well aware that China can swamp us with a single year's surplus of population ; and we know that if national existence is sacrificed to the working of a few mines and sugar plantations, it is not the Englishman alone, but the whole civilized world that will be the losers. . . . We are guarding the last part of the world, in which the higher races can live and increase freely, for the higher civilization" (p. 16).

But this one outlet will not serve us long. The European nations, according to our author's view, will undergo industrial compression. They will be shut up within their own territories, with shrinking trade, and with the necessity of retaining and supporting their entire populations. State Socialism in all its forms will of necessity be developed, the increase of population will be restrained, and each nation will be compelled to arm itself to the teeth, not from any love of war, but for self-defence, and as the condition of preserving its national existence. That is the political and economic condition which will be forced upon the nations of Europe by this one definite cause—the certain and closely approaching expansion of the inferior races of the world.

Those who have any belief in "a Hand that guides" would be inclined to set their faith defiantly against all such calculations. That faith was once expressed with characteristic and refreshing vigor by Luther :

"Potentates and princes nowadays [we should say, statistas and philosophers] set to work calculating : three times three make nine, twice seven are fourteen, so-and-so will

do so-and-so ; in this manner will the business surely take effect. But our Lord God says unto them, For whom, then, do ye hold me. For a cipher ? Do I sit here above in vain and to no purpose ? You shall know that I will twist your accounts about finely, and make them all false reckonings" ("Table-Talk," Bohn's edition, p. 310).

Whatever Mr. Pearson's private convictions may be, in developing "the argument of this book," he certainly takes the line of treating our Lord God as a cipher. He looks only at the facts and processes of the present time, and from these he deduces what, according to judicious reasoning, enlightened by the experience of the past, may be expected to be their results in the proximate future. Those of his readers who would decline to meet him on this ground of rational calculation, he on his part would decline to meet at all. There is no sign of his having any general theory or set of opinions which he wishes to make interesting and attractive. The most instructive part of the book—though every page is crowded with knowledge—is that in which the author dwells on the religious and social and intellectual tendencies of the English world of our time. But as he makes this onward aggressive march of the yellow and black races, and the consequent repression of the Aryan races, the basis of his argument, this is the consideration which first challenges the attention of the reader.

As regards a Christian faith in "our Lord God," we are not entitled to hold that it may not be in the designs of Divine Providence that races which have done their work should give way to other races, through which the development of mankind in general should be advanced. We must go farther, and admit that, if this terrestrial globe is destined to lose its power of sustaining life, and the sun itself is gradually parting with its heat, we have to face the remote contingency of the extinction of the whole human race. We are bound to be cautious about dictating to our Lord God as well as ignoring Him. But on his own ground we may find reason for keeping our author's conclusion at bay. What has been the most conspicuous feature of all past human history ? Confessedly, war. Mr. Pearson notes the fact that the Chinese race is not constitutionally warlike, as the Turks were. He also refers to the growing distaste of modern Europeans, and especially of the Eng-

lish, for violent proceedings, and to the shortness and comparative humanity of recent wars. But he takes for granted that the Chinese will create formidable armies, and he believes that the nations of Europe will be compelled to become more military than they are now. He is not the dreamer dwelling on the happy time when the battle flags shall be furled, in the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world. From his point of view, what is more probable than that war will reign in the future as it has reigned in the past—war with a thousand battles, and shaking a hundred thrones? It is true that the imperial sceptre of Great Britain forbids fighting in India and South Africa, and is likely to do so increasingly in Central and Northern Africa, and that under the Pax Britannica the protected races multiply with inconvenient rapidity. But is it possible that great Powers should be built up out of the inferior races without desolating wars? All experience confutes such a forecast. Mr. Pearson himself supplies evidence against it: "India left to itself might be rent for a time by the war of Mussulman and Hindoo; but India is too populous for any large part of its people to be exterminated, unless indeed wars were waged in the Chinese fashion" (p. 34). Within our own time, the Taiping war cost China many millions of people, and was at last brought to an end by British aid. A Mohammedan rebellion was stamped out by Chinese troops in Yunnan and Ili, after wars in which millions of lives were destroyed (p. 132). Mr. Pearson says: "Although it would not be wise to calculate that there will be no revival of the old savagery, it is reasonable to expect that the accepted practice of civilized nations will, on the whole, maintain itself, and will influence the procedure of conquerors in Southern Asia, in Africa, and in South America" (p. 82). It is not in the least reasonable, I submit, to expect that "massacres which Gustavus Adolphus, Cromwell, or Turenne would have looked upon as the regrettable but necessary consequences of war" (p. 83), should not occur in the procedure of Chinese or Negro conquerors unrestrained by any influence of European Powers; the development of strength and ambition and military effectiveness in half-civilized races cannot fail to be accompanied by wars of the old kind, such as will break up domin-

ions and keep down the increase of populations. As regards immediate prospects in Europe, there are many who see in the large scale of the existing armaments of the nations a most dangerous incitement to war, and who therefore long to persuade the Powers to reduce simultaneously their military strength: Mr. Pearson evidently holds, and I think more wisely, not only that any attempts to arrange simultaneous disarmament would be futile, but that if France or Russia, Germany or Austria, were seriously to diminish its preparations for war, war would be the more likely to break out. It can hardly be doubted that a tempting opportunity would be too much for the self-restraint of almost any of the Continental Powers; and the shock of modern war between great nations, though it may be brief, is terrific and highly destructive. The fact that our author has omitted to take account of the chances of wars—of wars which would excite mankind, and change governments, and sweep away millions of men—seems to me sufficient of itself to weaken the verisimilitude of his forecast. But that the statesmen of Russia and of England are bound to keep their eyes upon China with a certain anxiety, and that this is one of the many reasons for looking to the security of our Imperial system, and for refusing to abandon ourselves to sentimental dreams, Mr. Pearson's readers will probably be more convinced than they were before.

Having satisfied himself that within a century or two the Chinese, the Negroes, and the native populations of British India and Central America will be driving back the European races and penning them within the lands of the temperate zone, it was natural that our author should go on to consider how the civilized nations, and the English in particular, would meet this new condition. We are thus led to a general survey of the tendencies now to be discerned in the habits and activities of the English race. To Mr. Pearson's eyes, all things are moving in the same direction—toward more general and equally diffused comfort, and toward flatness, dullness, vacuity. It seems to me very questionable whether the physical ease which our author expects to prevail is likely to be secured in conjunction with the other conditions which he supposes. He believes that State Socialism will make prog-

ress; that the whole population, acting through the State as its effective organ, will have its mind set on providing for itself the necessities of life in sufficient abundance; and that it will succeed in its aim. This is perhaps a little too like the views of the sanguine State Socialists, who take for granted that the State, being all-powerful, can do what it pleases in the sphere of economics, and make every one comfortable. If England were to lose its trade and be shut in upon itself, it would have some hard times to go through in adjusting itself to these new circumstances. And an army maintained by conscription at a strength which would make it a match for any invaders, and kept in the highest state of military efficiency, would heavily tax the resources of the country. Can it be considered probable that these things would result in an "eternal calm" settling upon the land? The physical comfort of Mr. Pearson's forecast may be to many a welcome set-off against the dismal colors of the rest of his picture. But some of us would as lief, perhaps, see our country perishing in final convulsions, as descending toward a permanent level of well-fed animal life.

Again and again I find the suspicion recurring, that our author is not expressing his whole mind in this book. The general thesis which he develops is this—that all the changes of recent years are not only inevitable, but good and desirable, and that they all tend to degeneracy and decay. Over a wide range of subjects, with a rare wealth of illustration, and with pertinacious analysis, he sets himself to demonstrate this tendency. As it was impossible that any one could be so wise as Lord Thurlow looked, so we may say it is impossible for any serious thinker—much more for a man who has been a Minister of Education—to be so coldly cynical as Mr. Pearson might seem to be. To prophesy evils which cannot be guarded against, and to show that these are the results of good motives and right actions, with no purpose but to make the doers unhappy, seems too dismal a task for any one but an impossible cynic to undertake. And there are jets of heat—to be felt in an occasional fiery phrase like this, "If the people of Athens had not been quickened by the inspiration of empire, *if they had stooped to count heads or ships*"—which issue from no merely cynical na-

ture. It is true, however, that the telling phrases which catch the reader's attention are apt to have a touch of cynicism about them. Their epigrammatic irony strikes one the more from their occurring in the course of an almost careless, though vigorous and scholarly, style of writing. The following are casual examples: "Charity occasionally blesses him that gives, and habitually demoralizes him who takes" (p. 206); "human nature has always shown itself impatient of conjugal restraints" (p. 236); such is the absolute decorum demanded in our day from a leading man, that "Nelson, Wellington, and Warren Hastings would scarcely be permitted now to save the Empire" (p. 202). But "the argument of this book" is the matter to which the author would probably request the reader to confine his attention; and about the bearing of this there is no uncertainty.

The spirit which, as Mr. Pearson recognizes, has been working in the characteristic opinions and habits and in the legislative reforms of this epoch is that of humanity, or consideration of the claims and happiness of all. Among "the liberal changes of the century" he specifies "religious tolerance, the mitigation of the penal laws, the recognition of the laborer's right to associate, the diffusion of education, the extension of the suffrage." These he describes as "acts of justice," "eminently defensible," and as, at the same time, unavoidable. And, on the whole, their tendency is toward State Socialism. Competition, the free struggle of individuals, is being superseded by the care of all for each. "The State appears to be the best expression of the wishes of the majority;" "each man identifies himself more and more with the needs and aspirations of his fellow-countrymen;" "what are now the governing classes will have to arrange reasonable compromises by which the condition of the poor is made endurable" (pp. 27, 28). Mr. Pearson has some acute remarks on Democracy, as a different thing from Socialism, but a form of government which in these days promotes Socialism: "Socialism gives an industrial programme: Democracy only gives the power of adopting the programme" (p. 110). Every month that has gone by since the author penned his forecast has made it more certain that we are moving, and shall continue to move—

tentatively and by degrees, and in respectful disregard of many warnings—toward the carrying out of the industrial programme of State Socialism. It is possible that experience may say to us before long, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further. But everything seems to portend that we shall go a good deal beyond our present stage in the controlling of labor and trade by public authorities, and in the application of the wealth of the country to the promotion of the general well-being.

One of Mr. Pearson's most original views is his expectation that the religion of the future will be the worship of the State. He shows how, to the minds of the coming generations, beneficence and help and protection will be largely associated with the action of the civil power :

"The State watches over the infant life from birth ; provides that the growing child is not stunted by excessive toil, is properly clothed and fed, and is so educated as to have a fair start in life ; it assures the adult against starvation, protects him from foreign enemies, from tyrannical employers, and from the criminal classes that prey upon property ; it secures him liberty of thought and faith ; and it offers him the means of safe and easy insurance against illness and death. It is constantly endeavoring to extend the sphere of its beneficent energies. . . . Neither is it merely material benefits with which a great country endows its citizens. The countrymen of Chatham and Wellington, of Washington and Lincoln, of Joan of Arc and Gambetta—in short, the citizens of every historic State—are richer by great deeds that have formed the national character, by winged words that have passed into current speech, by the example of lives and labors consecrated to the service of the Commonwealth. The religion of the State is surely as worthy of reverence as any creed of the Churches, and ought to grow in intensity year by year" (pp. 224, 225).

It will hardly be hypercritical if I note in this last sentence the confusedness which appears here and there in the book, and which probably indicates that the author had not an opportunity of revising it carefully. The intended meaning of the sentence presumably is, that the State is as worthy of religious reverence as any Divine Being named in the creeds of the Churches—as the Heavenly Father, for example, or the Lord Jesus Christ. Religion which grows in intensity must be the *feeling* of reverence or worship, not the *object* of worship ; but it is the object of worship, and not the feeling, that is more or less worthy of reverence.

On a succeeding page the author says :

"The religion of the country [that is, the worship of the civil power] is likely to become a deeper and more serious feeling as the sphere of State action increases, as the State shows itself more beneficent in its aims than a good king, more effectively moral than the Churches, and more comprehensive and human than king or Church, aristocratic caste, or guild of associated workmen" (pp. 227, 228).

That the morality of the State is superior to that of the Churches is one of the author's most emphatic allegations. His chief indictment against the Churches is that they have restrained individual liberty :

"Every Church is tempted to compromise with human frailty so long as its own supremacy is recognized. It often, almost habitually, prefers the immoral man, who gives it no trouble, to the moral man, who is always fingering his conscience, and doubting how far the Church system is adequate. To a considerable extent, accordingly, the Churches proscribe independence of speculation, and weaken the springs of character by relaxing the moral fibre" (p. 264).

When the Churches have sought to impose morality upon their members, they have failed :

"In the struggle to repress irrepressible human nature the Churches have always been worsted, and their defeats have necessarily been disgraceful. Even, however, if the Church ideal could be maintained, it would be at the cost of something better than the formal abstinence from evil—of human liberty. If we can conceive a generation that abstained from saying what it thought for fear of Church censures ; that was sober, moral, and cleanly mouthed, not because it regarded vice as evil, but because it feared fine, imprisonment, or disgrace ; that talked with the tongue of By ends, while within was all uncleanness, we should have the picture of a society more hopelessly corrupt than the world has ever yet seen. The sons of such men would be born, suckled, and bred in lies ; would inherit the lust of the flesh, the craven spirit, and the tortuous intellect. In vindicating for every man the right to think mistakenly, to speak foolishly, and to live within limits riotously, the State has vindicated also the right to believe on conviction, to denounce error fearlessly, and to lead sweet and wholesome lives, untainted by Pharisaism, and not degraded by the reproach of a profitable conformity" (pp. 198, 199).

As I have before intimated, there seems to be unquestionable warmth, if rather doubtful reasonableness, in our author's polemic against "the Churches" :

"While it is apparent that society has lost nothing by transferring the correctional functions of the old Churches in certain matters of religious and moral obligation to the secular law giver, it is demonstrable that it has gained very much since the State has vindicated its supreme right to deal with such matters as pauperism, the right of labor, and popular education. All these are issues in which the Church has failed from having a low ideal, as well as from inherent ineffectiveness" (p. 205).

As regards education, for example, "the clergy in every country demand the control of the schools; and, while they are willing to teach the elements of knowledge, desire above all to send out the scholars entrusted to them saturated with a superficial and gross theology" (p. 214). But these clerical desires and demands are in vain. Moral authority, as well as the fascination of promise, has passed from the Church to the State. Christianity is now seen to be "grotesque and incredible" (p. 344), as well as injurious to morality; and men in general will transfer their faith and worship to the secular power.

Together with the gross theology with which the clergy are endeavoring in vain to saturate the recalcitrant laity, a "religion of the family," according to our author, is also passing away, to be similarly lost in the apotheosis of the State. With regard to the family, I must again observe that it is difficult to make out Mr. Pearson's real feeling. The basis of the family—that which made it what it has been till now—he describes as a barbarous absolutism exercised by the husband and father and master. The man claimed to do what he liked with his wife and children, and if he behaved brutally, "the Church" made no objection:

"As late as the thirteenth century, the Church courts in England ruled that a husband could transfer his wife to another man for a period determinable at the recipient's pleasure" (p. 230). "The right of the parent to leave his child uneducated, or to put it to sordid or excessive toil during the years of growth has only been encroached upon in quite recent times" (p. 231).

We are reminded that the main purpose of marriage was, according to the old idea, the continuance of the family. Now,

"the primitive marriage of suitability, the marriage which aimed first at constituting the conditions for a new family, and which only regarded inclination in the second place, is being superseded everywhere by marriages

that are supposed to be based upon love, and only not disallowed by the judgment" (p. 240). "The feeling is apt to be less tender to the children, who were not the first thought in marriage, but only an inevitable incident, so to speak, than is the case in countries where the perpetuation of a family, the constitution of a home, have been the first thought. . . . It will be very marvellous if the present cordial relations of parents and children in France survive marriages of inclination, and their correlative, the law making marriage dissoluble" (pp. 246, 247). "In proportion as the family bonds are weakened, as the tie uniting husband and wife is more and more capricious, as the relations of the children to the parent become more and more temporary, will the religion of household life gradually disappear" (p. 255).

Mr. Pearson approves, as I have said, of the changes which he notes. He declares himself positively to be in sympathy with the humanity which has demanded the changes. Yet he unshrinkingly points out what the world loses by them, and the decay which they are bringing on society. Here is one of the most serious passages in the book:

"The Puritan condition of family life is dead, and cannot be revived. The results of that iron drill were obtained at a cost which none who passed through it can forget, or would submit to again, or could endure to see inflicted upon their children. The mother who almost doubted if it were not sin to love the babe that smiled up in her face; the children who spoke with bated breath and were trained to orderly composure on Sundays; the belief of young and old that they lived in a world whose amusements and thoughts were irreverent and grotesque by the side of life with its awful duties, even as laughter above a deathbed would be; the conception of marriage as indissoluble; the recoil from libertinage of thought or of moral tone as from shame and death, are all parts of a system that could only be maintained while the New Testament was believed in as something more than the best possible moral code—as the actual word of God. Instead of this we have got a new family life, which is infinitely genial, charming, and natural; which gives free vent to the feelings, and cares liberally for culture and advancement in life. Only the sense of obligation, of duty to God, of living forward into eternity, has disappeared" (pp. 275-6).

The general result of the great changes upon which he dwells—of the retreat of the higher before the lower races, of State Socialism, of the rejection of theology, of the transformation of family life—must be, our author argues, a decline of individual energy, of force of character, of productive life, in the European nations. The decline has already begun, and has

but to go on. To many of Mr. Pearson's criticisms there seems to be no possible answer but assent. But we learn from an early paragraph how determined he is to prove his case. "Perhaps one of the best instances of the decadence of English energy is in the imperfect welcome accorded to mechanical invention" (p. 101). The reader's curiosity is stimulated by this statement, with its singular phrase "imperfect welcome." After a reference to the famous English inventors, it is admitted "that England still contributes the larger half of the world's inventive fertility;" but then, "England no longer gets or deserves the credit for it." What, we ask, can this mean? It means that—

"Many of the best patents, such as the steam-plough, the sewing-machine, and the electric telegraph had to cross back to England from America before they could obtain recognition. Even Nasmyth's steam hammer was employed in Creuzot before the foundries of his own country adopted it. The English inventor is still more than the equal of his rivals; more fertile in expedients than the German, and more patient than the American. Where he fails is when he carries his work to market" (p. 102).

If our manufacturers are really so much slower than their predecessors in taking advantage of new inventions, their backwardness is not very apparent to the ordinary observer; and we are hardly led to expect the less striking instances of the decadence of English energy to be very conclusive. But as regards literature, there is no gainsaying the indictment that all the higher branches of it are showing at this moment a lack of original and vigorous genius. In poetry, including the drama, in prose fiction, in philosophy, in theology, we have nothing of the highest quality appearing or promising to appear. But are we not rather in a hurry in despairing? Browning and Tennyson have only just left us. Herbert Spencer still lives, in a green and not unproductive old age; and if there is a growing impression, even among those who have been inclined to look to him for guidance, that he has not solved all the problems of existence, he cannot fail to rank among the master minds of philosophy. Mr. Pearson argues, indeed, that the materials of poetry have been exhausted:

"It appears possible to imagine a not very distant time when the student will recoil from every new variation in worse verse of the old

themes, as a lover of music closes his ear against familiar melodies ground out on a barrel-organ, and when men gifted with the power to feel and write will be paralyzed, if they attempt earnest work, by the recollection that almost this exact thing has been done before, and has passed into household words or speech" (p. 301).

But is it not also possible to imagine that the same thing might have been said toward the close of the last century? Science itself is not too dominant or sacred to have its future questioned by our critical *advocatus diaboli*. Among competent students in general a sanguine expectation prevails as to the further interesting discoveries to which those of recent years may be leading. But Mr. Pearson refuses to be drawn into any kind of hope:

"It is surely not unreasonable to surmise that there are limitations in the nature of the universe which must circumscribe the achievements of speculative research. Every astronomer knows that there was only one secret of the universe to be discovered, and that when Newton told it to the world the supreme triumph of astronomy was achieved. Whether Darwin, or some one else, shall have disclosed the other great mystery of the generation of life, it is none the less certain that all future triumphs will be insignificant by the side of the first luminous hypothesis" (p. 291).

In this last sentence I hardly think the author can have made his meaning intelligible. But he is confident that nothing of primary importance remains to be found out:

"Then, again, not only is science ceasing to be a prophet, but in virtue of her very triumphs, precisely because her thoughts are passing into the life-blood of the world, is she losing visible influence as a liberal education. It is coming to be matter of history that she has taught us to substitute law for caprice in our conceptions of the divine will; that she has relegated the belief in secondary causes, and the belief in arbitrary interpositions of the First Cause, to the lumber-room of fable; that she has given us a broader and intenser view of nature, while she has left us the fairyland of the world's childhood for an appreciable treasure. Other harvests have now been gathered in. The prophet and leader is rapidly becoming a handmaid. Her possibilities can be pretty accurately summed up or forecast in a cyclopædia; and having delivered herself of her one imperishable protest against popular theology, she has no other great moral truth to declare" (pp. 291, 292).

Thus does our able and determined author write *ICHABOD* over all the achievements of the higher civilization of the world. He sees all these achievements,

noting especially the social changes in which our generation is chiefly interested, and behold, they are very good. We could not wish them to have been otherwise; manifest destiny decreed that they should not be otherwise. But these good and necessary changes are bringing on with appalling rapidity an equilibrium of stagnation: the paths of glory lead but to the grave.

In the passage just quoted the reader will be aware of that angry tone toward religious beliefs to which I have referred as indicating more of personal feeling than the author otherwise allows to appear. But in this rejecting of theology, if science and morality have triumphed, the world is admitted to have lost vital force:

"It is conceivable that our later world may find itself deprived of all that it valued on earth, of the pageantry of subject provinces and the reality of commerce, while it has neither a disinterested literature to amuse it [as in the Renaissance], nor a vitalized religion to give it spiritual strength" (p. 131).

"It seems reasonable to assume that the world will be left without deep convictions or enthusiasm, without the regenerating influence of the ardor for political reform and the fervor of pious faith, which have quickened men for centuries past, as nothing else has quickened them, with a passion purifying the soul" (pp. 336, 337).

Our author evidently does not know how to adjust his attitude toward religious faith: he can neither live with it nor without it; he spurns its creed as grotesque; he finds its austerity intolerable; but yet—to be without "the sense of obligation, of duty to God, of living forward into eternity," is to have lost spiritual strength, a supreme quickening and purifying fervor. In one passage that I have quoted he speaks with vehemence of the rule of the Church as making men whited sepulchres, and of the happiness of having this superseded by the freedom "to live riotously within limits" given by the secular authority. But in other places he assumes that the law and opinion of the secular authority will force upon men increased outward decorum:

"It can scarcely be doubted that civilization is at present the winning force, and that while its admirable police will impose a stricter morality everywhere, the scientific spirit which it fosters will dissipate the larger part of traditional religion" (p. 273).

Will men, in the etiolated condition to which they are to be reduced, have lost

desire and vanity and perverseness, and all the causes of disorder and immorality, as well as the hopes and interests which have hitherto kept morality alive? Our author can hardly think so, for he observes in one place that the non-religious man of the future "will clutch with a fierce avidity at power or wealth, or at the pleasures which are purchased by the provision of power and wealth" (p. 276).

Perhaps the chief value of this remorseless book is that it brings us face to face with a world to which a God is unknown. The author allows everything to secular morality that its admirers can claim for it, but assumes it to have denied God; and then he exclaims, See how weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable all the uses of your world have become! I have mentioned that in one part of the book he develops the thesis that, in the worship of the State, a new religion may grow up to take the place of the older reverences and obligations. But he does not afterward make much of this. The truth is, that reverence for the State is not possible, unless there is a Divine Power behind and above it. If men see clearly that the State is only themselves, they will not worship it. It is the same with Humanity. It was Quetelet, if I remember right, who, when it was proposed to him that he should worship Humanity, replied, "Worship Humanity? No, thank you; I know the creature too well." We can reverence Humanity, the Church, the State, parents, the family, if we regard them as ordained of God, but not in themselves without God. The old reverence for the family was bound up, as Mr. Pearson mentions, with the worship of the family gods. Patriotism has always had in view more or less consciously the country's gods. When there is a reverence for Humanity, deeper and humbler than philanthropy, it is really evoked, not by the concrete mass of men and women, but by an ideal, by a Divine Nature and Providence manifesting itself in mankind and its history. But to men to whom the visible is all and the grave an end, how is anything or person or institution to acquire sacredness? And without sacredness we have such a world, perhaps, as that which Mr. Pearson describes—a world on which death and corruption have set their mark.

According to "the argument of this book," belief in a living God is doomed.

Before acquiescing in this assumption, there are a good many of us that will know the reason why. It was not in this century or the last that "Christianity began to appear grotesque and incredible." Porcius Festus, in A.D. 60, represented a world of men to whom the original Christianity had just that appearance. We are perfectly aware that we are passing through a time of great spiritual perplexity, a time when the heavens are shaken even more than the earth. We do not shut our eyes to the crumbling of the foundations upon which our fathers allowed their faith to rest—the two, mainly, of the authority of the Bible and the authority of the Church. And we may surely add to these, as failing to give us dictation which we can accept without reserve, the authority of reason; for the human reason is convicted of a perfectly bewildering incapacity. One defect after another which Divine Providence (for to us it is nothing less sacred), working through historical criticism, discloses in the structure and contents of our sacred books, makes it evident that we cannot continue to build our faith upon the Bible. If perplexed inquirers are referred to the Church, and they ask, Where is it? no one can tell them where it is, or through what organ its voice is to be heard—no one but the Romanist, who has the satisfaction of seeing his Church distinctly enough in the person of the Pope. And here is Mr. Pearson telling us—though he is not the first to make the discovery—that the morality of the State, its interpretation of human duty has proved itself superior to the morality of the Church. That is, no doubt, a trying and awakening discovery to those who have loved and honored the Church, but there is nothing in it that need utterly discomfit us. Is God the God of the Church only?—is He not the God of the State also? Yea, of the State also, if so be that God is one. Often has the religious authority shown itself less careful of justice, sometimes even of humanity, than the State. And we are thus warned that the Church, whose office it is to learn as well as to teach, has no commission to be the exclusive or the infallible teacher of mankind. The living God has not resigned his own prerogative as the universal Teacher into the keeping of any earthly authority. When the Church puts itself in the place of God, it is sure to go wrong and to be

humiliated. But because the Church, however wanting in faithfulness, cannot help bearing witness to the Christ of the New Testament and to the Father revealed in Him, it has the power—a power unknown to the State as a mere expression of the will of the majority or of the strongest—of awakening and feeding the noblest and most vital and fruitful instincts of human nature—the trust, the hope, the love, the self-surrender, which are the true life of the world.

If we who retain our belief in the God of our fathers try to run before time, and to imagine what is to be, our first feeling will be that it is only with extreme diffidence that we can form any expectations. It has become a proverb, that it is always the unexpected that happens. But that the pursuit of what is just and humane will injure the higher interest of mankind, and accelerate the decline of the civilized world, we shall emphatically refuse to believe. Timid members of society have long been threatening us with the subversive tendencies of Democracy and Liberalism, and for some time they made Socialism a name of horror to the respectable classes; but the changes that have been promoted by the feeling for justice and humanity have up to this moment amply commended themselves to the moderately well-informed and intelligent, and the most Conservative are now almost ashamed to continue the old predictions of revolution and ruin. No one openly expresses a wish that we should go back and undo the democratic changes of recent times. We may concede to Mr. Pearson that in these days the world-movements are so large and sweeping that we can but slightly control or modify them. We can only go on in faith, careful and resolute that the steps we have consciously to take shall be in the right direction. And we may deny that, so far as we can see, the future threatens to make our faith foolish any more than the past has done.

It is true that at this time, by what we do and what we refrain from doing, we may be said to be nursing the prolific inferior races into power. That means, according to Mr. Pearson, that our trade will be wrested from us and our emigration reserves closed to our surplus population. We may prefer to dwell upon the immense increase of the volume of the world's trade which the expansion of the inferior

races seems to promise, and on the probability that openings may present themselves which we cannot count upon foreseeing. And I have intimated that, according to all historical precedent, there will be no great developments in the less civilized parts of the world without exciting and destructive wars. Mr. Pearson predicts conditions which cannot fail to issue in war, but does not predict war. Thus he puts the European nations in a position of unstable equilibrium as regards mutual conflict, and assumes that they will not topple over. Each nation is to have a universal conscription and a strong military executive; but the population is to go on within each country feeding itself in animal comfort, shut out from all excitements, and in respect of the nobler interests and aspirations becoming more and more anæmic. This is surely in a high degree improbable. Collisions of a shattering kind would hardly be avoidable. But it is open to us, if we like to speculate on Mr. Pearson's lines, to imagine the States of Europe forming a federation, in the face of the new Asia and Africa, in which there should be real coercive control exercised by the whole body over single members, and which should therefore be able to keep the peace between them all. Nothing but grave danger and the palpable interest of all would make such control possible; and most of us will be unable to foresee any necessities strong enough to drive the European countries into federation. But this may take its place among the schemes on which the imagination may exercise itself. It is somewhat surprising, by the way, that Mr. Pearson has not given a prominent place to Australia, or even to North America, in his forecast.

The characteristic sentiment of our time, especially among the most religious Christians, includes an extreme shrinking from war. It is highly important that on this question we should "clear our minds of cant," and endeavor to discriminate between the kind of action which Christianity binds upon sincere uncompromising Christians, and that which is the indulgence of sentimental weakness. It is clearly wrong to bring on war, with its inevitable evils, to gratify selfish vanity, or greed, or ambition. But for high objects which appear to be committed to our

keeping, it is right for Christians to go to war, and wrong to be deterred by its costliness or its horrors. For such objects, the more Christian we are, the more willingly ought we to prepare ourselves for war, and the more resolutely to go into it when it is forced upon us. It is an essentially Christian estimate, that the shortening by a few years of millions on millions of human lives—lives which are so often of little spiritual worth!—is an inconsiderable loss, compared with the loss of anything high and noble from among the spiritual possessions of the world. It has been an instinctive conviction of almost all good men, that national existence is an object for the sake of which any number of lives may rightly be given and taken, any quantity of sorrow inflicted on families. Wounds, deaths, griefs—these are not to deter Christians from doing their utmost to preserve a trust which God has committed to them. Contact with war, even through descriptions, may do something to brace spiritual resolution. The reader of such a book as "*La Débâcle*" may say to himself, "This is too dreadful! Let us submit to any indignity or oppression rather than be responsible for such horrors!" But the Christian will rather say, "In these scenes, and any still more appalling than these, we have a witness to the preciousness of ideal treasures." To fight for the existence and the honor of our country is the way to gain a higher conception of the trust committed to the children of a nation. In this age, more than ever, and for Englishmen more than for the citizens of any other country, it should be a sovereign aspiration that we may help to make the country for which we are ready to die and to kill increasingly worthy of its destiny, a better instrument in the hands of the Ruler of mankind. Christianity imposes upon those who govern the British Empire the obligation of caring little about lives or feelings compared with the security of the Empire and its power to do its appointed work in the world. Mr. Pearson's book is a call to us to prove that to be good is not to be weak; that we know it to be our Christian duty to guard by strenuous effort, and by any required amount of suffering, the priceless inheritance which has been entrusted to us.—*Contemporary Review*.

MIDDLEMEN AND PARASITES.

BY HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

I HAVE many times within the last few years been asked for a definition of the term "middleman." When I used it three or four years ago it had already acquired an evil significance of meaning, which has been constantly growing ever since. It would perhaps be well that the term, which is one of reprobation, should have an exact and distinct meaning attached to it. A namesake of mine, the Rev. Harry Jones, in lately dealing with the agricultural depression, remarked that we could not do without the middleman, thus using the word "middleman" as the equivalent of "distributor." And it is frequently and loosely used as applicable in some measure to all agents of distribution. But as it has already a bad character, and as we need some word to signify that greedy spirit which prompts people to stick themselves in positions where they are of no use to the public, and where they can levy toll for their own private advantage at the public expense, I think the word "middleman" should be restricted to this narrower use. It should not be applied to all those wholesale and retail agents of distribution who are employed in necessary shop-keeping, and in necessary warehouse-keeping, and in providing the necessary means of exchange between producer and consumer. And I may here take the opportunity of assuring those who feel themselves aggrieved by my use of the word "middleman" in such close conjunction with the word "parasite" that it is only in this narrow and restricted sense that I use it: that I do not intend any slur upon those who are engaged in the various necessary offices of distribution throughout the country. Perhaps the full significance of the meaning which I propose to attach to the term may be gathered from the following illustration. If a shop-keeper supplies an article at a fair profit to a consumer he is not a middleman—that is, he does not thrust himself into some position where he levies toll for no services rendered. In so far as he supplies a necessary want he is a distributor: in so far as he charges an exorbitant profit or an unfair profit upon that article he is a middleman. I hope this

explanation will turn away any prejudice that may be excited by my use of the word "middleman" in such close connection with "parasite."

I may perhaps step aside for a moment to warn all those who are about to embark in businesses of distribution that it is most likely that this necessary work, the work of shop-keeping, the work of selling, is certain to be less lucrative in the future than it has been in the past few generations; and that handicraft is likely to be more and more highly paid and honored. The School Boards of the country are turning out millions of scholars who will be ready to do this work of distribution for a less and less remuneration. But our technical schools of design do not seem to be turning out handicraftsmen or artisans to the same extent. A carpenter is already better paid than a clerk, as indeed it is only right that he should be. Perhaps in a generation to come his occupation will be seen to be the more honorable and the more dignified one of the two. Therefore those fathers of the middle and lower middle classes who are starting their sons in life will do well to remember that the competition in all shop-keeping and agencies of distribution is likely to become keener and keener, and that the handicraftsman of the next generation is likely to be more independent and more highly rewarded than the tradesman.

I return to the consideration of the words "middlemen" and "parasites." After the explanation above given it will be seen that these two terms may be used almost interchangeably, and for the future it will be well for those who use the term "middleman" to apply it only to such avocations as are manifestly unnecessary and harmful to the commonwealth, or to that part of them which may be so regarded. And the term "distributor" should be kept for all necessary agents of exchange and distribution.

Now, it is clearly of the utmost importance that a community should know what members of it are working for its advantage, and what members are merely living as parasites upon it. And I submit that he who points out what men are middle-

men and parasites is doing the highest service to the community.

To the extent that nations and communities allow themselves to be preyed upon will poverty and discontent and social degradation exist. To the extent to which the community forces every member of it to contribute to its well-being will the nation and community be well-ordered and affluent and at ease. These, of course, are the merest platitudes, and it seems strange that it should be necessary to affirm them.

Political economy, which is one of the simplest and easiest of sciences, has been so overlaid with fallacies and confusions that one cannot get a hearing for its most obvious and fundamental truth. That obvious and fundamental truth I take to be the assertion that a nation's prosperity is laid on sound and just and enduring foundations in exact proportion to the degree in which all its members are employed in useful and desirable work for the community.

The strongest lesson I ever had in political economy was drawn from the sign-board of a Somersetshire public-house called "The Four Alls." This signboard was a square divided into four partitions. On the first was the rustic painter's realization of a king, and underneath was the legend, "I rule all." On the second partition was the painter's realization of a priest, with hands folded and eyes raised to Heaven, and the legend, "I pray for all." On the third partition was the representation of a soldier, with the inscribed legend, "I fight for all." On the fourth partition was a reaper cutting the corn, with the legend, "I work for all."

Without discussing the relative necessity of these four employments, I again affirm the general rule, so simple that it is misunderstood and disputed by almost ninety-nine out of every hundred Englishmen, that the social health and well-being of a nation depend upon the degree to which every member of the community is forced to contribute to it.

This is a matter of national interest. Our occupations are so diverse; there are so many ways of contributing to the national welfare, and there are so many ways of eluding contribution to it, and living upon it, that the mind of the average Englishman is in a state of hopeless confusion. We all think we can nibble a

bit or two out of the national cake without being discovered, and without reducing its bulk. But there are only just as many plums in it as the workers of the nation have contributed, and there is no way of juggling the plums out of it without leaving it the drier and the scantier for those who remain.

This seems so obvious that it would be ridiculous to repeat it if it were not so constantly denied, not by words, but by the actions, by the whole course of life, of so many among us.

If a respectable person among us were found stealing an overcoat, and defended himself by saying that the weather was cold, and that he wanted it, and that the easiest means of providing the community with overcoats was for everybody to take one from the first peg where he happened to see one, we should laugh at such a defence, and promptly send him to prison. Yet when a man says, "I've got to live, and I've found a snug, comfortable corner where I can manage to juggle a livelihood out of the ignorance and carelessness and bad taste and weakness of my fellows, without giving them any return," we applaud him and say, "He's a clever fellow."

We see at once that stealing overcoats is not the way to provide ourselves with them, because somebody has had to work to make them. But what is the difference in point of morality and honesty between stealing an overcoat and getting into some position whereby one can steal a livelihood from the public at large without rendering any service in return?

The public, the nation, may not perceive that it is being robbed, but the result is the same, and the same misery and suffering and discontent and poverty surely await upon the transaction. And I cannot see how when this is brought clearly home to the sense of a nation it can refuse recognition to the fact that any one who is pilfering it by such means as I have indicated is no less its enemy, is no less a thief, than the man who steals its spoons or breaks into its houses.

We have lately been reading sundry and exhaustive programmes for the regulation of labor and capital. The bruit of an eight hours day dins our ears from morning till night. But what is the use of discussing whether we are to work eight hours or ten when we have not begun to discuss

whether our labor is of any value or not when it is finished?

Eight hours' work—at what? Eight hours a day putting up hideous sky signs, brazening our vulgarity on the face of Heaven itself? Eight hours a day putting up twenty-story flats to keep sun and air and wind, the chiefest necessities of life, from our nostrils, and to ruin our health and the health of our children by denying them the sight of the sky? Eight hours a day in stuffy offices, floating companies to spoil the finest sites in London, and to bring misery and starvation upon hundreds of poor trusting investors who have staked their earnings of a lifetime upon the sorry venture? Eight hours a day writing plays which, instead of interpreting and portraying our lives, merely provide the means of escape from them, and lead a foolish populace from ignoble, deadening toil to ignoble, deadening forgetfulness? Eight hours a day training horses for clerks and artisans to gamble their money upon, and to bring ruin and despair into their families? Eight hours a day bawling the odds in the betting ring, till the voice has lost every human quality in its raucous, brazen shout? Eight hours a day diligently cultivating a panic on the Stock Exchange, and scooping up the profits that come from—where? Eight hours a day manufacturing shoddy? Eight hours a day jerry-building, and making slums for the next generation? Eight hours a day tinkling the church bell, repeating we are miserable sinners, mocking

“the sweet heaven, whose secret no man knows,
With prayers, and curses, and the soothsayer's art”?

Eight hours a day—doing what? Come, come, all you legislators who are promising this eight hours day, and you working men who are clamoring for it, let us first of all ask ourselves what sort of work we are going to do in the eight hours day when we get it—harmful, neutral, or beneficial?

Among all the discussions on the labor question that have filled our newspapers and magazines and public halls for the last two or three years, this supreme question of the use and beauty and permanence of our labor has scarcely been touched on. All the care, all the thought, all the discussion has been expended not upon the

value of the labor when it is done, but on the question of doing as little of it as possible.

It is saddening and maddening to find how little this really vital question of national honesty has touched either our legislators or our electors. Yet it is the vital question after all. It is so easy to vote for an Eight Hours Bill. It is so hard to do honest work.

And the well-being of the country depends so little upon the one, so much upon the other. No possible rearrangement or readjustment of the hours of work or the relations of labor and capital will help us one step forward while half of us are engaged in occupations that bring harm and disease and degradation to the community. Let our legislators have the courage to face this question at once. Again I affirm, it is a question of national honesty. No repairing of the legislative machine will avail us one jot. The nation that hunts its middlemen and parasites from its midst and will have none of them must be sound and happy and prosperous. The nation that feasts its middlemen and parasites, allows half its members to prey upon it on the excuse that they must live, and permits them to seize upon places where they can levy toll upon the public, must be socially unsound and foul and discontented.

Suppose, instead of raising this clamor for shorter hours of work—a good enough aim in itself, and one with which I sympathize—suppose we were to try a little national honesty. I know how drastic a remedy this is with our present social constitution, but it is the only medicine that will cure us. There must be something diseased in the State that rewards cunning and skilful manipulators of figures with large fortunes, and provides bare subsistence to the men who are raising the grain upon which we live and the houses in which we dwell. To such a pass have we come in the matter of building houses that the architect Mr. Philip Webb has lately said that it is impossible for money to buy good materials, bricks and tiles, for our present buildings, such as were commonly used for every kind of tenement at the beginning of the century. And so we go on scamping our work, and cheating each other, and thinking that somehow or other the nation can thereby become collectively rich. For every violation of this law of honesty between the members of a com-

munity there is an exact and inevitable retribution. It does not fall, perhaps, on its perpetrator, for in this strangely-ordered world the results of wrong-doing sometimes tumble in all directions except upon the head of the doer; but none the less does retribution come, and the amount of poverty, of desolation, of maddened hunger, and hopeless, helpless squalor, is the exact result of that condition of national morality which allows a man to build his fortunes on the credulity and ignorance and helplessness of his fellows.

The bleak cant, the cold, sour Puritanism of our nation has twisted the meaning of the word "morality" until it signifies only a breach of the seventh commandment. But there are far deadlier breaches of the laws of morality, bringing in their train far deadlier national evils than those which arise from sexual passion and transgression.

The religion of Jesus Christ has been so far perverted in England into two hundred curious systems of dogmatic osteology that it is, perhaps, hopeless to make any appeal in the name of so obsolete a Teacher. Yet His teaching in this respect is clear enough. He instantly and lovingly pardoned the woman taken in adultery. He whipped the money-changers from the Temple. Get ready your thongs, all ye who have any regard for His teaching! Whip these money-changers from the temples of our national life, and from those other temples, somewhere said to be temples of the Holy Ghost—the bodies of our citizens, now diseased and degraded and mouldering, denied all hope of healthy, happy, joyous human existence by the blind greed and mad avarice of those who think it no shame in this broad, fertile land of ours to reap where they have not sown, and to gather where they have not strawed!

Again and again, till I have repeated it a thousand times over, there is no cure for us but national honesty. The average citizen of England to-day when he goes out to dinner does not contrive to steal a bit of his host's plate. When he is staying in an hotel, he does not contrive to take away the hat and umbrella of his fellow-guest. He sees that the community could not go on if such practices were allowed. Can he not equally see that the distress and dislocation of the social machine caused by his continuing an avocation that secretly

robs from his fellow-creatures and gives them no return is far greater and more widely spread and more disastrous in its consequences than an occasional hotel theft, and is equally as dishonest? Can we not imagine a time when he will equally refuse to take anything from his fellow-citizens which has not been lawfully earned by honest work done for them? when he will refuse to waste his life in employments which have for their end his enrichment without any corresponding benefit to his neighbors?

And the strange thing is that employments which are for the good of our fellow-creatures are also those (with some perhaps terrible exceptions) which are most healthy and cheering and pleasing. Surely it must be infinitely more pleasant, as well as more honest, to earn one's living by cabinet work or building houses and bridges than by watching and rigging the Money Market, to earn after a feverish, selfish life the end and epitaph of Jay Gould.

The simple perception of the sure operation of this natural law would do more to cure England of her economical and social evils, and to quiet the uprisings of the populace, and to settle the State in comfort and prosperity, than all the factory and labor Bills that our Legislature could pass in a hundred years.

We may tinker, and tinker, and tinker the laws that we make in Parliament: we cannot tinker the laws that Nature makes for us. While we are cheating each other, fattening in avocations that are harmful or unnecessary, there will somewhere be misery and hunger and despair, and the danger of revolution, in exact proportion.

The labor and enthusiasm that run to waste in England would suffice to change the whole condition of our affairs. The unnecessary work that is done in London would, if properly directed, suffice to make our city beautiful and a pride instead of a disgrace to our land. There is some talk of raising a dreadful iron tower in the north of London at a great cost of labor and money. Can it possibly benefit one single living soul except the company who promote it? Will it not stand there, an eyesore for the next generation, a monument as long as it shall last of the greed of this latter half of the nineteenth century, that would sooner defile a city than

not turn a dishonest penny? All the workmen who are engaged in this monstrous undertaking would be far better employed in digging holes in the sea-sand and filling them up again; it would be far more profitable to us as a nation so to employ them, and also to pay huge fortunes to the speculators to go on the Continent and do nothing, for then we should save our city from disfigurement, and nobody would be a penny the worse. And this is only a type of a thousand other undertakings in progress to-day whose accomplishment can only be of some temporary benefit to speculators, while they scatter ugliness and meanness and want and discontent broadcast over our land.

Again, the political enthusiasm and labor that run to waste in backing this or that candidate would, if wisely directed, spread among us some knowledge of those forces that really govern and regulate societies, and would show us how impotent is our political machine to manufacture some vague, general well-being while individually we are all putting spokes in the wheels.

And what shall we say of the religious labor and enthusiasm that run to waste, of our two hundred sects with all their different organizations for the propagation of mutually destructive doctrines and theological propositions that none of them can prove, and that would be utterly useless and baffling guides to conduct if they could be proved? Will nothing show the English people the stupendous folly of constructing two hundred most elaborate machines, all of different patterns, with the self-same object of grinding the wind? Will nothing convince them that these doctrinal machines of theirs, instead of moving and tuning the spheres as they suppose, do nothing but grind a little wind in their own immediate neighborhood? But if a tithe of this religious zeal and energy could be set free from the bondage of its own notions, delivered from the blinding mists of its own spreading, and directed to the formation of national character in loving obedience to those laws whose sure operation may be conclusively verified at every moment, how great a change might not be gradually brought about in our social conditions?

Suppose in every Board school of the land some sign-post to a wise plan of life could be placed before every schoolboy in words akin to these:

"I am a citizen of England, and an heir to all her greatness and renown. The health and happiness of my own body depend upon each muscle and nerve and drop of blood doing its work in its place. So the health and happiness of my country depend upon each citizen doing his work in his place. I will not fill any post or pursue any business where I can live upon my fellow-citizens without doing them useful service in return. For I plainly see that this must bring suffering and want to some of them.

"It is cowardly for a soldier to run away from the battle, so it is cowardly for any citizen not to contribute his share to the well-being of his country. England has given me birth, and nourished me, and I will love her and do my duty to her whose son and servant and civil soldier I am.

"I will do nothing to desecrate her soil, or pollute her air, or to degrade her children, my brothers and sisters. I will try to make her cities beautiful, and her citizens healthy and glad, so that she may be a desired home for her children in days to come."

Why should not some such ideal of civic duty be set before every schoolboy?

I have not intended to enforce a strictly utilitarian view of life, or to insist that we should be all employed for all our time in growing corn and making clothes for each other. I have no sympathy with such a dismal ideal. I am sensible of the value of all that gives grace and refinement to our existence, of the necessity for leisure and wealth and ease, that art and science and literature may be pursued and all the other decorations and embroideries of our national life duly preserved. When once we have woven well the fabric of social well-being, the wider hem of embroidery we can stitch on the better. But it is strange to think how much the embroideries of our national life have deteriorated along with the quality of our manual labor. Our arts have languished at the same time and from the same causes that have degraded our handicrafts.

And here, again, there is only the same medicine that will cure us—a little honesty. While the majority of Englishmen refuse to reprobate and to visit with the same disgrace and punishment that wait upon minor thefts these far greater and wider robberies of the nation, which are

exactly equivalent in their consequences to putting up barbed wire and spreading pestilence along the highways of our national life, while Englishmen wink at these practices under the notion that there is some way of everybody's living on the nation without working for it, so long there will be restlessness and danger and revolution stirring somewhere among us.

A recent review article by John Burns, amid much other manly good sense and clear thinking, proposed to establish a Department of Labor and the Fine Arts. This seems to me worthy of immediate consideration by the Government. By all means let us have a Department and a Minister of Labor and the Fine Arts. And let Labor come first, because it is more necessary for us to have wholesome bread and well-built houses and good clothes than good pictures and plays. Yes, put Labor first.

But whatever machinery we may devise, this law by which a nation is socially healthy according as it frees itself from middlemen and parasites, and is socially diseased and disorganized to the extent it

feasts them—this law will continue to operate, spite of all tinkering of tariffs and all Eight Hours Bills.

And you are waking, Demos, with eyes still glued and filmed after long sleep, and puzzled brain that searches for some clew to these bewildering inequalities. A strange distribution of the good things of this world, eh, Demos? Not quite a satisfactory explanation to refer you to Providence? Puzzling these things out for yourself, eh, Demos?

Suppose, however, the way out of the labyrinth is not by doing as little work as you can, and that little scamped and botched from hatred both of the work and your masters; suppose, Demos, the way out of your trouble is by this straight path—honesty all round. Try that way, Demos. Look, there it is, right in front of your nose. Trudge it, and—harkee, Demos, you're the nation's master, make the nation trudge it with you! It looks toilsome and uphill? Yes, a little at first, but national well-being, ease, and plenty, and beauty, and content, lie that way, and no other.—*New Review*.

ARE BACILLI CAUSES OF DISEASE?

BY G. W. BULMAN, M.A., B.SC.

IN the high courts of science the question whether the bacteria are really the cause of disease or not, is at present on trial. It has already, indeed, been once decided in the affirmative, but there is a growing conviction that the case has not been proved, and must therefore be retried.

When these minute and ambiguous organisms—plants according to the decision of science, but which might almost as well be called animals, or neither—were first discovered by the Dutchman Leeuwenhoek more than 200 years ago, there was little thought that to them in after-times would be attributed so many of the ills that afflict humanity. It remained for the men of this generation, led by the brilliant researches of the Frenchman Pasteur, to ascribe to the bacillus the production of a large proportion of human disease. Since the Frenchmen, Davaine and Rayer, traced back the cause of splenic fever in

cattle to a special bacillus, bacterial research has formed the happy hunting-ground of scientific medicine. Here the rising practitioner and the man of science have of late years won their spurs in tracking to earth the bacillus of one disease after another.

There are now few well-marked diseases for which, as their immediate cause, characteristic bacilli have not been found, described, and labelled in the catalogues of science. Almost every disease, then, being furnished with its appropriate bacillus, we, perhaps naturally, turn back to the question, Do we really *know* that the bacillus is the cause of the disease? And, in spite of the fact that Koch is reputed to have discovered the bacilli of cholera and of consumption, that Pasteur has discovered the bacillus of rabies, and that many other investigators have discovered the microbes of many other diseases, the answer must be, We are not certain!

And yet the evidence that it is so is powerful, and has been accepted by many eminent men of science. The working medical profession as a body have, I believe, been slower of conviction. Thus the opinion expressed to me by a medical practitioner was to the effect that the bacillus had been *proved* to be the cause of disease in one case only—viz., erysipelas.

To estimate the strength of the evidence for, and to perceive the loopholes in the same which admit of doubt against, the theory, an outline of the method of experimentation is necessary.

When a drop of the blood or portion of the tissue of an animal which has died of a certain disease is examined under the microscope, it is found to be full of a particular species of bacillus or other microbe. This microbe is then "cultivated." That is to say, the drop of blood or portion of tissue is placed in a substance, such as meat broth, etc., capable of affording the microbe nourishment. Keeping this under suitable conditions of temperature, etc., the microbes are found to increase rapidly, and to render the originally clear liquid turbid. If, then, after the microbe has been thus cultivated outside the animal body, a portion of the liquid be injected into the veins of a healthy animal, the original disease is reproduced in it. This is the foundation for the belief that the bacillus is the cause of the disease. But it might be objected that something besides the bacillus might easily be conveyed along with it, and be the *real* cause. To meet this objection *successive cultivations* are made. That is to say, a portion of the first cultivation is placed in a fresh supply of the nourishing medium, and allowed to multiply. A portion of this, again, serves to start another cultivation, and so on. It is *assumed* that, after several such successive cultivations, all possibility of the presence of anything else from the original diseased animal is prevented. The position is a strong one, and it seems almost hypocritical to insist that there is still room for doubt. There are, however, certain facts and considerations which must be put into the opposite scale.

One point which at once strikes the ordinary observer as extraordinary, on the supposition that bacteria are really the cause of disease, is, that various species of them are constantly present in the

human body. In the mouth, in the alimentary canal, and other parts of the body, in perfectly normal health, are to be found numerous bacteria. It was on the white substance adhering to his teeth that Leeuwenhoek found the bacteria first made known to science. And it is on this account that bacteriologists distinguish between pathogenic bacteria, or those producing disease, and asphlia, or those which may be present without harm in the human body.

One of the most remarkable results attained by Pasteur in his studies is what he has termed attenuation of the virus, or bacterial cultivation. The first cultivation of the microbe from a diseased animal was found to produce the disease in its original intensity when injected into the veins of a healthy one. But, using the successive cultivations in order, the disease produced was gradually diminished in force, until, finally, the latest cultivation did not produce it at all. Taken by itself this would seem to decide that the microbe is *not* the cause of the disease—for it is present and alive in the innocuous cultivation—but that some more subtle poison is the real agent. Unfortunately, the case is not quite so simple; for it is only under *certain conditions* of culture that this remarkable *attenuation* takes place. The successive cultures require to be exposed freely to the action of the air, and not to succeed each other too rapidly. When protected from the air and made in rapid succession, they retain their power unmodified.

Other investigators have succeeded in attenuating the virus by the use of compressed oxygen, by carbonic acid gas, etc.

The suggestion, then, that a something present in the original blood or tissue, and reduced to an infinitesimal quantity—practically made to vanish—by the successive cultivations while the microbe still lives, is the real cause of the disease, is rendered improbable. For under certain conditions of culture by which the same reduction ought apparently to take place, the full power of producing disease is retained. There remains, however, the suggestion that free exposure to air, compressed oxygen, carbonic acid gas, etc., gradually *destroys* the original poison and real cause of disease, while mere quantitative subdivision of the same may not be enough to reduce its disease-producing power.

As illustrating how far a poison may be

attenuated without losing its specific power, and as indicating the extraordinary delicacy and care requisite to obtain positive results, the case of the jequirity bacillus may be cited. This bacillus is found on the seeds of a plant (*Abrus precatorius*), commonly known as jequirity, and is present in infusions made from the same. Inoculation with this infusion was found to produce ophthalmia, and it was believed that the bacillus was the cause. Indeed, Sattler *proved* the case in the same way as other observers are said to have done for cholera, typhus, and other diseases. That is to say, he made several cultivations in the usual way, and found that these successive cultivations retained the power of producing ophthalmia. Like other observers in similar cases, he *inferred* that after several cultivations there could be nothing but the bacillus present to cause disease. But the jequirity bacillus, as it exists originally on the seeds, is a "septic" or harmless form, and if the bacillus of the infusion really produces ophthalmia, then we must believe that a "septic" can be changed into a pathogenic form by the conditions of culture. It is to the difficulty of this conception that we probably owe the rigid examination to which one of our leading bacteriologists, Dr. Klein, has subjected this particular case. In doing so, he has thrown light on the question we are discussing. Dr. Klein believes that it would be as easy to change the wholesome onion into the poisonous colchicum, by altering the conditions of culture, as to change a harmless into a disease-producing bacillus; and he claims to have shown that it is *not* the bacillus, but the poisonous principle in the seeds, which produces the disease. In the first place, he has shown that the jequirity solution rendered absolutely free from bacilli still produces the disease. Then he has shown that the solution is incapable of doing so, if the specific poison is destroyed, while yet the spores of the bacillus remain. This was accomplished in the following way. It is known that while bacteria, as a rule, are destroyed by boiling, their spores are able to stand it for a few minutes. Also, the peculiar poisonous properties of the jequirity solution are *destroyed* by boiling. Hence, Dr. Klein took an infusion which had been allowed to develop sufficiently to produce spores, and boiled it for a few minutes. He then

inoculated with this, and found that it had lost its power. Yet the spores of the bacillus were there to develop, and produce the symptoms, if they had the power to do so. If, then, the poison of jequirity solution could still be present in sufficient quantity to produce disease after the attenuating effects of several cultivations, may there not also be certain poisons derived from the diseased animal still present in the successive cultivations of other bacteria? It is to be remembered that the *proof* that the bacillus is the cause of disease rests on the supposition that anything derived from the diseased animal is so diminished in quantity by successive cultivations as to be practically absent. The original drop is spread through a test tube of the medium, a drop from this is spread through another, and so on.

One of the strong points in favor of the view that the bacillus is the cause of the disease is, that after death its peculiar bacilli are found abundantly in the body of the animal. Yet there is the possibility that the great increase in the number of microbes really takes place *after* death. Dr. Klein has, in fact, shown that if an animal be killed when the disease is at its height, few microbes, and in some cases even none, may exist in its blood and tissues. Yet in the blood of a healthy person who had died from strangulation, he found bacilli a few hours after death.

Another remarkable point is, that purified cultures have in some cases failed to produce disease. Thus MM. Vaillard and Vincent assert that, with the bacillus of tetanus, if inoculation be effected with a culture not sufficiently advanced to have produced its toxic principle, or washed free from the same, the disease does not follow. The bacillus is doubtless the cause of the toxic principle which is found to produce the disease; yet if it fails to produce this toxic principle in the body of the animal, it can scarcely be regarded as the cause of the disease itself.

The gradual progress of discovery has tended to show that each disease has its bacillus, but there are not wanting signs that investigators have been a little too eager in this direction. Thus Pasteur announced the discovery of a bacillus of rabies, yet much doubt has been thrown on his assertion. And now Dr. Haffkine, of the Pasteur Institute, in an article on "Vaccination against Asiatic Cholera,"

tells us that the microbe of rabies is still unknown. Nor has the microbe of small-pox yet been found. Such, again, is the statement of Dr. Haffkine in the paper already referred to. Yet as long ago as 1868, Berkeley announced, on the authority of Hallier, that the microbe of variola (or small-pox) had been discovered. Other observers, again, have thrown doubts on the alleged discoveries of the microbes of other diseases. The bacillus of Asiatic cholera is an important case. In 1883, Dr. Koch discovered the comma bacillus, and asserted it to be the cause of the disease. It is to be presumed he *proved* it in the usual way by successive cultivations. Subsequently the matter was thoroughly investigated by an eminent English physician and bacteriologist, Dr. Klein, who came to the exactly opposite conclusion—viz., that the comma bacillus is not the cause of cholera. And in his remarkable little book, *Cholera Curable*, Dr. Chapman brings forward many striking facts tending to show that neither comma bacillus, nor any microbe, nor specific poison of any kind, is the cause of cholera.

Thus the comma bacillus has been found in the mouths of perfectly healthy persons. This single fact, taken alone, seems sufficient to prove that the comma bacillus is not the cause of cholera. The only escape from such a conclusion is the suggestion that this comma bacillus of the mouth, although apparently identical in form with Koch's cholera bacillus, is different in physiological action, and is, in fact, not the same bacillus. This, however, seems an improbable suggestion, and, moreover, pure assumption. Of similar import is the fact of the occurrence of the comma bacillus in the intestines of persons who have died of other diseases than Asiatic cholera. And here the only escape would seem to be the far-fetched suggestion, that these persons would have had the cholera had they lived.

But further, the comma bacillus has been found in the intestines of perfectly healthy animals; and the bold suggestion has been made that this "deadly" microbe is a harmless, and even necessary, inhabitant of the animal economy. Their action, or the nourishing medium on which Koch grew them, lends countenance to this idea, which was suggested by Professor Waters. Dr. Koch noted that the microbes dissolved to a certain extent the

sterilized proteids on which they were nourished. "Presumably," says Professor Waters, "the proteids were thus converted into peptones." Hence there seems some support for the startling suggestion, that the microbe, which has been a source of alarm to the civilized world, may, after all, be a necessary aid to digestion! Certain parts of the digestive process are of the nature of fermentation, and the researches of Pasteur and others have shown that fermentation is produced by microbes. Yet one more fact throwing doubt on the supposed causal connection between the comma bacillus and cholera may be noted. *Various other microbes* are present in cholera cases. Such being the case it seems a little arbitrary to assign to *one* the cause of the disease.

If, then, we accept all these facts, the only possible conclusion seems to be that Dr. Koch also was mistaken. It can scarcely be denied that such mistakes of eminent observers in certain cases tends to throw a certain amount of doubt on all. They indicate rather the difficulty and obscurity of the subject, than any lack of skill and acuteness on the part of the investigators. Certain facts in connection with Pasteur's experiments with silkworm disease must, I think, be put into the same scale.

The silkworm sickness known as *flacherie* is produced, according to Pasteur, by germs of microbes occurring on the surfaces of the mulberry leaves, and eaten by the silkworms along with their food. If the digestive system is in full activity, these germs are digested along with the leaves, and produce no ill effects; but if from any cause the digestive system is weakened, these organisms multiply, and produce *flacherie*. But while healthy worms take into their systems with impunity the microbe germs from the mulberry leaves, it is otherwise if *infected matter* from other worms which have suffered from *flacherie* be introduced. "Giving to some very healthy worms a meal of leaves covered with the dry dust of a silkworm nursery infected the year before with *pébrine* and *flacherie*, Pasteur produced *flacherie*, and not *pébrine*." This excites the suspicion that the *microbe itself* is not sufficient to produce the disease, and that something more than the microbe must exist in the infected matter.

If the microbe caused the disease, then those from the mulberry leaves should produce it equally with those from the infected silkworms.

Again, Pasteur found that the contagious matter of *pébrine* can only act when fresh; when thoroughly dried it loses its virulence, so that, as indicated in the above quotation, the corpusculous matter of one year is powerless to produce the disease the next. Now, according to the general analogy of the history of bacteria, this dried-up matter should contain the reproductive spores of the *pébrine* bacillus. And reproductive spores do not lose their vitality by mere drying up; hence we should expect the disease to be produced in the worms which partook of the corpusculous matter. And the following fact in connection with Pasteur's study of rabies seems to contradict the idea that it is caused by a living organism: "Using the nerve tissue, Pasteur has determined by several experiments that when a large quantity of virus (that is to say, of the medulla oblongata of a rabid rabbit pounded up in a perfectly neutral or sterilized broth) is injected into the veins of a dog, the incubation period is seven or eight days; by using a smaller quantity he obtained an incubation period of twenty days; and by using a yet smaller quantity, one of thirty-eight days. It is very important to note that by using a still smaller does Pasteur found that the dog so treated escaped the effects of the poison altogether."

For if the disease were really produced by a living organism, the introduction of a few of such with the smaller portion of the nerve tissue should produce it as certainly as the many introduced with the larger portion.

Such are some of the facts which must be taken into consideration and weighed against the strong evidence which has been brought forward, that the bacillus is the cause of disease. They do not *prove* that it is not, yet they throw considerable doubt on the proposition that it is. The conflicting testimony of the various highly trained and skilful experimenters arises from the difficulty and obscurity of the subject, and indicates, perhaps, that we are yet far from a final solution.

The question may seem of purely theoretical interest; it is not, however, without its practical importance. If the bacil-

lus is really the primary cause of disease, then it is well that the whole force of the medical and scientific world should be directed to its detection and means of extermination; while medical theory and practice should be remodelled on that assumption. If, on the other hand, it is not so, then, with the scientific world in full cry on a false scent, there is danger that the real cause may be theoretically and practically passed by. This is well illustrated by Dr. Chapman's book, *Cholera Curable*, already referred to. If, as he maintains, the disease is not due to the comma bacillus, but is, in fact, a nervous disorder, then the treatment indicated will be entirely different. Attempts to destroy the microbe will be useless, and, indeed, most probably, hurtful; protective inoculation will be a painful, troublesome, and unnecessary evil, if not actually dangerous. And further, if Dr. Chapman is right, cholera cannot be infectious or contagious, and all our elaborate precautions to guard against the introduction of cholera from abroad are labor thrown away. Some very striking and convincing arguments in support of this opinion are brought forward. First of all, we have the remarkable fact that in India, the home of the cholera, it is looked upon by the medical profession as non-contagious. Cholera cases are treated in the wards along with the other patients.

Secondly, there is the comparative immunity from the disease enjoyed by those who nurse and attend cholera patients. It is stated, again, that medical students, who in cholera times have generally nothing else than cholera patients for dissection, are not thereby affected with the disease. Many other facts regarding the origination and spread of cholera epidemics, similarly pointing to the non-contagious nature of the disease, are given.

This is one side of the question; the other is represented by Dr. Haffkine's article, "Vaccination against Asiatic Cholera" (*Fortnightly Review*, March), already mentioned. In it Dr. Haffkine claims to have discovered a vaccinal fluid which will protect against cholera. The whole article, the preparation of the fluid, the explanation of its action, etc., are founded on the hypothesis that the microbe is the cause of the disease, and hence that cholera is contagious. The insusceptibility of animals to inoculation with cultures of the

comma bacillus has been held to indicate that cholera is independent of the same. Dr. Haffkine found this insusceptibility in rabbits experimented on a difficulty, but he explained it as a result of the peculiarity of rabbit blood, which rendered it impossible for the microbe to live in it.

And further, he claims to have overcome this insusceptibility and, so to speak, trained the comma bacillus to live in rabbit blood. The ingenious method adopted was to add a minute portion of rabbit

blood to a culture of the microbe, and larger quantities to each successive culture, until finally it was able to live in pure rabbit blood. By means of this modified microbe Dr. Haffkine has prepared a fluid—which yet contains no microbe—which he claims is able to confer immunity from Asiatic cholera.

Thus the question which forms the title of this article is really one of life and death.—*Westminster Review*.

THE NEW ERA IN LETTERS.

BY ARTHUR WAUGH.

If it should ever happen to Mr. Walter Besant, as it will happen at moments to the most sanguine of us, to succumb to a fit of depression, and to doubt the result of all those good works through which he has labored in the author's behalf, he would not, I think, need to reflect for long before arriving at his consolation. Within a few hours of these words appearing in print, he will, sitting at dinner surrounded by the Society which has been created by his energy and altruism, find himself in the midst of a body of men and women of letters far freer and more prosperous than any of equal magnitude to which history can point. During the last fifty (nay: even twenty) years the position of the man of letters has been revolutionized. Old traits which were his characteristic have disappeared; his very individuality has changed. His familiar haunts desire him in vain. We miss him on the customary Ludgate Hill, and the thoroughfare which Mr. Thomas Archer calls "the highway of letters" is chiefly given over to the scarlet traps of Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son. In a word, Grub Street is no more. The band of Rhymers take their pilgrimage to the "Cheshire Cheese" as a memorial, not as a fashion; and, if you overhear a scrap of conversation above the dusty green curtains at the "Cock," the names you catch are those, not of poets, but, of Hawkins and Lockwood. You must seek the young author elsewhere. You will find him of an afternoon in some Mayfair drawing-room; his frock-coat well brushed and garnished

with a gardenia, his gloves irreproachable, his silk hat the very glass of fashion.

It is a great change, and one to which many things have contributed. The spread of education has, of course, had its share in the revolution. Every one reads something now. Newspapers and periodicals are legion, and there is room for a multitude of penmen. Every side of life, every profession, has its organ, so that a man may know but one subject well, and yet be indispensable to his Editor. The main cause of the change, however, lies in the fact that the writer has learned that he is indispensable. Two voices have taught him his own value—the voice of the Incorporated Society of Authors and the voice of the Literary Agent. It is only during the last twenty years that we have come to attach a definite market-value to literary property. Without the aid which I have indicated, it would have taken the author a much longer while to estimate his work at its proper value. As one re-read the other day, in Mr. Dykes Campbell's invaluable biography, the details of Coleridge's early life, or refreshed one's memory of Lavengro's struggles in the grip of his unscrupulous publisher, one felt how far we have left behind all the possibilities of literary sweating. To-day the man of letters is a man of affairs as well. He knows to a nicety when his value is rising or falling in the mart; he can work out the exact increase in shillings per hundred words which the success of his last novel warrants; he can fix his price; and he can get it; or, if he desire immunity from

the bare business of the bargain, his agent can get it for him. An author, especially if he be a novelist, has no sooner made a hit than publishers vie with one another to secure him for their next season's list. He need not exert himself: they will be ready with their offers; America, too, will be glad to double his income. The only annoyance to which he may possibly be subjected will be the recapitulation in the evening journals of the exact terms upon which he sold his copyright followed by a little calculation of his annual increment since the publication of his earliest work. Opulence has its duties to the public; and notoriety is, after all, an inconsiderable disadvantage.

Now, to regret all these changes would be not only absurd, but—petulant and unreasonable. It is picturesque enough to repeat that

"The people I pity who know not the city,
The beautiful city of Prague;"

but it is better to live in Corinth than in Prague; and to mourn over the collapse of Bohemia is sheer affectation. It is long out of date to complain of the absence of the picturesque, when the hair is worn like a Coburg loaf, and bell-skirts are blown into balloons by every passing breeze. No; the change into competence is a good one.

Nor can much be urged with reason against the conditions which have brought about this change. Sharp things have been said of the Authors' Society; but its most eager detractors admit the immense advantages which it has brought within the reach of the young writer, and the courage with which it has exposed the frauds and futilities of bogus publishing houses. As regards the Literary Agent: the obvious retort to his assailant is that you need not employ him unless you like. There are many authors who are pragmatical enough to shift without him; but there are quite as many who are too sensitive or too otiose to conduct their own business satisfactorily. For these, and for the politician, the sportsman, the traveller, and the rest, who are authors, and have no time to waste in correspondence, the agent is a valuable, an invaluable, ally. We can have no reasonable quarrel with the causes of the change in the literary man's position; but I think we may have some apprehensions about its result.

One of the most marked traits of the present generation, and at the same time one of the least gratifying, is the prevalence, the ubiquity, of the pecuniary estimate. It needed no Arthur Hugh Clough to tell us how needful it is to have money. To try to depreciate the necessity of competence would be childish in an age when every man's shoulder is against his neighbor's, and the struggle for existence is hot within us. Still, the snobbery which judges a man by the standard of his annual earnings, which makes his pass-book, as it were, his passport into society, is, as Hilda Wangel would say, "horribly ugly." Such a criticism was intelligible, perhaps, among the inhabitants of Lombard Street and Judæa; it is quite insufferable in the precincts of art. Happily, we have not yet arrived at the fullness of this possibility. Among men of letters there is a strong tincture of gracious Bohemianism still, and the successful writer is, as a rule, full of aid and encouragement of the struggler.

The admission of the pecuniary estimate, however, is not without some ill-effect already. When authors were generally poor the rate of payment was not very carefully calculated. It was good to have anything: beggars could not be choosers. Now that the author is the dictator of terms, the value of the sovereign is too closely considered. Too much thought and too much reliance are bestowed upon the remuneration. In the case of tried authors this is only as it should be. A writer who has a record of good work to point to ought, without question, to benefit by that work, and by the reputation which it has brought him. He ought to be able to demand his price. It seems to me, however, that nothing can be more harmful or more retarding to the young author than to be brought continually face to face with the question of the fairness of his payment. Nothing is more likely to cripple the soundness of his work than the reflection, for example, that, howsoever well he writes, he will be paid but indifferently well. When once he is encouraged in this perpetual setting over of gains against labor, the young author, being human, cannot but be influenced by it. He will give more time and thought to the article which is more highly-paid; he will talk airily about "pot-boilers," and run into a loose, irresponsible habit of

work. Surely, in the realm of art, everything we do should be done as well as we can do it. The satisfaction is—not in the payment, but—in the preservation of our own self-esteem. When once we begin to do work which we know to be bad, we are ashamed to look ourselves in the face. Moreover, the young author has no justification for his complaint: he is untried: he has to make his way and his name. When these are made, he will be able, and rightly, to dictate his terms; until then he is serving his apprenticeship, and must be content to wait. There is no more exasperating spectacle than the man who cannot wait, who builds up books of the flimsiest material, re-collects everything he has scribbled, and tries to make a double income by a double publication. He is foolish for his pains, as well: he only fills the public with distrust, and his Editors with amusement. At last he finds that his eagerness to be rich has left him poor indeed.

There are people who find infinite consolation in comparison. If the young author needs a parallel to uphold him, he may rest satisfied in remembering that both Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Matthew Arnold were years before they made an appreciable income from their pens; and yet there never was work judged less by the pecuniary estimate than theirs. In their day it was the less admirable line of literary work that chiefly flaunted its returns in the face of the world. That it should do so seems fair enough. Writers whose reputation is momentary need scarce be grudged such full satisfaction as they can reap in their day's labor; but the power of the pecuniary estimate ought to end there. The serious man of letters ought not to be a literary peddler.

There are, indeed, certain forms of literature which, one feels instinctively, should be especially free from the snobbery of the counting-house,—those, namely, of the highest kind of fiction, of philosophy and literary criticism, and of poetry.

Fiction, at the present moment, is, unfortunately, of all literary wares, the most susceptible to the money estimate; and there are so many advance-notices of the sums paid for manuscripts that people are beginning to order a book at the libraries simply because they have read in the columns of their daily paper that Messrs.

Popgood & Groolly have paid for it £2000 as an advance on royalties. "This," they say, "shows it must be a good book."

These advance-notices, moreover, are becoming more and more proleptic every year. The successful novelist is, as I have said before, besieged by publishers' offers, and, as a consequence, he can ask for his cash whenever he requires it. Large sums are promised for a book in advance; and it is not unknown in the history of such contracts that the money should be paid down—not upon delivery of the manuscript, but—before a word of it is written. Then (and this is no idle supposition) the author leaves the publisher's office in careless opulence, and forgets his undertaking. The MS. is not delivered to time; the publisher presses; and the author finds himself in a corner. Either he must cancel his contract and repay; or, in the hurry of other work, he must dash off some indifferent matter to appease the importunate man of business. Sometimes the whole affair passes into the law-courts; and the papers make new exposures of the ways and means of the literary man. Sometimes it is hushed up; the scribbled manuscript goes to press, and reviewers wonder why Mr. —'s work is degenerating so rapidly. Here we have the evils of the system rampant.

Philosophy and literary criticism, on the contrary, are singularly free from the pecuniary estimate. We hear very little of their sales. It would puzzle the most diligent statistician, I fancy, to say offhand how many copies of *The Data of Ethics* or of *Essays in Criticism* have been sold since the first publication. Perhaps the public cares less about purer literature, and its figures are, therefore, less interesting. At any rate, it is refreshing to have one field of production which has been betrayed "never to the Philistines."

Of fiction, philosophy, and poetry, however, the greatest is poetry; and the heavenly Muse is the one that we would most fain protect from the hand of desecration. There is something scarce to be endured in the idea of poetry submitted to the indignity of a pecuniary estimate, so that one should judge that, since Milton received £10 for *Paradise Lost*, and Mr. Postlethwaite £1000 for *Moses on Gerizim*, Mr. Postlethwaite is one hundred times a better poet than Milton. The very idea seems a burlesque; yet—!

The increased interest in literary property in the rough has moved hand-in-hand with an increase of interest in the finished product. The literary peddler has been attended by the bibliophile. There have been book-lovers, of course, from the beginning, as there will be to the end; but the affection for the book as a book, for the mere voiceless thing of leaves and covers, has grown considerably during recent years. The collecting of first editions is no longer the afternoon pastime of the irresponsible man of money: there is scarce a yeoman in the field of letters who owns not in his library, as Prospero did, some few volumes which he prizes above his salary.

Now, the thirst for acquiring rare editions is a very natural and a very humane trait; and there are cases in which a collation of the first form of a book with those of its later reprints is indispensable to a student of letters. There is, too, a very real and intelligible value attaching to the early editions of great classical works, which have since passed into the haven of immortality. The least sympathetic "outsider" can understand the bibliophile's interest in such volumes as these. The number of them, however, is inevitably limited, and the book-lover has to look farther afield for the repletion of his bookshelves. It is obvious, then, that his interest cannot be confined to first editions of the classics: he must, as it were, make a market for himself. Thus a spurious value has attached to books which were in the first place published in small editions, and have since passed out of memory,—a value, that is to say, near akin to that which we attribute to rare china or obsolete postage stamps. It is not that the book is, as regards its contents, a thing of beauty or a joy even for a moment (indeed its pages usually remain uncut, by which neglect the market-price of the copy is increased): it is simply that, as regards its outward form, the thing of cloth and paper is a rarity, its value beginning and ending with its scarceness.

This is well enough, of course. People must collect something; and a book is a pleasant object to hand and eye, and a comely addition to the library furniture. In cases of this sort, however, in course of time, the criterion of value is almost invariably shifted. The collector himself may remain constant to his earlier esti-

mate; but the host of his friends, followers, imitators, what you will, encrust the original idea with their own fancies. They forget that the book is of value simply as a green carnation is valuable, because it is a thing of rarity: they attach a fictitious worth to the volume itself, and begin to believe that what cost fifty shillings at Mr. Sotheby's must necessarily be good literature.

A fashion of this kind can never get abroad without finding a crowd eager to follow it up. An opportunity for money-making seems to offer itself, and the chance is not likely to be missed. In the present case it has been seized readily and energetically enough; and, owing to the persistency of its followers, the literary peddler has grown to be little short of a pest. A few years ago poetry was bought and read by few beyond the lettered class; and the narrowness of its circle rendered it a somewhat costly article to produce. Much of the best poetry has been published at the author's cost, and, it is to be feared, to his ultimate loss; but the new craze for varieties in bookland opened another door to the literary peddler: a very little wariness might entrap the unwise and indiscriminate bibliophile. Might it not be possible to publish poetry in so limited an edition that it became a rarity almost before it was off the machine? Might not a kind of false reputation be established upon the difficulty of procuring an author's work, and a decent income upon the haggling over single copies? The idea was started, fulfilled, and has, it seems, succeeded. We are the daily readers of announcements which state that Mr. Bunthorne's new volume of poems will shortly be ready in three editions: one on Japanese paper, limited to five copies, at two guineas each; one on handmade paper, limited to twenty copies, at a guinea; and one, demi 8vo, cloth extra, limited to two hundred and fifty copies for England and seventy-five for America, at five shillings and sixpence; that all copies in all editions are already sold, and that a reprint of the cheaper edition may be expected next week.

Now, if these announcements are genuine (and there can be no reason to think them otherwise), they indicate a habit of literary peddlery which would be laughable if it were not undignified. Judged by the intrinsic merit of the contents, it

may safely be said that five and sixpence is a sufficient, an ample, an excessive, price for Mr. Bunthorne's verse as verse; judged by the delicate manufacture of page and cover, it is obvious to the practical bookman that two guineas is an absurd fancy value to place upon Mr. Bunthorne *à la* Japanese. Judged by the standard of common sense and experience, it is plain that the whole business is an attempt to trade upon the public mania for rare editions: that it is a sort of illegitimate gambling upon a reputation, a proceeding quite unworthy of a serious man of letters.

Did I say "gambling upon a reputation"? There are cases where it is not altogether a matter of that. There are cases where the sole reputation of an author has been built—not upon his achievement, but—upon these forced, decorative sales; where the mention of his name connects it immediately—not with this or that poem, but—with an announcement in a daily paper to the effect that a copy of his last volume of verse, issued some six months ago, has recently been purchased for a ten-pound note, and that the same book will probably fetch twice as much within the course of the next fortnight. Is not the literary peddler abroad; and is it not time for public opinion to put some limit to his peddlery, if he still wishes to be reckoned a man of letters? If he is content to take rank among the clever opportunists of trade, to fall into line with the successfully-advertised baker, candlestick-maker, soap-boiler, there will be none to say him nay; but when he talks and writes of Art for Art's sake, and claims consideration side-by-side with the great names of all time, it is surely the hour to point to the crow's feet under the peacock's feathers.

There are whispers—faint whispers, and, one would hope, untrue; but whispers still insistent enough not to be neglected—of an even subtler device than these, by which literary peddlery secures its income and its fame. It is said that there are poets writing to-day—and publishing, per-

haps, to-morrow—who, when their limited first editions appear, will themselves buy up the greater part of the edition, make for themselves a corner in their own market, and in their own persons double the parts of poet and retail-dealer. Such things may not be—it is to be hoped that such things never have been;—but the credit which is given to such reports (and the credit is widely spread) is itself enough to prove how low the peddler of literature has fallen in the estimation of his public.

Whether the extreme case be fanciful or not, there can be no doubt about the more moderate varieties of this trade in art. The young writer, who, perhaps, has not always the soundest example set him by his elder brother, is far too careful of his royalties. To be imprudent is a stumbling-block; to close with the first offer that presents itself, foolishness; but to be forever brooding over the incessant guinea is to open the door to indifferent workmanship; to busy one's self actively in the sale of one's own work is to relinquish the title of artist.

Literature, even in her humblest branches, has a great and golden past, a record to which she should be true. The muster-roll of English poets from Chaucer to Wordsworth is rich with names which will connect themselves forever with the memory of great work done in a great cause, disinterestedly, magnanimously, for the love of the good thing. With them the race was often to the weakest, the battle to the worst-equipped. The struggle was long; but the work lasts longer. To do good work first, and to find his public after,—that surely should be the aim of the young poet. To do hurried work, work ill-digested and indifferently cared for, to force a public by reliance on a momentary craze, to advertise one's self into reputation by the record of ingenious sales,—these, beyond question, are objects unworthy of an artist's consideration. The path to Parnassus is golden with the sheen of spring-flowers, not with the macadam of the hammered dollar—*National Review*.

PERSONALITY IN ART.

BY G. H. PAGE.

LITERARY criticism has been bereft of its truculence and malignity by the improvement in good manners which marks our age. Men beg leave to differ now, and personal invective has given place to complimentary phrases. But criticism has gained nothing in influence with the people and has not deserved to gain anything, because it is not founded upon any intelligible system of aesthetics. It is doubtful whether such a system will ever be evolved by mortal man and accepted by the world, but until it is evolved criticism will be a hodge-podge of capricious individual preferences and of theories half-true and inconsistent. Some later Hegel of orderly mind and sensitive artistic perceptions may some day construct a system that may satisfy us all, but it is more likely that if we ever have a science of criticism, it will be built up from modest individual contributions as is the case with the physical sciences to-day.

This article aims to be such a contribution. It is a consideration of the nature of personality in literature, and will seek to establish four principal points, first, that a critic should distinguish between a writer's method, his creative power and his personality; second, that the individuality of the writer is his divergence from the type; third, that the personality of the writer may appear in his work both unconsciously and self-consciously; and, fourth, that the writer may be held accountable very properly for the effect produced by his personality.

To begin with the first point. In passing judgment upon a modern novel, the critic would avoid many sources of confusion, if he preserved a distinction between the writer's skill as a workman, his power as an artist, and his value as a man. His skill is his method, the outgrowth of rules formed from the successes and failures of his predecessors, including his younger self. His power is his capacity for the representation of his worldly and emotional experience. Besides his method and his creative power there is something more. It is the manner, the point of view, the personality of the man behind the book,

and it is this which makes his ultimate value as an interpreter of life.

Few authors have excelled in all three. In fact it is not necessary to do so in order to succeed. Dickens succeeded without a good method and without an attractive personality, on the strength of his capacity for sentiment and humor. Certain French novelists seem to succeed entirely by the perfection of their methods. It is also possible to succeed through the charm of the author's personality. Charles Lamb and Washington Irving had little beside their own potent personal attractiveness as a foundation for their literary success. Their intellectual gifts were not rare nor brilliant. It was their cheerful sanity and refined good humor that gave them their distinguished position in letters. Certainly one of the manifold pleasures of reading is communion with a rarely congenial spirit, holding a sort of converse with a man one would like to know and break bread with. This personal element is a thing apart from the structure of the work. It is the man behind it. Books like *The Religio Medici*, *The Complete Angler*, *The Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini*, owe a large part of their popularity to the personal attractiveness of the men behind them. On the other hand, the works of the dissatisfied Byron, the cantankerous Carlyle, the unwholesome Gautier, are marred by the faults of their makers, which wither the fine flower of sympathy in the reader before it blooms. We may read their books with profit, perhaps, or with admiration, but never with the highest pleasure, since we read them in the spirit of antagonism.

We have a right to demand of the critic whether his author is good and agreeable company, just as we ask whether he has a story to tell, whether he knows how to tell it, and whether he breathes the breath of life into it. It is important in criticism to distinguish between what a writer is successful because of and what he is successful in spite of, and not to support mistaken theories of art by citing from great authors what are really their faults. The qualities of an attractive personality, sincerity, cheerfulness, independence, char-

ity, simplicity, etc., bear no relation to the imagination, nor again to knowledge of good method, and they deserve to be treated critically by themselves.

As a step toward my second point, and for the sake of knowing what the word is to mean here, personality may be defined as the sum of a man's attributes and their relations to each other. It is the effect produced by a man upon those about him. It is something more than what Buffon meant by "style" when he said "the style is the man," and a good deal more than what Mr. Henry James means by his favorite phrase "the point of view." It is the flavor that was instilled into him by nature when he was born. It is the flower of what he has attained to by the life he has led. His individuality is the divergence of his attributes and their relations from those of the type. No man is ever without a personality, but he could be without individuality, if he were so far normal as to be identical with the type. We know his personality by his individuality, for it is the points in which he differs from other men that we know, remember, and recognize. In like manner we know faces by their divergences from the type of human face. All faces have the same general features in common, and it is quite likely that all faces appear to be the same to a new-born child unaccustomed to note differences. Many Englishmen are unable to tell one negro from another, and they find great difficulty in distinguishing Chinese. The racial characteristics, notably color, a remarkable divergence from the type of human face as they know it, strike their minds so forcibly that the subtler individual characteristics make no impression. But we know our friend without a moment's hesitation by the effect produced by a number of differences from all other men. It is by his divergences from the type that we recognize him when we see him, and it is by picturing them to ourselves that we summon him to our memory when he is no longer with us.

The features of his mind also he has in common with the rest of mankind, and if it were not for the divergence of his mental attributes from the type, both in their essence and in their relation to each other, his thoughts, his emotions, and his actions would coincide so with other men's that we should not know our friend's personality from his neighbor's. A man's personality will show itself physically upon

the most plastic part of his physical being, his face. It develops itself also in his carriage, in his manners, in his words, and in his actions; in his actions more than all, for actions speak louder than words. He may know his own strength and weakness and use words to hide his faults and make his virtues known. And even if his thought is sincerely and openly expressed it may be conventional or derived from another, like that of some wives and some husbands, and thus have no characteristic value. His actions are far more likely to be spontaneous and individual, and it is by them that we most nearly know the man. It is by his actions, by his choices, that we know him best, that is to say, by his will, and so it is by the most plastic part of his mind as of his physical being that we know his personality best.

It is by the writer's choices that we know him also, by his choice of action or plot, by his choice of characters, of situations, by what he considers significant. Even by his choice of words we get an impression of his nature, his up-bringing, his sympathies, his tendencies. From the first moment that we open his book, we begin to receive a constant series of impressions of the man behind it. One impression may be contradicted or modified by another, but soon we begin to note a liking for a certain class of ideas, a tendency toward a certain frame of mind, a frequent assumption of a certain attitude. We recognize the points in which he differs from all other men and writers. Then we begin to know the man and find him congenial or uncongenial. One reader will begin to enjoy contact with this new and refreshing personality. Another will throw the book aside. Thackeray's attitude of sympathetic cynicism may chill and repel one man, and to another seem the natural view for a large-hearted man of the world to take of life. Zola, in his effort to look at man through the eyes of nature, may seem, according as you are English or French, like a beast grovelling with beasts, or like the cool hand of truth laid upon the fevered brow of Romanticism. It behoves writers to reflect upon these capricious relations that exist between themselves and their readers. The main question is, if the restrictions of uncongeniality were removed, would not the writer appeal to a larger public and distribute pleasure more widely?

Individuality has been defined as the

divergence of a man's attributes and their relations from those of the typical man. Supposing, for the sake of argument—though it is by no means vital—that the typical man and the ideal man are one, it would follow that the ideal man would have no individuality. This would account for a certain vagueness in our conception of Christ. Equally also with artists it would follow that there would be no individuality present in the works of the ideal artist. Since the ideal does not exist, how is it with those nearest the ideal, the greatest artists? Pheidias had no manner. Raphael is said to have almost no individual manner. I do not mean that their work is not easily distinguished from all other work, but it is distinguishable by the qualities of the work, and not by the individuality of the worker. Homer has almost no manner. If he has any, it may be said to consist in his literalness. Dante's manner is his elevation. Shakespeare's, leaving the sonnets out of the question, is the luxuriance of his fancy. It is surely significant that these five men were, as artists, so sane and wholesome and simple as to have almost no manner. Their individuality is lost in their universality. We know them as creators, not as men.

The third point that this article seeks to establish is that there are two ways in which a man's personality may appear in his novels, the one self-consciously, the other unconsciously. The latter is inevitable, unless he be absolutely normal, the former is inexcusable in all cases. Can you imagine a playwright thrusting himself among his players in the midst of a scene to make more or less relevant remarks to the audience? Such an enormity would not be thought of. Yet the error in taste is only greater in degree than the intrusion of a novelist upon his reader. If you have done anything for your reader, he is living a new life in your book, and he does not wish to be disturbed in any way by you. Certain authors have even come before the curtain, as it were, to confidently ask the reader how he would like the characters dealt with. Such buffoonery—Thackeray to the contrary notwithstanding—brings fiction down to the level of the Christmas pantomime. It is no longer art.

In the general field of miscellaneous literature, in essays, memoirs, autobiogra-

phies, letters, etc., where the personal relations between the writer and reader are close and confiding, the personality of the writer may be allowed to enter with great profit and pleasure to the reader. But in those three purely creative branches of literature—epic poetry, the drama, and fiction, the personality of the writer should not be thrust in. Shakespeare illustrates this difference in his work. In the plays the creative artist is in absolute retirement, but in the love-confessional of the sonnets the heart of the man is bared. Shakespeare permits his personality to appear in his sonnets because it is subjective poetry. But in his plays he is so possessed by the living scene that egotism has no room to enter. And this is a part of our good fortune—we heirs of Shakespeare's riches—that we also may be possessed by the living scene without danger of the poet's intrusion.

It has been said that one of the pleasures of reading was intercourse with a congenial mind. There is a higher one than that even. It is the excitement of the mind that arises when we meet the ideal of thought or feeling or action realized in adequate literary expression. This is the lofty mission of poetry and of fiction, a mission far removed above teaching moral lessons or instructing the mind, or enlarging the experience of the reader by faithful pictures of life. The pleasures of adding to knowledge by reading should be encouraged in the young, to be sure, but its basis is too apt to be vanity and self-consciousness, for which reason it may not be admitted among the truly refined pleasures. Pleasure, to be pleasure, must not be self-conscious, and no form of egotism, neither such as is moral nor such as is bent upon culture, should clog its flow through the revived spirit of man. The artist is neither a pedagogue nor a preacher. It is his high calling to quicken the minds of his readers with the realization of ideas, to present truth and beauty in symbols familiar to the memory, and this is the greatest benefit he can bestow upon the reader. The mind, receptive at the moment of apprehension, rises to its highest point of vision, and only the mind creative at the moment of conception can soar higher. This fine excitement is the keenest pleasure reading gives, and everything must be sacrificed to it, and, above all, the writer must not enter into personal rela-

tions with his reader during his narrative. It is an impertinent intrusion. He will chill him with his presence, destroy his faith, and put him in the self-conscious and unpleasant attitude of criticism.

Let me repeat that it is inevitable that a writer's individuality should unconsciously appear in his work, unless he be absolutely sane. The greatest artists have no manner, because their sympathies are so universal, their attitude so normal, their vision so wide and clear that there is no bias, no partiality to know and recognize them by. We get to know writers by the choices they make, but the ideal artist would give us no clue to his nature, because there would be no limit to the range of his choices. He would sympathize with and understand all kinds and conditions of men. He would know the range of human feeling and be able to reproduce any manifestation of it without exaggeration and without slighting the rest. His own passions and sympathies would be so thoroughly under control that he would never lose his attitude as a just and reasonable creator of a new world. He would, in fact, be absolutely sane. We should not know him by his choices, because they would be so various and catholic as to defy classification. We should know his work, but not the man behind it. The author would not be loved for himself, but for his work. This is as it should be. Let no writer regret it, for literature is not the field to search for personal popularity in. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is a striking example of how a great and deserved popularity has been a sad detriment to the quality of work produced. He has enjoyed his popularity simply and thankfully and modestly, but he has sacrificed to it whatever chances of immortality he had. Popularity and immortality are minor considerations, however, in comparison with the loss poetry may have suffered.

I do not urge it upon writers to attempt to exclude themselves from their work by a studied effort. It is the greatest artists only that have no manner. Men less sane than they would find it impossible to conceal their individuality altogether in creative literature, nor would the result be worth the effort. To try to suppress during composition all evidence of personality would be quite futile and would only lead to artificiality and self-consciousness. The

remedy lies further back. It should be applied to the man and not to his work.

My fourth and last point is that an author may fairly be held responsible for the impression produced by his personality, but not held so strictly accountable as for unconsciously intruding upon his story. The latter is a transgression of the teachable rules of his art, and the critic is dealing with ignorance or carelessness and may judge with severity. But in approaching the matter of personality the critic is dealing with human frailty and the gifts of nature, and more clemency is called for, as well as more sympathy. The critic must be sure that his own nature is normal, his judgment catholic and fair and true, else the matter of congeniality will enter and he will be judging with prejudice.

It was a duty the writer owed to the public in coming forward in the public capacity of an author to strengthen, purify and refine his nature in every possible way for the furtherance of his art. He should have lopped off ruthlessly all manner of egotism, self-consciousness, and vanity; he should have cultivated simplicity, truthfulness, and sincerity; he should have endeavored to preserve a wholesome balance between the carnal and the spiritual; to suppress morbidness, sentimentality, and grossness, and to attain to a normal attitude toward men and women, and life and death—in fact, to be sane. Unless he has made this effort, and, indeed, wherever he has failed in it, his work will suffer and the critic may fairly point the finger, not of scorn, but of gentle remonstrance. I do not know how far a man may assume a personality during composition to appear to be something better and more attractive than he is. We see evidence of such insincerity in literature, but I feel sure that a man that would do so could not by the limitation of his nature produce the best work. In the matter of an author's personality there is no road to seeming except by being. The chief means to attain to this condition of sanity as an artist is to attain to it in daily life as a man and become accustomed to it. The practice of sanity begets a moral strength that is like a rock for the edifice of the human mind to be built upon. There is a clarity of vision, a justness of judgment, that is never found without virtue and love and charity. Complete enlightenment is im-

possible without them, and education and culture are of little value unless they are interfused with them.

Do not misunderstand me. I only claim that the sanity which makes the practice of virtue easy and which in turn is an outgrowth of the practice of virtue is important to the perfection of the personality of the man behind the artist. Artistic qualities are of course more important to him as an artist. He must have imagination first, and sensitiveness to impressions, and many rare gifts. With these he may produce fine work, even if he be weak, and selfish, and vicious, but his work would have been finer if he had been sane. Byron was immeasurably greater than Cowper as a poet, but he would have been immeasurably greater than himself if he had been the serene spirit that love and self-respect would have made him.

May we conclude then that the critic

should deal separately with the personality of the writer because it is distinct from his powers and from his skill, that the writer should never consciously intrude upon his readers in creative literature, and that he should, with proper regard to its relative importance to him as an artist, try to make his personality attractive to as large a number of readers as he can? His unconscious appearance before the reader, at first an inevitable evil, will gradually fade away to the disappearing point with the approach of the writer's personality by development to the ideal. Sane conduct and sane thinking must go hand in hand together in his progress toward the normal, and he will all the while be rewarded by new accessions of congenial friends until absolute sanity would mean universal congeniality with all mankind, and he would then cease to stand in the light of his own work.—*Westminster Review*.

THE STUDY OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE AS PART OF A LIBERAL EDUCATION.*

BY W. J. COURTHOPE.

I do not propose to treat the subject of this lecture dogmatically. My intention rather is to set before you the conditions of an exceedingly difficult problem, and to make, with diffidence, a few suggestions as to the manner in which I myself think that the problem should be dealt with. I hope that I may thus furnish matter for thought and discussion to an audience eminently qualified to form a judgment on what concerns the art of teaching.

The subject of my lecture is "The Study of English Language and Literature as part of a Liberal Education," and by this I mean, not simply professorial instruction in the English language and literature to classes or individuals, but a school for teaching and examination, subject to regulations as clear and precise as those governing the schools in our different universities of Classics, Mathematics, Natural Science, Law, and History, which are at present recognized as forming part of a liberal education. But before proceeding to my main subject I must detain

you for a few minutes with the consideration of a preliminary question, because, as you will see, a definition of this preliminary point is necessary to my argument. What do we mean by the phrase "liberal education"? How has our present system of liberal education been formed? The question is not without obscurity; but I think that the answer to it is something of this kind. The words "liberal education" are derived from the *septem artes liberales*, the seven liberal arts or sciences, which, according to the schoolmen, embraced the whole circle of human knowledge. This classification was, I think, introduced into the Latin language in the first century before Christ, by Varro, the antiquary, and Varro himself, no doubt, derived it from the Greeks of Alexandria. After the overthrow of Pagan culture by the barbarians, the existing system of Græco-Roman education survived, as we find from Cassiodorus, in the Christian schools, and in time came to be regarded by the schoolmen as the curriculum through which the scholar must pass before proceeding to the study of the highest of all sciences, theology. The

* A Lecture delivered to the Teachers' Guild, in University College, Liverpool.

seven arts or sciences were grammar, rhetoric, logic, arithmetic, geometry, astronomy (or, as it was then called, astrology), and music. The first three made up the course called, by the schoolmen, *trivium*: the last four constituted the *quadrivium*.

Here, then, was the germ of our system of liberal education. Assuming the truth of what was taught in these sciences, and assuming that the method of instruction was really scientific, it is plain that there were advantages in the course of education pursued by the schoolmen. It was simple, it was complete, it was logical. Unfortunately, neither of the assumptions on which it was founded was altogether sound. The revival of learning forced men to revise their entire conception of art and science; the discoveries of Copernicus and Columbus gave rise to new ideas respecting the heavens and the earth; the Reformation in England revolutionized the relations between theology and the other sciences. Finally, the methods of scientific reasoning introduced by Bacon on the one hand, and by Descartes on the other, brought discredit on the logical methods employed by the schoolmen. Hence the system of education founded on the regular procession of the seven sciences fell gradually into decay. It may, I think, be confidently asserted that, by the middle of the eighteenth century, the ancient course of mental discipline, followed by the Greeks and Latins, and converted to the use of the Christian Church, had disappeared from the curriculum of the English Universities.

But though the connection between the secular sciences and theology was thus severed, the sciences themselves were retained as the basis of instruction in the University schools. The study of Latin grammar, which was found necessary by the schoolmen because Latin was the language of the Church, was pursued after the Reformation, in combination with Greek grammar, because these languages were now seen to furnish the keys to the culture and criticism of the antique world. Logic and rhetoric, which had been taught by the schoolmen mainly for the purpose of theological disputation, were found to be useful instruments for training the mind in mental and moral philosophy. Hence these two sciences, together with grammar, became the foundation of the school

of *Literæ Humaniores* at Oxford, and to some extent of the Classical Tripos at Cambridge. On the other hand, arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy remained as the nucleus of instruction in the mathematical schools of both Universities. Hence arose that two-fold system of classical and mathematical training which for so long formed the ideal of liberal education in the English mind.

About the middle of the present century, men began to think that the base of liberal education was too narrow. In 1851 the University of Cambridge added a school of Natural Science, admitting to a degree in Arts; the University of Oxford followed the example in 1853. Oxford in the same year established a school of Law and Modern History, which in 1872 was divided into two separate schools, one of Law and one of History, each admitting to the degree in Arts. At Cambridge final examinations, admitting to the Arts degree, were established: in 1858 in Law, in 1875 in Modern History. Schools of the same kind in Oriental Languages were instituted: in 1878 at Cambridge, and in 1887 at Oxford. Now, throughout this long and gradual development, I think, it may be observed that each school, before it has established its footing within the sacred circle of the Liberal Arts, has had to satisfy two requirements: that is to say, it has had to show, first, that it was likely to prove useful for the purposes of mental discipline; and, next, that its subject matter was capable of being scientifically taught.

The English Language and Literature has not yet obtained an entrance into our established system of liberal education. For though, in many of our younger universities and university colleges, professorial chairs and courses of instruction in this subject have been instituted—and I know that University College, Liverpool, has set a shining example, both in its English Chair and in the person of its distinguished occupant—yet, until Oxford and Cambridge have opened their gates, I think it will be generally admitted that the battle on behalf of English, as part of liberal education, has not been won. Now the gates of these two great Universities still remain closed. It is true that English as a subhead is included in the Mediæval and Modern Language Tripos at the University of Cambridge; but any

one who looks at the examination papers in this school will see that what is dealt with is English language, and not English literature. A vigorous attempt has recently been made to originate a separate school of English Language and Literature in the University of Oxford; but I believe I am correct in saying that the Hebdomadal Council of that University has decided that to establish such a school would at present be inexpedient.

Now, I fear that I shall surprise, and probably disappoint, many of my hearers, when I say, that I am very far from regretting this decision of the authorities of the great University of which I have the honor to be a member. I hasten, therefore, to assure all who may be so affected, that I look forward with confidence to the time when a school of English Language and Literature shall be a recognized part of English liberal education. But at the same time I hold that, if such a school be started prematurely—that is to say, before we are sure that what is taught in it will be really useful as training for the mind, or that the methods of instruction employed in it will be really scientific—mischievous will be done, not only to the study of English Language and Literature, but to the system of liberal education as a whole, because many minds may be perilously diverted from other courses of study which experience has shown to be profitable. I doubt whether the question has yet emerged from its nebulous stage, and whether we have frankly faced all the difficulties arising from the vague notions of the public at large, from the objections to the proposed school entertained by the teachers of other branches of science, and from the complicated nature of the study itself. And I would, therefore, ask you, in the first place, to get a clear view of these difficulties, before we proceed to consider the way in which the difficulties may be overcome.

As regards the popular view of the subject, there is one objection which is frequently advanced to the establishment of a school of English Language and Literature, namely, that such a school would not be useful. A very large number of people seem to hold the opinion about English that Dogberry held about reading and writing: they think that it comes by nature. They are anxious that their children should be taught French and German, be-

cause the knowledge of these languages will be of advantage to them socially, politically, commercially: but they fancy that instruction given them in their own language is so much waste of time. On this point my own official experience enables me to speak with some authority, as my duties give me the opportunity of observing the performance in examinations of thousands of boys from our public schools, of hundreds of University men, and of others who have received what is called a liberal education. And I speak with moderation when I say that not only the faculty of expressing in English a train of ideas on any subject in a lucid and forcible manner, but even the simple art of writing a number of consecutive sentences without some grammatical error, are accomplishments, less common among the youth of this country than they ought to be. For if a man is to rise to any position of eminence in the Army, the Navy, or the Civil Service, nothing is more necessary for him than skill sufficient to write a terse despatch, an exhaustive report, or a clearly reasoned memorandum. And I need hardly insist before such an audience that he will be the better equipped for such tasks, if he is familiar with the vocabulary of Shakespeare and Milton, and understands the principle on which an Addison, a Johnson, or a Macaulay is accustomed to frame his sentences and paragraphs. Meeting, therefore, these objectors on their own ground of mere commercial utility, I think we may decide that it is desirable that the study of English language and literature should form part of a liberal education.

But there are others who object to the establishment of a school of English Language and Literature from what I may call the academic point of view. While they allow that the study of the subject is useful in the highest sense of the word,—that is, as providing food for the mind and the imagination,—they contend that English Literature, at least, cannot be scientifically taught. Thus, when, some few years ago, the establishment of a school of English Literature was advocated in *The Times* by a writer signing himself "Lecturer," this reply was made by the late Professor Freeman: "There are many things fit for a man's personal study which are not fit for university examinations. One of these is 'literature' in the

'Lecturer's' sense. The correspondent tells us that it 'cultivates the taste, educates the sympathies, and enlarges the mind.' Excellent results, against which no one has a word to say. Only we cannot examine in tastes and sympathies. The examiner in any branch of knowledge must stick to the duller range of technical and positive information." Now, if it were seriously proposed that a school of English Language and Literature should mainly concern itself with questions of taste and sympathy, I should admit Professor Freeman's argument to be conclusive. For such a purpose at any rate it would be true that "*de gustibus non est disputandum*." Nay: I myself am strongly of opinion that the less criticism occupies itself with the analysis of taste and feeling, the better will it be for criticism and taste. But I cannot conceive that any sensible advocate of a school of English Literature ever entertained such notions as the Professor imagined. Hence I should prefer to put forward in a different, and, as it seems to me, a much more formidable, shape the academic objection that may be urged against the introduction of this school into the university system.

You will observe that the subject of my lecture is not the study of the English Language alone, or of the English Literature alone, but of the English Language and Literature together. And yet the tendency of things is such that, wherever this study is at all systematically cultivated, each branch of the subject is pursued separately, as if one necessarily excluded the other. Thus the study of the English Language comes in practice to mean the study of English philology; and, from Professor Freeman's point of view, this is quite just, because the subject thus viewed is at least capable of scientific treatment. There are some lovers of English Literature who altogether deprecate the study of philology. I do not share their opinion. I think, on the contrary, that those who study our literature scientifically can no more dispense with the study of the language in its early stages, than the scholar who seeks to master the thought and style of the great writers of Greece and Rome can dispense with the study of Latin and Greek grammar. Mr. Churton Collins, who has done such excellent service in the discussion of this question, thinks that philology is to literature merely what the

key is to the jewel-casket. But it is something more. Philology is the science of language, and language is the instrument for the expression of thought; nay: language is as much the abode of thought as the body is the seat and habitation of the soul. Many of the grammatical forms employed by our greatest writers are of high antiquity. The structure of sentences, and the harmony of verse, in writers like Shakespeare and Milton can often only be explained by reference to the work of those early writers, who were lisping in numbers at the time when our language began to emerge from Anglo-Saxon into what is called Middle English.

Philology, therefore, in my opinion, is an essential factor in the study of English; but it has a certain danger in it: it has a tendency to become too absorbing. That sometimes happens to the philologist which befalls explorers of another kind. Perhaps some of you have been acquainted with a man who has been possessed with the passion of wandering among the tribes of the desert, and you know how rare it is for one who has accustomed himself to this kind of life to return to the ways of civilized society. A like fascination often seizes on the student who finds himself in the solitudes occupied by the writers of Early English. Sick of the frivolities of modern thought and language, he seems to regain a sense of freshness and freedom in the company of these primitive pioneers in the arts of expression. Questions of dialect, of grammar, of rhythm, of pronunciation—all interesting, all deserving of investigation—crowd upon him. He gives himself up to the study of these antediluvian authors. Their modes of thought and diction become a second nature to him; and not seldom the man who has mastered the peculiarities of Ormin and Layamon, of Robert of Brunne and Robert of Gloucester, prefers them to the perfections of Shakespeare and Milton.

Now, if English philology be pursued with such passion as this, the plea that the literature of England is as worthy as that of Greece or Rome to be the subject of liberal study must fall to the ground. A school of English Language and Literature, in which philology should be the predominating feature, would be a school—not for the encouragement of culture, but—for the endowment of specialists.

If, on the other hand, you put philology

into a subordinate place, and give your main attention to the great masters of expression in English, you are met by a difficulty of another kind. What is it exactly that you propose to teach? You may teach something positive, definite, and intellectually valuable, about the growth of our language; but what kind of scientific instruction about our literature would be given in such a school as it has been proposed to establish? I imagine that, practically, the curriculum would resolve itself into the study of particular authors and specified books. The student would at one time be directed to the plays of Shakespeare, at another time to "Paradise Lost," and again to the satires of Dryden and Pope, and so on. He would get up all that is to be known about the lives of these poets; he would make himself acquainted with the dates of their different works; he would be able to furnish analyses of what he had been directed to read. But does any one pretend that such a course would provide materials for a school equivalent in intellectual value to the great schools now existing in our universities? and yet if you attempt at present to go beyond the study of the text of particular authors, and to make English literature, like Greek and Latin literature, a school for the systematic training of taste, you are at once exposed to a check. We are not agreed among ourselves on the principles upon which even our great poets should be judged. There are, I believe, still critics who are unable to admit that Pope was a poet. We are not agreed on the question which among our great authors are entitled to the highest rank. For example, I open the Calendar of one of our University Colleges, and I find a distinguished Professor announcing the following course of lectures: "*The Six Great Poets of England: Their Lives and Works.*" Now, who are the Six Great Poets of England? The Professor answers: "Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton:" so far, no doubt, there has always been something like a conventional agreement; but then as to the other two? they are—Dryden and Wordsworth. But, as every reader of Johnson's "*Lives of the Poets*" knows, Johnson had much difficulty in deciding the question of superiority between Pope and Dryden; while Joseph Warton, a very accomplished critic,

gave the preference to Pope. It is certain also that there are a very large number of readers who could maintain, with a good show of argument, that Byron was, at least, as great a poet as Wordsworth. Yet the Professor announces his classification as confidently as if it represented a fact no less certain than the date of the Battle of Waterloo. Nothing, indeed, can be plainer, than that in matters of literary taste, as distinct from matters of literary fact, we are in the hands of individual teachers; and there would be this great danger in establishing a school of English Language and Literature, in which literature should predominate, that it would increase the Babel of critical opinion.

And now that I have laid before you what I conceive to be the difficulties in the way of the systematic study of English,—difficulties arising partly out of the excessive claims advanced on behalf of the science of philology, and partly out of the unscientific character of our literary criticism—let me make a few suggestions to you in conclusion as to the way in which these difficulties may be overcome. In the first place, I see no reason whatever why the English Language and Literature should not be studied in the same liberal and scientific manner as we study the language and literature of Greece or Rome—that is to say, by studying the language in the literature: in other words, in the great classical authors of our language. Practically speaking, and putting aside party prejudices, of which there are too many in the literary world, we are all agreed who our classical authors are. And if we wish to give really liberal instruction in English, we ought to take the student to the English language—not as if it were a *corpus mortuum* for the scalpel of the philologist, but—as a living stream, to be followed through the metrical writings of Chaucer and Spenser, of Shakespeare and Milton, of Dryden and Pope, of Byron and Tennyson; and through the prose writings of Bacon and Cowley, of Dryden and Addison, of Johnson and Macaulay. Why may not the principles of our grammar and prosody be as clearly taught from the works of authors like these as the rules of Greek and Latin composition from Homer and Sophocles and Thucydides, or from Virgil and Cicero? And why should not the principle of criti-

cism be applied to the language of all of them, which has been so admirably applied to the language of Shakespeare by Dr. Abbott in his *Shakespearian Grammar*?

In the second place, assuming that we are agreed upon the texts of the great authors of our literature which ought to form the basis of instruction, I would have these studied historically. I think I shall have with me your distinguished President, who has done so much for the illustration of Latin scholarship, when I say that, before a teacher can impart scientific instruction in any literature, he must have a thorough comprehension of that literature as a whole—in other words, he must understand its history. It is not enough to study the thought and language of individual authors in themselves: you must know in what way each author is related to his own epoch and to his predecessors, and what were the general causes which operated upon his imagination. Now, I speak with absolute confidence when I say, that at present there is no work on English Literature in the English Language giving information of this kind. There are excellent histories of Greek Literature, of Latin Literature, even of French and Italian Literatures; but the English mind is so averse from generalization, that the solitary attempt to trace the course of our own literature by an English hand is Thomas Warton's fragment of the "*History of English Poetry*." The first step toward the establishment of such a school as we have been considering to-night ought to be the completion of Warton's noble undertaking upon more scientific principles and in a simpler form.

But here, I have no doubt, some one will say, "What is the meaning of the course of English literature, and how can it be scientifically studied?" And this is a question which is deserving of the very fullest consideration, both in itself, and also because it illustrates what I have already said on the difficulty of studying scientifically a subject on the first principles of which we are not all agreed. For there is an influential school of criticism in England—I will call it the Teutonic school—which teaches that, before you can understand the history of English literature, you must understand the history of Anglo-Saxon literature. This opinion has been recently expressed in a

very interesting and valuable work, which doubtless many of you have read, by Mr. Stopford Brooke, on "*The History of Early English Literature*." Mr. Brooke says in his preface: "This book is the history of the beginnings of English poetry. . . . Here in the two hundred years between 670 and 870 the roots of English poetry, the roots of that vast overshadowing tree are set: and here its first branches clothed themselves with leaves." Now, I venture, with great respect, to traverse this opinion in the directest possible manner. I hold that it is untrue, and that it can be shown to be untrue. Because all the evidence, which the Teutonic school of criticism furnishes, shows that in all Anglo-Saxon poetry of a high order, such as the poetry of Cædmon and Cynewulf, between the years 670 and 870, the prevailing spirit is that of oral minstrelsy. Now, the spirit of oral minstrelsy had utterly decayed before the Norman Conquest; and in the English literature, properly so called, which arose after the Norman Conquest the fountains of inspiration are different in kind. I hold that English literature begins with the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II., because our first great writers in verse and prose, Chaucer and Wycliffe, then make their appearance, writing in a language which is fairly intelligible to the Englishmen of our own day.

Nevertheless, I fully admit that, to arrive at the beginning of the history of English Literature, you must ascend considerably higher up the stream of time. You cannot read—and I hope many of my audience have read—Chaucer, without perceiving what a large amount of his thought has been derived from sources of literature and learning which were in existence long before his own age; and also what strange anomalies of thought are produced by the blending of his own stream of fancy and feeling with the tide of this remote source of inspiration, whatever it may be. Now I am going to ask you to consider two or three examples of these composite ideas in Chaucer, because nothing will serve better to show the kind of scientific problems with which a school of English Literature would have to deal, and the manner in which the historic method ought to be applied to them.

One of the most remarkable phenomena which the student of Chaucer has to face

is the mixture in him of Teutonic ideas with ideas derived from Greek and Roman sources. This is very well exemplified in the "Knight's Tale," told, as you will remember, during the pilgrimage to Canterbury. Here is a story, adapted, of course, from Boccaccio, but originally taken more or less from Greek mythology, mentioning the Roman gods and goddesses, and full of details borrowed from the Latin writers Statius and Boethius. On the other hand, the whole treatment of the story is Teutonic. The Greek hero, Theseus, becomes a Frankish Duke: he has his "baronage" and his "Parliament": his knights fight in the lists after the most approved fashion of mediæval chivalry: and Chaucer's style is absolutely opposed in spirit and character to that of the Latin authors whom he nevertheless imitates.* Now, why is all this! It is no sufficient answer to say vaguely that Chaucer was writing on a Greek subject in a German spirit, because what you have to explain is the complete fusion in him of opposite ideas. If you look for an explanation in Warton, you find only two long and very interesting "Dissertations"—one on the origin of chivalrous romance; and the other on the revival of learning in Europe;—but neither of these dissertations throws any light on the history of Chaucer's thought. The true solution of the problem is to be found in the mediæval system of education to which I have before alluded, a system which, while utterly opposed to the spirit of classic poetry, retained many of the great Latin authors as school books, whereby the conceptions of the barbarous races, whom the Latin Church instructed, were blended with the conceptions of the books that they read by a kind of spiritual alchemy. If we would understand the spirit of infant European literature in any country, whether Italy, Spain, France, or England, we must first appreciate the influence of the Latin Church, as the link between Greek culture and Gothic barbarism.

Another extremely remarkable feature in the poetry of Chaucer is its mixture of romance and history. For example, the "Man of Law's" tale, another of those

told during the pilgrimage to Canterbury, relates the adventures of an unfortunate lady named Costance, or Constance, who, it appears, was the daughter of a certain Emperor reigning in Rome—though we know that no Emperor reigned in Rome at the apparent date of the story—and, strange to say, was married to a Sultan of Syria: who, for her love, went the unprecedented length of abandoning the religion of Mahomet! As if this audacious treatment of history was not enough, we are told that Constance, after the Sultan, her husband, had been murdered by his mother, a fanatical Mahomedan, was sent adrift on the sea, and was married a second time to Alla, King of Northumberland, to whom she bore a son, called Maurice, who afterward succeeded his grandfather as Emperor of Rome! The curious thing is, that Chaucer evidently supposes himself to be recording historical facts; and it is surely a most necessary and interesting question how he, who was so thoroughly versed in all the learning of his age, should have been so completely ignorant of the course of history. Yet the only light which Warton vouchsafes us is, that Chaucer got his story from the collection of tales called "*Gesta Romanorum*," and from the "*Historical Mirror*" of Vincent of Beauvais; and we are still left to wonder whence these works derived their historical authority. Students of modern literature are apt to think of the Dark Ages as a region of impenetrable Night, lying between ourselves and the thoughts of Antiquity, in which it is vain to look for the rise of mediæval legend. It is not so. Dimly but certainly the course of the stream of Learning can be discerned. The historical ignorance of the Middle Ages has a long pedigree. You can trace it to the decline of history as a philosophical study, in the decay of Latin literature. You can watch the histories of Thucydides and Xenophon, of Livy and Tacitus, giving way, through the influence of Christian writers, who desired to discredit the records of Pagan culture, before the meagre chronicles of the chief events of the World, written by Eusebius and Jerome and Orosius. On the other hand, you can observe, in succeeding centuries, the rise of a race of literary forgers, who sought to please the taste for the marvellous by narratives of ancient and legendary events, supposed to be written by

* This peculiarity is even more marked in Boccaccio's *Teseide* than in the *Knight's Tale*, because the details in the former are much fuller.

eye witnesses. From a union of these forged narratives with the ecclesiastical abstracts of the world's history arose the quasi-historic chronicles of the Middle Ages: "The Story of Troy," by Guido de Colonna; "The History of the Britons," by Geoffrey of Monmouth; "The History of Charlemagne," "The Romance of Alexander the Great;" to which may be added the collection of short tales (many of them derived from Oriental sources) for the purposes of moral instruction, which has been already alluded to under the title of "Gesto Romanorum." There was no sudden break between the life of the ancient and the life of the modern world, as seems to be implied in the phrase "Dark Ages;" but a long period of decay, and an equally long period of reconstruction, from which rose a kind of dim intellectual atmosphere, confounding fact and fiction, and vaguely discovering to the barbarous imagination the outlines of objects in the past, without proportion and without perspective.

At the risk of wearying you, I will cite one other still more curious characteristic of Chaucer's poetry, namely, the fusion in it of mythological, philosophical, and theological ideas. In the Prologue to the "Man of Law's Tale," Chaucer enumerates his different writings, and among these, he says, "he made the seintes legend of Cupide;" or, as we should say, "he made the legend of Cupid's saints." He is alluding to his poem called "The Legend of Good Women," which he intended to be a collection of stories of women who had endured suffering on account of love. Almost all the instances which Chaucer selected for treatment were taken from Ovid's "Epistolæ Heroidum;" and you will therefore observe, in the first place, that Cupid's *Heroines*, as they are termed by Ovid, are converted by Chaucer into Cupid's *Saints*. But why the saints of Cupid, who is the last of the heathen deities with whom we ourselves naturally associate ideas of sanctity? We are accustomed to think of Cupid simply as the deity in Pagan mythology who presided over love, and in this shape he is represented by the later English poets. You remember the beautiful lines in the "Midsummer Night's Dream:"

"That very time I saw,—but thou could'st not—

Flying between the pale moon and the earth,

Cupid, all armed: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the west,
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts."

Here you see that Shakespeare describes Cupid in the purely fanciful and decorative style suitable to the ideas with which men had become familiar since the revival of classical literature. Chaucer, on the other hand, invests him with a kind of religious sentiment, somewhat in the same way that Dante speaks of him in his "Vita Nuova." Nor is there a suspicion of profanity in the expression, "Cupid's saints," any more than when we find Chaucer, or one of Chaucer's imitators, saying in another poem:

"The God of Love, ah, *benedicite*!

How mighty and how great a lord is he!"

where he uses with regard to Love an exclamation common in the Middle Ages, and taken from the words of Christian invocation at the beginning of the Latin version of the song of the Three Children. In order to understand the full meaning of Chaucer's expression, we have to mount the stream of classical literature, and to trace the vast influence exerted over thought by the Greek philosopher Plato. Plato, you know, was the first to allegorize, in his "Phædrus" and "Symposium," the principle of Love. By Eros, the Greek god answering to the Latin Cupid, he figured the passion of the mind or soul, whereby it ascends from the knowledge of objects of sense to the knowledge of things unseen and eternal. The later philosophers of Plato's school continued his methods of allegory, and extended his philosophical principles so far as to make Love the primal cause of Being in the Universe. In this guise Love appears in the famous story of "Cupid and Psyche," written by the Platonic philosopher Apuleius, and in the no less famous treatise of the Platonist Boethius, "De Consolatione Philosophie," which was one of the favorite school books in the Middle Ages. Thus the idea of Love became philosophical. Next the stream of Platonic philosophy mingled with the stream of theology. This union is first found in the writings ascribed in the Middle Ages to Dionysius the Areopagite, author of the "Mystical Theology," a work which, centuries later, led Saint

Bonaventura to compose "The Itinerary of the Soul to God," from which, again, Dante derived so much of the feeling that pervades his "Vita Nuova" and "Paradiso." Love in the hands of Dante has become, we see, not only philosophical, but mystical and religious. Finally, from this sphere, half-philosophical, half-theological, Love migrated into poetry. The allegorical genius of theology, blending with the native love poetry of the Arabs, and with the spirit of chivalry, produced the metaphysical love poetry of the Troubadours, who are the poetical ancestors of Petrarch, and of the French poets from whom Chaucer drew his ideas of Cupid. In a later age, after the revival of letters, this strange compound of mythology, philosophy, theology, and Oriental poetry, was resolved into its simple elements; and, when Shakespeare paid his famous compliment to Queen Elizabeth, Cupid had been restored to the place which he naturally occupies in Greek and Latin literature.

These are the kind of problems which confront the student, not only in Chaucer, but throughout English literature, at least as far as Shakespeare and Milton. To unlock them you must use the key of history. If you assume, as the Teutonic school of criticism assume, that English literature can be studied, like Greek literature, as the organic growth of the Anglo-Saxon mind, these problems must remain unsolved. You can no more connect the art of Chaucer or Shakespeare with Anglo-Saxon poetry, than you can explain the style of Salisbury Cathedral from the principles of Anglo-Saxon architecture. English literature, after the Norman Conquest, is inseparably united with Continental literature; and the development of Continental literature can only be explained, on the one side, by the decline of Latin letters, and, on the other, by the rise of the Christian Church. To study English Literature, apart from these two elementary factors, would be as idle as to study the history of Gothic architecture without reference to the architecture of Rome, or the history of Italian painting independently of its connection with the art of Constantinople.

Such, in my opinion, are the points at issue. I have endeavored to trace the gradual manner in which our existing system of liberal education has formed itself. I have urged that before any other study

be added to this system its advocates should prove that it is both useful and capable of being scientifically taught. Further, as regards the admission of English language and literature into the system, I have shown that, looking to the uncertainty existing, both in the public mind and in the academical mind, as to the scope and nature of the subject, it is doubtful whether at present this study can be said to fulfil either condition. But I have ventured to suggest a method by which the study might be scientifically pursued, in such a way as to render it, in Professor Freeman's phrase, a fit subject for University teaching and University examination. I should like to add that, in order to train the mind for the advanced teaching of the Universities, I should be glad to see the texts of our great English poets and orators studied in our public schools, side by side with the great orators and poets of Greece and Rome, on the principle so well advocated by Mr. Churton Collins in his little work on "The Study of English Literature." Whether the method of study I have indicated is capable of being applied as a practical principle of instruction, I must now leave for the consideration of you who are so well versed in the arts of teaching. Of this, at any rate, I am certain: that if it can be proved that, on these or any other similar lines, English Language and Literature is capable of being historically studied, no school will possess stronger claims to be admitted within the circle of the liberal sciences. It must be useful, on account of the flood of light which pours through our literature to animate and illumine the bare records of our history. It must be useful, as showing the slow degrees by which the ideas of men are moulded and modified, by individual and individual, from generation to generation; and as thereby accustoming the mind of the student to larger and more humane ways of thinking. Not less useful will it be in illustrating the gradual growth of the arts of expression, and of the laws, which, hidden beneath the surface of things, exert an irresistible power in altering the structure of our language. To sum up in a sentence: I cannot conceive of any study which, if pursued under such conditions as I have supposed, is more likely to educate perception, to enlarge imagination, to strengthen judgment, and to refine taste.—*National Review*.

ASTRONOMICAL INFLUENCE IN GEOLOGICAL EVOLUTION.

BY R. G. M. BROWNE.

PART I.—THE EARTH IN ITS INFANCY.

WHEN a man who happens to be standing in any *point d'avantage* sees before him an interesting panoramic landscape, it seems but natural that the question should occur to him "how was this scene produced—what was the course of events out of which it was evolved?" And if, on some clear night, he be similarly placed, perhaps the same inquiry suggests itself with regard to what he beholds in the starlit sky. Probably he will have read or heard something about "astrophysics;" his mind may have been set a-wondering by some of the published results of "spectrum analysis," photographic astronomy, big telescoping, and the other means whereby many inquisitive folk are striving to find out what is going on in regions lying hundreds of millions of miles distant from this mundane territory where we each of us have our sojourn for a longer or shorter period of time. And he may be aware that some daring spirits have even conceived the possible invention of some process of signalling whereby communication may be opened up with the dwellers (if there be any) upon that planet of our solar system which is a sort of next door neighbor to our own mother earth.

Our star-gazer may have thus acquired a general idea of some of the evidences, or quasi-evidences, which searchers of infinite space have supplied concerning the possible origin, and the probable igneous constitution of many of those myriads of suns which stud the blue canopy around us. Being imbued with a conviction that throughout the various departments of nature explored by human science, there is manifested an all-prevailing uniqueness of design, with a seemingly infinite variety of effects, and of perfectly co-adapted operations and processes, the imaginary inquirer turns his thoughts homeward, and seeks to interpret some of the hieroglyphics which the earth has left impressed in itself concerning its own history.

Although it is abundantly manifest that the very existence of our globe originated in astronomical causation, and that it is

now as it ever has been, governed and maintained by astronomical influences, yet geological experts have scarcely ever resorted, or have resorted only to a very limited extent, to astronomy as a means of deciphering many of the enigmas presented by the structural condition of our earth's "crust."

Probably few if any persons who have considered the subject, doubt that our own and other planets of the solar system, with their satellites and the numerous planetoids which have been discovered in recent years, had an igneous origin. It would seem indeed to be something more than a mere feasible conjecture, that the sun was at once the mother and the father of that large progeny of descendants who are kept compactly bonded together mainly by the influences of that wondrous central home from which they each of them set out on the journey of life. If our earth was originally a great mass of molten matter ejected from the sun into space, which, while gradually becoming more and more cohesive and plastic, acquired an oblate-spheroidal form by means of its rotary motion on its axis, then can the evidences of extinct volcanic action, which are traceable all the world over, be most easily and reasonably accounted for.

Whether it be a mass of molten metal which the iron smelter produces, or an incipient world projected from one of the myriads of suns which universal space may be supposed to contain, it seems to be certain that the cooling of the mass commences at the surface, where a "crust" is gradually formed, but through which the suppressed and swelling gases force their way while the cooling process is going on, and cause the surface to assume an irregular outline by the production of rounded or conical excrescences—mere diminutive surface-pimples in the case of a globe like our own—through which the internal forces find their vents and send out volumes of matter of various kinds according to the different chemical influences engaged in the Titanic work.

That the globe's surface should acquire a very irregular outline while it was yet in such a state, seems to be a necessary infer-

ence, when it is borne in mind what was the nature of the forces by which it was effected while in that condition. In regions where the surface was becoming consolidated, not only would the partly suppressed gases find an outlet through numerous vents, but the centrifugal force occasioned by the globe's motion upon its axis and through space, cannot but have acted in an enormous degree in producing dislocation—even perhaps causing the igneous and partly ductile matter to acquire a pseudo-stratified state at the surface. Such effects would be greatly enhanced if these two motions were not coincident—that is to say, if its motion in orbit were oblique, as it now is, with reference to its diurnal rotation. It seems reasonable, indeed, to conceive that partly in the way in which its great equatorial protuberance was evolved from its rotary motion ere its crust attained rigidity, and when those forces would therefore operate with greater power, lines of minor protuberances would be produced, and contortions and hollows, depressions and numerous other kinds of surface irregularities would be formed. In consequence of the great variations of temperature to which it would be subject at its surface in the course of its journeys in orbit, shrinkage of the rocks would also ensue to a very considerable extent and result in fissures and chasms of various dimensions.

How, and at what stage in the igneous infancy of our globe, aqueous vapor began to accumulate around it, and to be condensed into water upon it, perhaps no one can say. But if heat and moisture then had—as it must be assumed they had—the properties they now possess, it manifestly cannot be imagined that water found a lodgment upon the earth until its surface had attained a more or less cooled condition. It may have been—and geological evidences seem to show that it was—locally and fitfully that its temperature became so far reduced as to admit of the condensation of aqueous vapor. Hence it would occur over areas of depression, now here, and now there, that water would begin to accumulate wherever the heat of the surface was not so intense as to prevent that process from commencing, yet where it was of the greatest intensity short of that point, and therefore any such accumulations of water would be in a boiling state and act with enormous chemical

potency upon the subjacent materials; while the re-vaporizing of the water, and its disappearance from areas where the heat of the materials below the surface sometimes resumed its intensity, would every now and again take place and aid in producing great complications in the surface-contour and general structure, as well as in the mineral composition of the rocks which had been there formed.

That such a state of things existed during an early stage of the earth's history, is a matter which lies within more certain boundaries than those of mere conjecture. The typical regions of Auvergne and the north of Scotland and Ireland, and numerous other localities, present the records of such operations, whether of so incipient or of a more advanced character may be difficult to decipher. If it may be regarded as an absolute fact that the origin of the earth was igneous, then, from that premiss there naturally follow several necessary inferences, to which the evidences afforded by what are deemed to be the earlier rocks most aptly fit themselves.

What is exactly meant by such terms as “ages,” “epochs,” “eras” and “periods,” commonly used by professorial geologists, does not appear to have been ever yet defined. They seem, in fact, to have been very loosely adopted, and to be as indefinite, inexact, and unscientific as are many other phrases which have become a part of geological nomenclature. It can hardly be doubted, however, that the earth passed through a condition of enormous volcanic activity, which gradually subsided while the “crust” was more and more developing into a so-far settled state that collections of water were formed in the depressions of its surface. As soon as great accumulations of water came to be an abiding part of the globe, then would ensue evaporation to a vast extent with pluvial action, whereby the solidified surface of elevated regions would become water-washed, and erosion and the production of sedimentary matter would be a result.

It may well have been that while this gradual development was in progress, volcanic activity continued to exercise itself on a great scale, and in parts where the surface remained at a high temperature and sedimentary matter was being deposited, metamorphism took place with other effects such as the rocks actually exhibit.

When the oceans were sufficiently formed, solar and lunar gravitation began to work upon them, and the waters thenceforward necessarily took to themselves tidal functions, and became obedient to the dynamical forces which have ever since controlled them. At length, somehow—but how, who can tell?—vegetation began to appear wherever it found appropriate conditions, and insect and animal life generally found itself denizenized whenever and wherever the requisite adaptations had been prepared for it.

In that early stage of the earth's existence the heat of the globe, as an entire mass, was probably such as to encourage the development of a far more tropical vegetation and fauna than now exist upon it, yet it cannot be doubted that the earth's climate was not everywhere uniform any more than it now is. It seems unquestionable that the existing frigidity of the earth in northern and southern latitudes is occasioned by astronomical causes—whether through the present eccentricity of orbit, or through the existing angularity of position of the earth's axis relatively with the ecliptic, or howsoever otherwise. And as it is impossible to suppose otherwise than that our globe was, from its earliest days, subject to astronomical influences, including such as would produce non-uniformity of terrestrial climate, so, in latitudes where its climate would have been frigid but for its then igneous condition, there would it be soonest capable of retaining water in its depressions and hollows. In latitudes where from similar astronomical causes its climatic temperature was moderate, there would it next be possible for water to be retained in its oceanic reservoirs, and so on until the whole earth's crust became consolidated and permanently adapted for the maintenance of vegetable and animal life.

PART II.—THE EARTH'S PROGRESS TOWARD MATURITY.

It might be difficult even for a highly imaginative mind to conceive many of the scenes presented by the surface of our planet while it was passing through the igneous phase of its history. If it happened to have been ever so faintly discerned by a philosophic star-gazer on some neighboring planet it might have suggested to him the idea that there existed a vast

inferno where lost souls might find an appropriate place of torment—provided it were possible to conceive that an almighty demon of vengeance dominated over and regulated the universe.

What the terrestrial sphere then was, may have been an infinitesimally diminutive image of what our great Solar Parent of Planets would now seem to be. Although it may be that we possess but a very slender knowledge, in detail, of the sun's actual constitution, yet from the careful attention which so many observers have devoted to the spots, and to the faculae and prominences which are seen about its disk, and from the results obtained by means of spectrum analysis as applied to its light, the outcome would appear indisputable that there are in progress in the sun igneous operations of almost inconceivable magnitude and intensity.

So far as human investigation has hitherto roamed in the great laboratory of universal nature, heat, howsoever originating, appears to be one of the all-prevailing agencies whereby worlds are evolved. If the simple prism which Newton was the first to manipulate, is in fact the reliable instrument it is claimed to be, there cannot be much doubt that the sun and the innumerable stars we behold on any clear night, form an illimitable association or brotherhood of central powers, each of which rules its own special and subordinate domain of revolving spheres, and that heat is one of the general instrumentalities through which those spheres have become or are becoming perfected in condition so as to form habitable places of abode.

It is true we have no direct evidence upon the subject, yet the probability seems overwhelming that space is tenanted by countless worlds whereon sentient and reasoning beings have their homes and their vocations. A negative supposition in that respect would appear to be utterly unphilosophical and unscientific, for surely it is altogether inconceivable that an infinitude of mechanism of the most perfect character should have been, howsoever, evoked merely and only that myriads of suns should burn and give their light, and that still vaster myriads of planets should perform their orbital revolutions. As far as human faculties can dimly discern, Nature presents no such barren and meaningless portrait of itself.

Now assuming that the earth passed through such a phase of intense igneous activity, and that as a mass it gradually cooled down from its surface inward, then can the complications in the structure of those parts of its crust where volcanic effects are exposed to view, be most feasi- bly interpreted, for they are exactly such as would appear to be producible by opera- tions of that character.

Among the earlier sedimentary deposits the tokens would be manifest of volcanic action simultaneously with or immediately subsequent to the accumulation of many such deposits.

Although the quasi-structural diagrams given by geologists who contend that the existence of the dry land is due to the fickle action of ever-continuing upheaving force, are often greatly exaggerated, and are perhaps drawn more from the imagina- tion of the delineators than from fact, yet there can be no doubt that ere the earth's surface attained an approximately settled state, the strife and contention between the heated rocks on the one hand, and the water which accumulated upon them on the other, was lengthened and strenuous. It may have been that in some limited areas where sedimentary strata had grown up beneath the heated water, such strata suffered more or less disturbance by the action of the restrained subterranean gases ; but that the " topsy turveyism " of strata took place upon an extended scale and has been ever since and is still going on all over the world, as most geologists would have us believe, seems to be an altogether erroneous inference, and one which is conspicuously refuted by the manifestly un- disturbed condition of the later sub-aque- ous sedimentary deposits. It seems highly improbable, indeed, both from *à priori* reasoning and from the undisturbed ap- pearance of the older as well as of the newer aqueous deposits, that any general upthrusting of strata took place, for as the cooling of the earth's surface went on, the subterranean forces would necessarily seek and be more and more directed toward the vents which had become established, and where the pent-up forces would find the least obstruction to their escape. No doubt lava streams and the outflow of other volcanic materials would ensue, and " dykes " might be formed and other con- fused effects be produced, but that the general tendency of the fiery turbulence

was of a gradually diminishing character there cannot be a question. Nor can it be doubted that it ultimately so far sub- sided that the earth's surface attained a comparative peacefulness of condition such as was requisite for its ulterior and abiding functions.

If there is one main fact to which the rocks most certainly bear witness, it is that the general volcanic conditions which once prevailed ultimately so far subsided that the earth's surface, first in one place and then in another, and so on continu- ously, became adapted for the vegetable and animal life for the development and maintenance and perpetuation of which it was destined. It seems equally certain that although volcanic activity thus gradu- ally diminished in intensity, so that it be- came more and more local and partial, yet it has not even yet ceased. But that it exists as a force which raises the seabed above the water surface and so produces continents and islands, or that it has ever operated in that manner, appears to be an absolutely indefensible hypothesis. It is of course a well-known fact that sub-aque- ous outbursts occur, though upon a very diminutive scale, and around the vents through which the pent-up forces find their escape—just as sometimes occurs upon the dry land—sand and other mate- rial is thrown up so as to form rounded or conical mounds which when produced be- neath shallow water appear as temporary or sometimes, possibly, as more or less permanent islands.

Now if such is the necessary and com- mon-sense course of reasoning applicable to the progress of events out of which the earlier part of the earth's surface-structure was evolved—a course of events to which the rocks themselves seem to bear the most emphatic testimony—in what way do as- tronomical considerations come into the account ? The answer necessarily and ob- viously is that from the very beginning of those mundane operations, the earth was affected and governed by the great cos- mical influences which rule the general mechanism of the universe, and determine and control the motions and functions of all its members collectively, and of each of its members individually.

Whatever that may be which is termed gravitation, there cannot be a question that there is a force or influence which dominates over matter in general, and

regulates the inter-action between different masses of matter in certain definite degrees. Who can doubt for instance, that as between the earth as a mass, and the great oceanic collections of water upon its surface, there is such a mutuality of action that the water clings or is held to the earth in the same manner as any other mass which is not fixed in the earth, remains upon its surface in a quiescent state, unless and until that state of rest is disturbed and the earth's attractive power over it is overcome by a force exterior to the earth itself? From the manner in which the tidal functions of the ocean are exercised no other than the Newtonian inference seems possible, namely, that the gravitating influence of the sun and moon upon the ocean so far overcomes that of the earth that in connection with the motions of the earth upon its axis and in orbit, and with the moon's motions in orbit, the tidal alternations we actually witness are produced.

It is no mere speculative suggestion, but it is regardable as an absolute certainty, that as soon as water came to be deposited in any sufficient quantity, evaporation upon a large scale took place, and that by the formation of clouds and consequent pluvial action, the earth's surface became subject to abrasion and erosion by the mechanical action of the water, and that upon the waters being gathered together into seas and oceans, tidal phenomena ensued.

Even among scientific men the ocean tides admittedly form a very complicated subject. In the every-day aspect of the tides, however, there are very few people who, as seaside sojourners, do not take some interest in their mystic action. How is it occasioned that the sea is always, seemingly, either approaching toward or receding from sea-coasts? What is really the manner in which tidal action occurs? In what does it in fact consist?

It is a curious circumstance that just as the rise and culmination, and setting of the stars and other heavenly bodies, was formerly deemed to be a real effect, and to be caused by the revolution of the heavens round the earth, so is the seeming advance of the ocean-water toward any coast, and its culmination in high water, with its ebb and retreat, deemed to be a literal effect produced by the swing of what is usually described as a tidal

"wave," which travels round the earth with an actual motion of its own.

That conception of the manner in which the semi-diurnal and other tides occur, appears to be the one upon which all authoritative explanations of tidal phenomena are based. But that it is misleading, and the reverse of the fact, is plain. For if the tides are due to the direct action of the sun and moon upon the water, as astronomers of authority from Newton onward inform us that they are, then, seeing the sun and moon do not travel round the earth synchronously with the tidal manifestations, it cannot be that the so-called tidal "wave" thus revolves, or that, in astronomical language, it is a "wave of translation." The necessary deduction manifestly is, that the parts of the ocean which are tidally affected by the two luminaries, are *restrained* from participating in the earth's diurnal rotation.

Hence the tidal effects are produced by a converse cause, namely, through the motion of the earth itself, which causes all sea-coasts to be constantly travelling round either toward or away from what may be termed the tidal part of the ocean water, or the solar and lunar tidal volumes of water, whose deepest parts are always more or less directly beneath the sun or moon, or both, as the case may be, and correspondingly on the parts of the globe opposite to them.

But apart from such theoretical considerations it is absolutely obvious, for the effect is ever taking place before our eyes, that by means of tidal alternations, a "change of level" as between the land and sea surfaces actually takes place at least twice daily, though it is comparatively small in degree.

Now, one of the most unquestionable facts which the earth's surface bears witness of itself is, that the present dry land of the world has, during some former period, been submerged beneath the ocean. The occurrence of marine fossils and of stratified rocks at nearly all elevations above the present sea-surface, plainly indicates that such a "change of level" as between the land and sea surfaces has occurred.

Was that great "change of level" of even three or four miles in greatest vertical height, effected by means similar to those whereby is produced the smaller effect of semi-diurnal or more frequent

"change of level" which we actually witness?

It seems as manifest as it can possibly be, that the effects in both cases, though so different in degree, are exactly similar in character.

Can it be shown, that the greater effect was astronomical, just as the smaller effect is unquestionably due to astronomical causation?

For a general reader, however intelligent he may be, to be assailed by a discussion involving so complex a problem as that of the "precession of the equinoxes," may be regarded as taxing the patience of any ordinary mortal nearly beyond endurance. When, however, such a reader comes to perceive that, after all, the inquiry develops itself into the simple suggestion whether our ancient mother Earth is not more variable in her performances than her orthodox historians would have us believe, he will then perhaps see his way to condone the temerity of the writer who offers such a subject for his consideration.

At the present day everybody is of course aware that the apparent rising and setting of the sun and of the other heavenly bodies arises, not from the revolutions of the surrounding heavens about the earth, but from the diurnal rotation of the earth upon its polar axis in about twenty-four hours of mean solar time.

Taking, then, the general view of the subject as above indicated, it seems plain that the daily tides ensue by means of that rotary motion of the earth in connection with the exercise of the solar and lunar influence upon the ocean.

Now if there be involved in "precession" such another motion of the earth that our planet, though perhaps not entirely revolving upon its equatorial axis, yet in the course of many thousands of years (nearly 26,000 years for instance) slowly oscillates upon that axis to a very considerable extent, then evidently it cannot be otherwise than that very extensive alterations should take place in the manner and degree in which the ocean waters are affected by the various astronomical circumstances whereby their condition is regulated.

In accounting for "precession" astronomers explain that it arises from such a motion of the earth that the earth's axis describes a conical motion, as measured at the earth's centre, whereby in the course of

25,868 revolutions in orbit—that is to say, in that number of years—each pole of the earth becomes so altered in position that it describes a circle parallel with the ecliptical plane, or (speaking of the northern part of the axis), whereby the north pole, or the pole of the heavens, very slowly describes a circle round, while always remaining at the same distance from, the pole of the ecliptic (Sir J. Herschel's *Treatise on Astronomy*, p. 170).

That is a motion which is actually observed and measured by astronomers. Now, although astronomers do not seem to have so inferred, yet it appears indisputably obvious that the precessional motion so described, involves an alteration in the position of the poles of the earth with reference to the surrounding heavens of no less than forty-seven degrees as measured at the earth's centre, in the course of half the period mentioned, or in nearly 13,000 years.

It is manifest that such an oscillatory motion must cause an alteration to that extent in the position of every part of the earth's surface as referred to the surrounding heavens, and the conclusion is unavoidable that it must occasion an enormous change in the mode wherein the oceans are affected by the various forces which combine to operate upon them. That there is a difference of nearly 26 miles between the length of the equatorial diameter, as compared with the polar, that is to say, a difference of 13 miles in radius as between the equator and the poles, and that the form of the globe's equatorial circumference is not a circle but an ellipse whose major axis is about two miles longer than its minor axis, are also conditions which cannot but have a very important bearing upon the effect resulting from the alteration referred to.

But apart from and beyond the other ever-altering circumstances which, as it appears reasonable to suppose, must affect the general state of the ocean waters, there is in operation a force—namely, the centrifugal force produced by the earth's motion in orbit—through the action of which, in combination with that oscillatory motion of globe whence "precession" ensues, it would seem that great local alterations must ever be gradually taking place in the depth of the sea, so that while in some regions the depth of water over the sea bed is diminishing, and the dry land,

through the retreat of the waters, appears to rise to a greater height above them, and to extend its area, in other regions a converse effect is taking place, and the sea depths are becoming greater, and the land is being encroached upon and slowly submerged.

The mode in which it would appear that such a result is always being slowly evolved will be separately considered.

PART III.—THE CONTINUAL RENOVATION OF THE EARTH'S SURFACE.

It hardly seems surprising that any one should feel overwhelmed with amazement when he finds his thoughts wandering among the influences of nature, whence an infinite multitude and variety of effects are ever being evolved. Whether it is in the solid rocks themselves, or in the looser soil which covers them; whether it is in the water newly condensed from the clouds and then flowing seaward in the form of rills and cascades, of lakes and rivers; whether it is in the great salt sea itself, or in the vast atmospheric ocean above our heads, it can be perceived that those influences, though invisible to human vision, are in constant operation. Concerning some of even the most compacted of the nether rocks which seem to consist of mere dead materials, the mineralogist shows us that change and transmutation may be taking place among them, in the mechanical rearrangement of their constituent particles either through pressure, or by means of chemical agency, or of the crystallizing tendency of the different kind of atoms composing them, or in some other way.

Who can say how it comes about that our tri-partite globe, comprising as it does its more or less solid nucleus and the various collections of water occupying the cavities upon its surface, and the attenuated vaporous atmosphere enveloping it, should rotate upon its axis at the rate of something near 1000 miles an hour, and travel in orbit at more than sixty times that speed, without its being shattered and broken up, and dispersed piecemeal throughout the vast regions of surrounding space. If it were suggested that the mutual attraction of material particles, and centripetal force, form a reason why, even that answer would be but a very small step toward a solution of the great mystery.

Though our globe may be but as a mere insignificant point as compared with the vast aggregate of suns and worlds with which boundless space is doubtless tenanted, and though its sudden and utter extinction might not occasion a tremor even among its own immediate neighbors, yet it does not seem to lack its proper share of solicitude on the part of those great cosmic influences whereby the planetary systems of the universe are sustained and regulated.

Thus it may be said that in a general sense it is to the great source of life and vigor which is located near the centre of our planetary system that the semi-diurnal tidal pulsations of the sea are primarily referable, seeing that the motions both of the earth and its satellite are, almost as though they together formed one body, controlled by that wondrous central influence, although it is by the moon as thus controlled that so large a part of the tidal phenomena are immediately produced.

It is plainly obvious, as previously suggested, that those ever-sustained throbs, or the seeming ebb and flow of the ocean, occasion a continually recurring "change of level" as between the land and sea surfaces.

Now respecting that vastly greater "change of level" which is shown by geological evidences to have occurred in past times, there seem to be amply sufficient data for the conclusion that it was due to astronomical causation, and that a like effect is always being evolved through the ever-continuing exercise of those general laws and influences whereby our globe is maintained in a condition of progressive development and renovation.

It would of course be highly improper to speak of the operations of nature with levity, but if the dry land were produced by the fickle upraising of the bed of the sea, now here and now there, so that continents and islands are a result of such a process, as leading geologists would have us believe they are, it must be confessed that Nature's programme in arranging for terrestrial development was not in accordance with what seems to be her far-seeing provision in other departments of her illimitable domain.

In its general aspect human science may be regarded as having a very distinct duality of character. It consists, for instance, in the first place of an acquaint-

ance with such of the facts of nature as are discernible by actual observation or experiment, and which can be tested and proved by any competent expert, and secondly, of the inferences and conclusions deducible from those facts.

Both astronomy and geology come within that definition, and it may be, that while the experts in practical observation in both those branches of science are perfectly truthful and accurate witnesses to facts, yet that some of their inferences may present an inconsistent aspect, and may be more or less open to adverse criticism. With respect to astronomy, history affords a notable example in point, in the fundamental error, which held its place during so many centuries, and which Galileo, after a great struggle with "authority," at length succeeded in overcoming.

If the earth's precessional motion takes place in such a manner as to occasion a shifting of the ocean waters, and to cause the dry land, by slow and almost imperceptible degrees, to be ever becoming submerged, while the sea-bed is as slowly acquiring the condition of dry land, it then affords the means of solving an interesting terrestrial enigma, and would seem to have an important bearing upon other circumstances whence geological effects, generally, have been evolved.

Taking it for granted that "precession," or the regression of the equinoctial points upon the ecliptic, is an actually observed effect which any one sufficiently practised in the use of astronomical instruments may verify for himself, what is the necessary inference concerning the earth's motion whereby the phenomenon of precession is produced? Is it that the motion in question does not occasion any change in the position of the earth's axis relatively with the surrounding heavens? that is to say, in the direction to which its north and south poles are pointed? In effect authoritative astronomical teaching avers that it does not, and that the earth's axis ever retains a position of parallelism with itself. When, however, the nature of the motion, as it is described to us by that teaching, comes to be critically examined, a diametrically opposite conclusion seems inevitable. To consider whether it is so, demands the investigation of no intricate problem.

In however large a measure astronomical knowledge is indebted to the profound

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mathematical skill of its most eminent professors, yet, obviously, a reasonable and logical analysis of the mode in which "precession" takes place according to their own explanations of the phenomenon, is really a matter of a simple character, requiring no mathematical knowledge as a qualification for understanding it.

Supposing it to be answered that "even admitting the suggested alteration to be involved in those explanations of 'precession' which authoritative astronomy affords, yet the conditions of the ocean as to depth would in nowise be different from what they now are, and no 'change of level' as between the surface of the sea and the dry land, would ensue from it."

Would not the reply be this? The question is not whether the mean depth of the ocean undergoes any change in consequence of the earth's precessional motion. We all of us have a more or less reasonable conception of the operations of nature such as justifies a belief in the existing condition of our globe being perfectly adapted to present and developing exigencies, and that anything like sudden cataclysmic alteration of oceanic conditions would not be in accordance with what seems to be a law of nature, namely, that general effects are not suddenly brought about so as to render them subversive of the purposes for which the earth has been designed, but they are slowly and almost imperceptibly effected.

Now among what may be termed the evolved forces of nature, that which is usually spoken of as "centrifugal force" is one with which everybody is experimentally, though perhaps unwittingly acquainted, and that it was an important factor in determining the form of our globe is a part of orthodox astronomical theory. Thus we are informed that the oblate-spheroidal shape of the earth was due to the exercise of that force, as produced by the earth's rotation upon its axis, while the materials whereof our planet consists were in a more or less viscous or plastic state. The measure of that effect is considerable, seeing it has resulted in a difference of twenty-six miles as between the length of the earth's equatorial diameter and that of its polar diameter, or a difference of thirteen miles in radius as graduated from zero at the poles to that measure at the equator.

If such was the result of centrifugal

force arising from the earth's rotation upon its axis when our globe was being moulded into its present shape, is it to be supposed that the waters of the ocean are not affected by the same force? And if the rotation of the earth upon its axis at the rate of something under one thousand miles an hour was and is productive of such a force, is it conceivable that the earth's revolution in orbit at more than sixty times that speed has no such effect?

If centrifugal force, or any force resembling it, is really engendered by each of those motions of our globe, then, as the one motion is oblique in reference to the other, a composite force must be the result, and the speed of the earth's revolution in orbit being so vastly in excess of that of the diurnal rotation, the force engendered by it will be the prevailing force of the two, and it will, therefore, be mainly in the direction of the earth's orbital motion that the ocean waters will be affected by the engendered force.

The averment that the earth's functions are affected by centrifugal force in more than one respect is of course an item of "authoritative" astronomy, and that such a force is engendered by the rotation of any rigid body is a matter of every-day experience, and is continually being illustrated in a thousand different ways. It is in fact manifest that there is begotten of the motion of any mass of matter, a force of such a character that it imparts a motion to any lighter mass which the larger of the two masses bears detachably with or upon it. Every railway traveller is practically acquainted with that fact, for it is sometimes illustrated in his experience in the reverse of an innocuous fashion. In all cases the direction of the begotten force is that of the motion of the primary mass, and it needs not the assistance of any calculating machine, or of any mathematical demonstration, to convince us that a force of the description mentioned is one of the self-evident realities of nature.

Now the earth's centre being always in the plane of the ecliptic, the direction of the composite force thus mainly engendered by the earth's motion in orbit being that of the motion itself, is never altered, and is always, therefore, almost or quite parallel with the plane of the ecliptic. But the earth's oscillatory motion whence precession arises, causes every part of the globe's surface, including seas and oceans,

to be ever altering its position relatively with the surrounding heavens, or surrounding space. Hence, the ocean waters are at every instant being presented to the action of the force in question from a direction different from that whence it was previously presented.

If that be really so, what is the effect of the combined operation? If the force has any effect at all—and acknowledged theory as well as every-day experience shows that it must have an effect—then the motion of the earth, or of the vastly greater mass, will impart to the incomparably lighter detachable mass, which it bears with it or upon its surface, a motion in its own direction, that is, in a direction parallel with the earth's motion in orbit, or with the plane of the ecliptic.

In other words it will drive the waters before it, causing them most slowly and in greater or less measure, to become shifted in position on the solid surface of the globe.

If the suggestion should occur that as "authority" pronounces that there is no permanent change through precession in the degree of angularity between the earth's axis and the ecliptic, no such shifting of the water would ensue from precessional motion, it might be answered that such an argument would be equivalent to begging the whole question.

Seeing how numerous and complicated are the circumstances involved in that question, the solution of it appears to be a matter which lies quite as much within the competency of logical analysis, or ordinary reasoning, as of mathematical calculation. If in any case the premises on which a mathematical calculation is based happen to be erroneous even in the most slightly fractional measure, it is obvious that the mathematical result is not reliable.

The bases upon which the argument up to this point is urged in this paper, are those of "authoritative" astronomy itself. But the question as to the permanence of the alleged measure of the "obliquity of the ecliptic," is of considerable importance in connection with the subject.

That a permanent change in the "obliquity" takes place, is an hypothesis which astronomical experts do not recognize, and as a proof that the pole of the heavens always retains the same distance from the pole of the ecliptic, it is averred that no parallax, or scarcely any parallax,

of the stars can be observed as between any two diametrically opposite positions of the earth in orbit, even though astronomers have for their angular measurements a base of upward of 180 millions of miles, in the diameter of the earth's orbit.

Yet they can and they do effect a measurement of the motion which produces "precession"!—a measurement, indeed, of even so small a portion of it as that which occurs in the course of a few days only.

As already stated, precessional motion is described as resulting from a conical motion of the earth's axis, of such a character that the north and south poles describe in the period mentioned circles which are parallel with the plane of the ecliptic.

By mere ordinary reasoning it seems obvious that the two alleged effects are inconsistent with each other.

Practically, they are arrived at by the same methods—namely, by angular measurement with reference to the fixed stars.

The stars are at so great a distance that in the one case, with an almost infinitely long base for angular measurement, no parallax consequent upon the earth's motion in orbit, is observable! In the other case a very small measure of the effect of the earth's oscillatory motion resulting in "precession" is observable.

Both the motions are said to be in the same direction—that is, they are both described as being parallel with the ecliptical plane.

Now, if a traveller in being carried over a level country along an alleged perfectly straight line—by railway, for instance—could discern two objects at such a vast distance that although he journeyed over that line a hundred miles or more, the objects seemed to retain the same positions relatively with himself and with each other, yet, if he averred that in passing over a small fraction of that line—five miles, for instance—a change in the relative positions of the objects with himself were manifest, the two alleged effects would be palpably inconsistent with each other, and all the mathematics in the world could not reconcile them.

Such a state of things, however, upon a comparatively infinitesimal scale, would seem to be analogous with the astronomical averments respecting the non-discernment of stellar parallax consequent on the

earth's motion in orbit, and of the actual measurement of even minute alterations produced by the earth's precessional motion.

The inference would seem to be that precession is caused by an alteration of a permanent character in the "obliquity of the ecliptic." In other words, that the earth has such a permanent but extremely slow motion on its equatorial axis that the altitude of the stars, as seen from the earth, gradually undergoes alteration in a northerly and southerly direction, just as their altitude in an easterly and westerly direction is varied by the earth's diurnal rotation.

A course of operations whereby the dry land gradually becomes submerged and the sea-bed becomes converted into dry land, without the application of any upraising physical violence, appears to be in harmony with what may be regarded as the general principles according to which natural effects are evolved. Nature exhibits no hurry or fickleness or uncertainty in her established procedure. Where and when certain effects are needed in aid of the purposes for which the earth subsists, namely for the maintenance and perpetuation of the various kinds of living organisms which teem upon and around its surface, she provides accordingly. Notwithstanding that the surface-soil of the earth is endowed with such marvellous chemical properties that it usually transforms all the decaying matter with which it becomes charged, and that it is ever being in some degree renewed through pluvial and meteorological influences, whereby the rocks of higher regions are broken up and mechanically dissolved, and the materials thence derived are borne down to contribute to the fertility of lower levels, yet, in the course of ages, the dry land generally may need renewal. And Nature pursues methods for its absolute renovation accordingly. By a process so slow and gradual in its action as to be imperceptible in periods represented by many generations of its human inhabitants, the present dry land is carried into the midst of the sea, and as gradually the sea-bed rises from beneath the water-floods. Whether as dry land or ocean-floor the earth's solid surface is ever undergoing transformation. By sub-aerial influences in the one case, and by current action, where it exists in the other, some parts of it become denud-

ed of their previous covering. But it is only where it is submerged that it acquires a new vesture in the form of immense sedimentary and other deposits of different kinds and of enormous thickness, with a new external contour of a greatly varied character, including hill-ranges and other elevations of different forms, with their intervening valleys and depressions.

If the birth of our globe was due to astronomical causation, and if its early stages of development were altogether igneous so that nearly or quite up to the time of its acquiring an oblate-spheroidal shape, the condition of its surface did not anywhere admit of the deposition of water upon it, then the lowest portion of the "crust" may be regarded as the skeleton framework upon which all subsequent geological productions, igneous, aqueous, and whatsoever else, have been built up. It

may have been, that at that remote date and long subsequently, there prevailed a seeming chaos, which was in fact but a part of an absolutely methodical series of events. It seems, indeed, not unlikely that it was while the globe was being moulded into its destined form, that the primary foundations of all mountain systems were established, and that the surface outline of the igneous portion of its "crust" was being so determined that all the world over the sub-structures of all future successive continents and islands were produced.

Thus it would appear that from the very beginning of our earth's existence up to the present moment, it has been through the operation of cosmical or astronomical forces or influences that the course of geological evolution has taken place.—*Westminster Review*.

AROUND CRONSTADT AND PETERHOF.

BY REV. W. MASON INGLIS.

IN early Crimean War days the name of Cronstadt was on everybody's lips. On the outbreak of the great struggle with Russia one of the first places singled out for attack by the powerful squadrons of the allies was this formidable stronghold, which then, as now, formed the chief defence of the Russian capital. Many of us can well remember how one of the finest fleets ever manned by gallant seamen, and commanded by one of the most intrepid of admirals, sailed away amid the brightest anticipations to add the capture of Cronstadt to the long roll of British triumphs on the sea. That it could be done very few doubted. It was a keen disappointment, therefore, and occasioned no end of grumbling, when that same fleet returned completely baffled, the fortress having been declared after careful reconnoitring to be impregnable. From that time Cronstadt has remained unassailed, and maintained its reputation as one of the most powerfully fortified seaports in the world.

After a somewhat tedious sail up the capacious Gulf of Finland, studded with granite islands covered with trees, and a coast line black with interminable forests,

our interest was at once aroused when we were informed that Cronstadt was in sight. At first we saw nothing but what appeared to be a long black swampy streak stretching across the gulf. Now right ahead, rising weirdly from the very midst of the waters, came in sight the towers of light-houses and signal stations, the tops of tall chimneys, and most conspicuously flashing in the sunshine, the golden crosses over the churches and the gleaming minarets of the official residences. The navigation now becoming more intricate from the shoals and reefs which everywhere abound, we soon found ourselves at the right moment in charge of a pilot, a bronzed, burly, big-bearded Finn. We found him not only an acquisition for purposes of navigation, but most helpful in affording information from his knowledge of English. The channel was carefully indicated by long posts topped with heads like inverted brooms, a curious yet favorite style of sea mark all over Russian waters, and every one of them looked as if required to keep us on the right course. Here at a glance we could perceive how well the approaches to Cronstadt were defended from the invasion of a hostile squadron by

shallows and by hidden natural barriers of mud and sand. For ironclads and gunboats to pass through a comparatively narrow channel like this, when every post was removed and the passage laid with mines and torpedoes, would certainly be an enterprise of a most hazardous character. We were informed that it might be done; still it did look uncommonly difficult to accomplish in the face of such physical and other obstacles without serious disaster. Slowly we steamed along until we drew up immediately outside of the very heart of the port. Standing on the bridge and surveying our surroundings, much that was interesting and highly instructive met the eye. The monotonous granite bluffs and forests of both shores no longer attracted our attention, for we became all absorbed in contemplating the array of fortresses across the long frontage of the island. Not far off a long low-lying sandy promontory containing a few military huts was pointed out to us by the pilot, on which had been recently planted ordnance of tremendous size and range. "Monstrous guns they are," he said; "why, each one of them when brought here looked almost a ship's load in itself." Big gun practice was now going on in this quarter, and the roar of those mighty engines of destruction as they sent their shot for miles down the gulf distinctly made our timbers shiver. Away toward our left were large circular granite forts, constructed on what looked like artificial islands. Right in front were elevated batteries, and beneath almost on a level with the sea were earthworks defended by artillery. Looking toward the right, and planted on islands also, were numerous other circular citadels and powerful granite fortifications. Everything that engineering skill can achieve has certainly been done to render these forts as complete and effective as possible. Millions of roubles must have been spent upon these gigantic defences, and not seemingly in vain. Guns point in every direction; no point seems undefended. Not a solitary loophole seems to be left for the passage of an enemy. It is interesting to contrast these modern types of fortifications with those antique-looking martello towers close to us now utilized for stores. What were reckoned first-class citadels in their day, and capable of defying Sir Charles Napier and his fleet, are now useless for purposes of mod-

ern defence. Altogether Cronstadt presents a grim and formidable appearance, and any fleet, however powerful, that attempted to storm it would doubtless receive a reception not altogether pleasant to contemplate. Yet we were informed that a well-known English naval officer had recently declared that he considered the fortifications of Alexandria quite as strong, and everybody knows what happened to them. Should the day ever come when this line of citadels is called upon to show its powers of defence and display its broad belt of fire, it certainly does appear that Cronstadt will more than hold its own and remain impregnable.

The water around us is alive with fragile-looking boats, rowed by boatmen conspicuous in red shirts over their trousers and long boots. Clumsy barges are being forced along through sheer muscular energy by soldiers in rough white canvas-like suits. An imperial yacht in white and gold, and flying gay flags and streamers, glides majestically away into the open sea. Well-handled torpedo boats dart to and fro as if striking at some imaginary foe. Gunboats flying the imperial flag proceed down the gulf, their officers in conspicuously decorated uniforms of green and dark blue, and the sailors with smart white summer coverings over their broad blue caps. A fine cruiser just returned from some distant station in the Pacific lies at anchor, her well-seasoned crew receiving sympathetic attention from comrades welcoming them to the old port again. If all the Russian war-ships are similarly manned and present as creditable an appearance, then the naval power of this country is certainly not to be despised. The Custom-House officers, the Board of Health inspector, and a representative of the police are now on board. The latter, we have been informed by an interpreter, is one of the imperial gendarmes sent down on special duty to the port to keep the officials up to the mark. He has quite a military appearance in his hussar-like uniform of light blue, with white tassel decorations, long cavalry boots and sword. The crew is drawn up on deck and every man is closely scanned. Our passports are minutely examined, and careful entries made from them into the official books. The Custom-House officers look active enough in their own department. Fortunately no Nihilist has

been found, no informality detected in our papers, no contraband goods discovered. Having done their duty the officers willingly accept our hospitality, and soon the cigarettes are lit, refreshments produced, and we at once become the best of friends. After hearty hand-shakings and profuse politeness they finally descend into their boats, and we are left with the best of wishes to proceed into the land of the Czar.

Since the opening of the new canal to St. Petersburg—which has enabled merchantmen to proceed direct to the capital—there has been a considerable decline in the trade of Cronstadt. It seems to be the intention of the Government to divert trade as much as possible from this port and reserve it entirely for strictly imperial purposes. However the good old port of Cronstadt, a favorite rendezvous of British sailors, is not defunct yet. It may be mentioned, however, that the imperial naval docks are quite separate from the other shipping docks. Within the former we observed several ironclads, gunboats, torpedo-boats, and quantities of naval stores; still the display is very far behind that of Portsmouth or any of the royal dockyards at home. The inferiority is most marked, and we are not disappointed to find it so. The shipping port presents a somewhat lively scene. Steamers and sailing ships of many nationalities lie within. There is a big trade carried on here in hemp, flax, tallow, and grain—the biggest in Russia; still the chief export is wood. All around us there seems to be nothing but wood on rafts, barges, steamers, and sailing ships, and in thousands of tons it lies piled on shore. We are not surprised to learn that stringent precautions are taken to prevent fires. Steamers are bound to have the fire hose in constant readiness. No cooking whatever is allowed on wooden ships; all such work must be done on shore. All lights must be extinguished by nine o'clock—when the citadel gun fires—under a heavy penalty. It is interesting to watch the operations within the dock. Gangs of wretchedly clad wild-looking moujiks from the interior are handling, sawing, and loading wood all round. Soldiers, sailors, and marines from the forts are also engaged in stowing it away in ships. In early morning one of the sights in the port is the hiring of the moujiks for the day's

operations. In a body they muster at their favorite rendezvous, forming a brigade of the most haggard, starved, and miserably clad laborers to be seen anywhere. The barges with the stevedores are drawn up below. The bargaining begins amid shouts, gesticulations, jostling, and struggling, and as soon as a fairly remunerative wage is reached an immediate rush is made for the boats. Should any have attempted to steal a march upon their comrades by hiring themselves out on lower terms, they are at once pounced upon and have summarily administered a series of kicks and blows which will incapacitate them for work for a few hours at least. This hiring place is known among British seamen as the Cronstadt "nigger market"—by no means an inappropriate appellation. So at night, when these hard-driven moujiks are rowed ashore. They form up alongside the pay office, and with the utmost celerity they are cleared off. Grimy with coal dust, steaming with sweat, the rag wrappings round their feet and legs—in most cases their only protection—all in tatters, they gather round the hawkers close by purchasing black bread, herring, fish, cucumbers, onions, mushrooms, or make for their still more favorite haunts, the vodka and beershops which everywhere abound.

Cronstadt has a population of about fifty thousand, including the garrison, which is at present thirty thousand strong. Its streets are broad, regular, and clean, but paved with the roughest and most cruel of boulder causeway. The houses generally, notwithstanding the abundance of paint and whitewash, look somewhat old. Shops are numerous and of the usual character of seaport towns, where everything from a needle to an anchor is to be obtained. In the older shops, situated under long colonnades and piazzas, many real curiosities from the Moscow workshops and the interior are to be found. Excellent furs and skins are also to be had on more reasonable terms than in the capital. Unintelligible Russian characters are everywhere on the signboards. Whether hiring a drosky or making purchases, everything has to be done by hard bargaining. The fur dealer is never in a hurry; after spreading out his furs and skins on the floor he produces a magnum of vodka and lemon and a box of cigarettes, and then begins business. If he

gets about the half he asks for his goods he receives fair value. He may decline such an offer; but the chances are after one has left him he is soon to be found in pursuit, quite willing to close the bargain. Most of the natives wear the flat cap or well-worn old fur hat, the dressing-gown-like robe, and long boots. Business men dress like ourselves. Many ladies wear a small lace shawl over their heads; the majority however dress like those at home. Men of the peasant class wear long and sadly riddled garments, and in most cases nothing but mat or rag wrappings round their feet. Peasant women wear short colored dresses and white shawls over their heads. Black bread, cabbage-soup, herring, and sauer kraut form the chief subsistence of the poor. As is to be expected, military and naval costumes predominate. The officers as a rule are tall, powerful, intelligent-looking men, and look somewhat pompous and imposing as they stride along in their broad military peaked caps, sky-blue cloaks—worn in the hottest of weather—high military boots, and clattering sabres. The private soldier is as a rule small, wiry, and intensely stupid-looking. He has the reputation, however, of being patient and enduring. His uniform consists of a flat round cap, well faded dark-green uniform, with long boots. The military regimen is not overdone, consisting as it does mainly of black bread, cabbage-soup, and certain other articles of diet which Tommy Atkins at home would probably consider only fit for the regimental dog or cat or the barrack rat. The most prominent buildings in Cronstadt are the Governor's residence, the naval and military hospital, the colossal barracks and arsenals, and the churches. For the outward forms and ceremonies of his religion the Russian has a profound regard. The symbols of his faith are everywhere. It is curious to find at every street corner the holy ikon or framed picture of the Madonna or some saint, as Nicolas, invariably suspended. There is rarely a shop, office, or place of business or private residence to be found without it. No true Russian will work where the holy picture does not occupy a prominent position. He rarely either passes a church, shrine, or holy picture without uncovering and crossing himself. One shop we observed sold nothing but holy pictures of all sizes and at all prices. The

churches here, like those all over Russia, are highly decorated, and display elaborately painted cupolas with glittering crosses overhead. Their interiors are also highly embellished, befitting a church whose services are of the highest ritualistic character. Wherever there are churches in this country there are beggars, and their number is nothing short of a plague in Cronstadt. A great ecclesiastical celebrity at present in this town is the famous Father John, a priest whom the Russians revere for his piety and as the possessor of what they believe to be miraculous gifts. His name is at present as well known as that of the Czar, and his untiring labors on behalf of the toiling and suffering poor have won for him a position of commanding influence all over the empire. The drives and walks round the mole are of much interest, as they afford an opportunity of surveying the complete and extensive character of the defences of this island fortress, and of obtaining fine views of the richly wooded and granite-bound shores of Finland and Esthonia.

Between Cronstadt and the mainland passenger steamers regularly ply. Boarding the steamer and crossing the waters of the beautiful bay we find ourselves after a short but delightful sail on the landing-stage of the picturesque village of Oranienbaum. This is a beautifully wooded district, and is a fashionable summer resort. Flashing through the trees and planted on commanding sites are the lavishly decorated palaces of Menchikoff and the Serguiefka. In this district palaces abound, seemingly vying with one another in splendor and outward ornamentation. Securing a Russian troika, in charge of a bearded, long-robed, typical Ishvostchik, and horsed with wiry Tartar steeds, we bowled along broad and well-kept roads lined with hedgerows and trees in the richest of foliage to visit Peterhof, the marine palace of the Czar. In succession we pass highly painted chalet-like residences with gay summer shaded verandas set off with flowers, and looking down upon flower beds and the trimmest of lawns. These are the summer retreats of the St. Petersburg nobility and merchant princes. It was interesting to contrast with those luxurious establishments the farmhouses and huts of the peasants, constructed of rough logs with piles of wood stored around for fuel purposes. The cattle look

miserable and scraggy, the horses light and wiry, and the crops over prolific with weeds. In the fields peasants are forking hay, the women conspicuous in dresses of many colors. Nurses with curious coronet-shaped bead erections on their heads and flaring dresses are airing their youthful charges. Splendid equipages quite equal to those of our home aristocracy are seen, the gentlemen in military costume and the ladies in the latest of Parisian fashions.

The imperial grounds of Peterhof we find to be quite as accessible as any public gardens in London. This resort, which is named after Peter the Great, possesses really fine old avenues of trees. The quaint old residence of Peter, still carefully maintained, is of interest to all lovers of the antique, furnished as it is with all sorts of curious old Dutch knickknacks in which this eccentric ruler seemed to revel. A porter rings a bell outside and immediately from the artificial lake in front countless carp rise to devour the black bread crumbs he throws to them. There are other buildings of much historical interest near the English garden; still the great attraction within the grounds is the magnificent display of fountains. The Russian in his love of the sensational and grotesque has not omitted to exhibit it here. We sit down under what looks a delightful gigantic umbrella, when all at once artificial rain descends as from a thundercloud over it. We are admiring a curious-looking young tree when suddenly from every twig and branch the water bursts forth into spray. We sit down upon a garden seat when all at once the water rushes up from beneath us and

causes us to retreat. Artificial waterfalls and lovely cascades stream over rocks and through grottos. Water lashes down stairs all artificially gilt, which in sunshine produces a fine effect. Neptunes and Tritons send the water rushing into basins clad with the choicest of aquatic plants.

The marine palace of the Czar is a huge building with many cupolas, towers, and minarets decorated in old yellow and gold, displaying a somewhat flash and theatrical combination of French and Byzantine architecture. It is situated on a broad terrace, and in front there is a most costly and elaborate marble balustrade. The view from this point under lovely sunshine is quite enchanting. Immediately below are beautiful lawns with flower beds and magnificent fountains in full play. Further down the water as clear as crystal flows down the golden stairs into a canal, the banks of which are studded with statuary. The water of the canal slowly finds its way into the bay, where lying at anchor is an imperial yacht glistening in white and gold. Peterhof is unquestionably one of the finest marine palaces in Europe. In driving and walking through these imperial pleasure grounds we found these imperial pleasure grounds we found cossacks, sentries, and police moving about, still there was no restriction, no official interference, no flunkeyism whatever. Everywhere and always we found the Russians to be a most kindly, courteous, and delightful people, ever willing to show us everything and afford us all information, and most anxious that we should form the most favorable impression of their interesting country.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

A VISIT TO PRINCE BISMARCK.

BY GEORGE W. SMALLEY.

I.

WHEN the Emperor William First gave Friedrichsruh to Prince Bismarck, it certainly was not with any thought of the convenience of the German people. It cannot have occurred to him that they were concerned in the matter, or that a day would ever come when the Prince would be an exile from power, and when the nearness of Friedrichsruh to Hamburg

might have a certain influence upon his relations to his fellow-subjects, and upon theirs to him. Yet so it is. The accessibility of the place encourages pilgrimages and visits. When Prince Bismarck goes to his other estate at Varzin, in the far north-east of Prussia, a day's journey by rail from Berlin, the pilgrimages and visits become much less frequent. Now events have taken such a turn that Prince Bismarck's communications with the world he

used to govern have come to depend on this rather casual intercourse ; except, indeed, when he has occasion to journey through the land. Then we see the journey become a kind of progress ; last year's the most remarkable of all. But when residing at Friedrichsruh he receives some visitors and many visits—deputations from far and near, students, societies, schools, statesmen, individuals. And these are the occasions on which he is likely to say something, so that Friedrichsruh has become a kind of platform from which its owner addresses his fellow-countrymen and the rest of mankind. Never, as I said, could it have entered into the head of his old comrade and Emperor that a use of this kind would be found for his Imperial gift.

The station of Friedrichsruh is but forty minutes by rail from Hamburg, and the house not more than two minutes' drive from the station. The train passes within a hundred yards of the entrance, and you get your first view of the mansion from the window of the railway carriage. The expresses between Berlin and Hamburg roar past many times a day. The house has neither that seclusion which the Englishman thinks the first condition of agreeable country life, nor that stateliness or splendor which one might expect in an Emperor's gift to his great Chancellor, a gift in acknowledgment of the empire which the servant had bestowed on his sovereign. But the Germans have their own views in these, as in other matters, which, sooner or later, they contrive generally to justify to the world. In 1871 the house, or so much of it as then existed, was, or had been, a kind of inn, or boarding-house, of brick faced with pale yellow stucco, the window-frames and doors of a brighter brown-yellow ; no architecture to speak of. It has since been doubled and trebled in size, and has become a spacious comfortable mansion ; quite devoid of external decorative features. But it has angles and gables, with a balcony or two and a broad terrace ; the trees dignify the edifice, the shadows softening the hard outlines, and on the side toward the forest the charm of the place becomes evident. A few steps have carried you far away from the glare and noise, and from the world, and you find yourself in a forest.

It was, in fact, not the house but the

estate which must be considered the Emperor's offering ; an estate of 30,000 acres, all in timber. There is no cultivated land. The village of Friedrichsruh was built by a certain count who owned a small shooting lodge there. When Prince Bismarck first came, the house was so far from being tenatable that he stayed at the lodge of the forest-keeper, beyond the stream which divides the house from the greater part of the wood. There it was that he first made acquaintance with his new property, which he, with his love of nature and of country life, and perhaps of trees above all, perceived at once to be a noble domain. But that is an impression which to the visitor comes later. As we drove from the station along the sandy road parallel with the railway, it was the house and not much else that we became aware of ; trees about it on three sides evidently, but the house stands out and is placed so near the road that you pull up at the front door almost as soon as you have passed the gate. We were met at the door by Prince Bismarck's secretary, Dr. Chrysander. The name sounds like that of a Greek. He is not a Greek, however, but an accomplished young German with a knowledge of English and an amiability of character by which we profited in many ways.

We were to have arrived for luncheon at half-past twelve, but were late, and the family had already gone in, and we were asked to follow at once. There was time to notice that we stood in an entrance-hall of some size, its fittings in a light varnished wood, with two long stands for coats, on one of which hung a large, full, blue military coat, with red facings, and broad fur collar ;—easy to imagine what figure it had enveloped. Thence through a morning-room to the right, furnished, like all the rooms we saw, with simplicity ; thence into the dining-room where, at the farther end of the long dining-table, sat Prince Bismarck. The room is some thirty feet by twenty, with gray painted walls crowded with pictures, the windows looking on the terrace and a balcony. Here it was that we first felt as if the outer world had been left behind, for from these windows only woods, and meadows, and stream were visible ; the meadow an amphitheatre rising beyond the water and enclosed by the not distant forest, with which here you became at once on inti-

mate terms. The furniture of the room not remarkable, except the high, straight-backed, deep, capacious armchair, covered with smooth black or, perhaps, very dark green leather, in which the Prince sat. Princess Bismarck's place was not opposite, but at the side next the windows near the other end; on the other side the Countess von Rantzau, their daughter, whose husband is German Minister at the Hague; and two other ladies.

The Prince and Princess rose and came forward to welcome us. The Princess being nearest the entrance, I spoke first to her, and introduced E. Strict German etiquette would have required, I believe, that we should have presented ourselves first to the master of the house, but the German, strict himself and strict with his own people, is tolerant to the foreigner. The greetings on either side passed very much as they might in England or America. Not quite so when we sat down. Places for both of us had been left on either side of Prince Bismarck, as if in recognition of the interest which to us, as to the rest of the world, centred in him. The Princess took her former seat at the side near the upper end; if it was not the lower.

I own myself embarrassed, or, at any rate, much perplexed, as I set down these particulars, and think of others that are to come, and of my position as the narrator of them. The reader may also be perplexed, and in his interest and mine perhaps I had better say what had happened. I had been asked to Friedrichsruh before now, but had not gone. When this visit was arranged I said I would either put the journalist wholly aside, or, if Prince Bismarck saw fit, it might be understood that I should use my own discretion and either say nothing or say what I thought best. It was left in that way. Certainly I did not go to Friedrichsruh to "interview" Prince Bismarck, nor did I interview him, nor could I interrogate him, nor shall I repeat much of what he said. If I describe, though in the briefest way, the interior of a private house, and even the inhabitants of it, it is because Prince Bismarck is indisputably the first public man of his time, and belongs to history; even, to some slight extent, to that contemporary history which is called journalism; and the world does, I suppose, care to see as much of him as it can, and likes a glimpse of his

home and home life, which he is not unwilling to allow. The frame, as well as the portrait, is interesting. The world, of course, would like to have some things it ought not to have and cannot have. There are limits which I hope not to overpass. If I do, or if I convey a wrong impression of him, or of his opinions and feelings on any point, the responsibility is mine. I am availing myself of a permission of which the obligations are the more imperative because it was freely given.

I had last seen Prince Bismarck in 1888, in the Reichstag; and on various occasions before that, notably one evening in his palace in the Wilhelmstrasse—the old one—of which I have many memories. But never till now had I seen him except in uniform, whether in public or private, in Parliament or in the street, or as a figure in a military parade. I don't know that he ever appeared or spoke, whether in the Prussian Diet or in the Reichstag, otherwise than in a soldier's dress. Soldier he has always been, and still is, and nothing seems to be dearer to him than the military character, as, indeed, it is to most Prussians. The civilian in Prussia has ever been, and still is, an inferior being; Minister, Chancellor, whatever he is, he must be a soldier also if he is to be on a level with the soldier and one of that military caste which in Prussia is, in one sense, the true aristocracy of the country, if for no other reason than because the aristocrat belongs invariably to the profession of arms. Prince Bismarck, when I first saw him in 1866, was a Major of Cuirassiers. He has risen—slowly, inasmuch as he has had other things than soldiering to do—to be General, and that is his rank in the army to-day.

He was now in black from head to foot; black double-breasted frock-coat, buttoned to the throat across the chest, relieved by no order or decoration, or any touch of color, except that he wore round his neck a pale yellow, or perhaps cream-colored, soft silk neckcloth, something like the cravat which prevailed in England in the earlier part of the century, but less voluminous and tied carelessly. He wore no collar. He wore his coat, as E. said, like a uniform. It set off the breadth of the shoulders, the depth of the chest, and the whole huge framework and vast body which of itself seemed to fill the room, whether he stood or sat. He towered far

above everybody. His manner when he walked down the room as we came in was, above everything, that of the host anxious to welcome his guests. Almost his first word was a regret that the clocks at Friedrichsruh did not keep what he called mid-German railway time; an artificial sort of time, based on an average of differences for the zone in which it is observed, and extremely helpful to the punctuality and smooth working of the German railway system. "Still," said he, "here in Friedrichsruh we must have the real time." All his life long he has clung to realities, the make-believe having no attraction for him nor, to his mind, any validity in public or private affairs.

There are more Prince Bismarcks than one, and the one which the world knows best may not be the most real of all, nor quite like the one who reveals himself in his own home to his guests. E. and I were both, as we afterward agreed, struck by the same thing at first—by the kindness, the geniality of manner, the human and friendly quality in him which came at once to the surface, when it was the moment for the expression of this quality, just as a different side of his character became evident when the circumstances were different. It is fair in judging a man to put aside, if one can, what one has heard, and to judge with one's own eyes and ears. The English Courts have never liked hearsay evidence or second-hand testimony. If everybody is to base his belief on somebody else's observation, how is a genuine impression to be had? The word which comes most frequently to one's mind, in thinking it all over, is simplicity or sincerity; that and, during the time you are with him, courtesy—courtesy not to us only but to everybody, and you shall by-and-by see it shown in another and not less charming way. To suppose that the first diplomatist of his time wears his heart on his sleeve, whether of a black coat or a uniform, is absurd. I do not mean anything so absurd. What I do mean is that these amiable and friendly, or, as I called them, human traits are just as true as those by which he is more commonly known.

The face and head which rose out of the black coat and soft pale yellow neck-cloth are known to everybody by pictures and photographs, and also by description, and yet they are not known. I have tried

before now to describe them. Like others, I thought I knew them well. But every view is a new view. The power of the head and face is what it was. Age has altered, not impaired it. The firmness of outline remains. The muscles of the neck have not lost their elasticity, the head rises aloft and alert; in the carriage of it something haughty, something almost defiant and victorious, as of one who all his life long has had enemies to deal with, and the habit of overcoming them. The lines and outlines are drawn with a free hand and a wide sweep; with the breadth to which nature more often attains when she works on a great scale, as in fashioning a mountain range or shaping a continent. The actual measurements of the skull must be extraordinary. I do not know what they are, but no figures could express the sense of intellectual force and force of character.

Herr Lenbach once spoke of the face as faultless. Nothing, he thought, could be added or taken away without injuring it; all the features were perfect. This is stating the matter too strongly. Herr Lenbach has painted Prince Bismarck often and well; no one else so well; the world of the hereafter will owe much to him; for photographs may not last forever, nor do photographs always tell you what you most want to know about a face. Perhaps, by long study and admiration, Lenbach has in his own mind idealized his sitter. He does not idealize him on canvas, except in the sense that he paints character as well as the external facts of face and figure. If the features were, as he said on that occasion, faultless, they would be, in Tennyson's phrase, faultily faultless. They are nothing of the kind. They are not regular, not classic, not moulded to any known type or accepted standard, or not all of them. The face is the man, with all his individuality, and the eyes are the man. They are deep blue—the blue seems to have grown deeper with years—large, full, wide apart, beautiful in repose and capable of expressing, without any help from the other features, the most various moods—authority, tenderness, anger, and many others. The dry light of pure intelligence seems their natural expression till it changes into some other, and when they are turned upon an individual or a Parliament in a spirit of inquiry they look through and through the

individual or the Parliament. The power of penetrating character, of judging men, has ever been one of his gifts and one of his sources of mastery in public affairs, and this also you see in these piercing orbs, the light of which is the next moment peaceful and kindly. The eyebrows, which are very heavy, are not so much tangled as interwoven; the full tufts of white hair braiding themselves into strands. The mustache, which overhangs without concealing the mouth or much altering the expression of the lips, follows the lines of the mouth, which at either end it closely embraces.

The masterful strength of all the lower part of the face is but the counterpart of the upper; the capaciousness of the brain and the wilfulness of the character are each indicated clearly; neither is out of proportion; there is neither excess of intelligence nor excess of firmness; the two are in harmony, and you would never fear that mere activity of mind should turn into Particularism, or that mere determination should paralyze the thinking faculties; nor has either of these catastrophes occurred in actual life. The work of his life has, of course, left its mark upon the worker. The figure before you, with its simple and beautiful dignity, is the history of Germany for thirty years; a new Thirty Years' War, as beneficent as the old one was destructive. Prince Bismarck, and not the youthful Hohenzollern at Potsdam, is the incarnation of Imperial Germany.

I will supplement my memories and impressions by an extract from E.'s notes, from which, indeed, I have borrowed already, and shall borrow hereafter, though they were not meant to be printed. E. saw the Prince for the first time, and says:—

"Bismarck's personality gives one a great impression of size, but still more of strength and force, physical and mental. He looks at you very directly when speaking to you. Sat very straight in his high, straight-backed arm-chair, one hand holding his pipe, the other generally on the head of one of the dogs. His gestures few but forcible. Did everything with energy and earnestness, even to blotting his autograph with great care, so that it should not be smudged. His eyes very bright and full of fire when he was interested, with many twinkles of fun. English rather an effort at first, but came more and more easily. Very courteous; would not light his pipe till he had asked whether I minded. Evidently

very kindly, and beloved by his household. Delights in his woods, and in his pets, not only in the dogs and the swans and ducks, but in his chickens, which are allowed to invade the lawn, to the despair of the gardener. Rebecca, or Bekchen, the favorite of the two great Ulmar dogs, having been longer with him than that 'Imperial intruder,' Cyrus, who was given him by the present Emperor when the dog that 'old William' gave him died."

He spoke throughout in English, not without a certain effort. His mastery of English, for conversational purposes, and upon a wide range of topics, is tolerably complete. It is not professor's English, nor that of the student, but idiomatic, vigorous, often colloquial, and even the English of the man of affairs and of the world. Language is to him an instrument, to be used as he uses other instruments—for his own ends. He has audacities of speech as well as of act. What is wanting to him in English is practice. He had of late, he said, no occasion to speak English more than twice a year, and his fluency was less than it had been. But if he sometimes had to search for the word, he always found it, and always the right word, and sometimes a picturesque one where greater familiarity might have led him or another to use a commonplace one. It was all the more instructive to behold him struggling amid these linguistic difficulties; you saw the machinery at work, as when on a great steamship you look through a glass partition at the engines doing their twenty knots an hour. Still, the medium sometimes hampered him; but when a change was suggested, he refused. It seemed as if it were part of his conception of his duties as host to express himself in the native tongue of his two guests.

Many years ago it was said of him that he had refused to allow French, which he knows as well as German, to be spoken in his presence. But this he declared was an idle tale. "I never presumed to dictate to others in private life. What I did was to protest against the use of French in the Prussian Diet, and in matters of German business." His English grew more and more fluent as he talked. When, at one moment, some wished-for phrase would not frame itself to his mind, he turned to E., with the humorous smile so characteristic of him and so frequent, and said: "There was a time when I could speak Russian," and he added that he still occa-

sionally read a Russian newspaper. His appointment as Ambassador to Petersburg dates from March, 1859. Then it was, no doubt, and during the three years he remained there, that he pursued his studies in Russian, and it may be taken for granted he knows the language now as well as then. His is not a mind which lets go of any useful knowledge once acquired.

It did seem, I will add, as if there was a ban upon French. Princess Bismarck much prefers it to English, which she speaks and understands not without effort. But when anything was said to her in French, she took pains to answer in English or German. Two years ago, in Homburg, I had heard her speak French during the greater part of a long and interesting dinner. Prince Bismarck used a single French expression, but that belongs to another part of the story.

II.

The Prince plunged almost at once into politics, but at first they were the politics of Friedrichsruh. "They are quite enough to occupy me," he said, "and quite as intractable as any I have had to deal with elsewhere. For here at Friedrichsruh we have swans and ducks and rats, who will not live at peace with each other if left to themselves, and they give me a great deal of trouble. The swans are not on good terms with the ducks; in fact, they want to eat them, or their young, and the rats are the enemies of both. It is extremely difficult to construct a constitution under which they can all thrive, or to make them understand what is best for each." Then, after a pause, and with a twinkle, "Especially the rats." He continued, "I try to make my will prevail. I have tried that before in other affairs; and sometimes succeeded and sometimes not. But I have to resort, as I did when I was Chancellor, to all sorts of devices. They will not do as I say merely because I say so. The swans have to be kept by themselves by a wire fence, as you will see. They are the majority, but majorities in Germany do not always have their own way." This disquisition on the politics of the swans and ducks proceeded for some time with the utmost gravity. There was no effort to apply the allegory closely, or to identify the swans or the ducks, still less the rats, with any existing political party or group. It was, nevertheless, an

apologue, and it was possible to imagine that, if one could look into the Prince's mind, similitudes might be discoverable.

The Army Bill followed not long after the swans and ducks, and was discussed with equal gravity. Prince Bismarck's opposition to the bill which the Emperor deems vital to Germany has never been a secret, and is no secret now. He gave his reasons, or some of his reasons, for thinking it was a bad bill in itself. The army, he admitted, or, indeed, asserted, undoubtedly needs strengthening, but this bill would do it in the wrong way; or, rather, it would not strengthen the army—it would weaken it.

"You do not want more men. Increasing the number of men would mean drawing off a great many officers to train the new soldiers. This would involve the making all at once of many new and inexperienced officers, weakening the army in one most essential respect. There are not non-commissioned officers enough—not enough who could drill all these new men and perform their present duties. You cannot create them. Where are they to come from? Nor, if you had the men and the officers all ready for the emergency which the framers of this bill contemplate, could you use them for an emergency. When a war breaks out there will be, at first, perhaps three or four battles at different points about the same time. The result of these battles may decide the campaign—must, at any rate, have a great influence on the fortunes of the war. They will be fought, each one of them, by perhaps two hundred thousand or, at most, a quarter of a million men on each side. You can use, that is to say, for your emergency, and for what is likely to be the most critical if not decisive moment of the conflict, a million of soldiers. You cannot use more except as reserves, and for future battles, which may or may not have to be fought. But you have three millions already. What is the use of another eighty thousand?"

"No, what the army wants is more artillery. We won our last war with France by artillery. The best artillery will win the next, even more certainly. So changed are the conditions of war that, without a competent artillery, the best infantry can no more by itself win a battle than cavalry could. But in this arm, though we may be still superior to France,

we are not superior in the same proportion that we were in 1870. The certainty of victory depends on our maintaining not merely a superiority, but a considerable superiority. That is what a wise bill would aim at. But this is not a wise bill, nor are the authors of it wise. The Emperor"—but at that word came a pause. Then he resumed, changing the word :—

"The Government is weak and short-sighted. It has made mistake after mistake. It has flung away position and advantages, not seeming in the least aware what it was doing at the time. Just when it was likely to be in need of money, it cut off a large source of revenue by its new commercial treaties. No one had attacked these revenues, they were not felt as a grievance or a burden, and they produced fifty millions. Now they hope to carry the Army Bill, finance and all, by threatening the country, by frightening people, by prophesying war and ruin and the defeat of the army if it be not increased just as they propose. All this has a bad effect on the minds of the people, and especially, if they believe it, on the soldiers—discourages them and makes them doubtful of themselves. But there is little evidence thus far that the panic they have tried to breed has really taken root among the soldiers, or among the German people. We shall know in a few weeks what the German people have to say to this new scheme ; and what the fate of the Army Bill is to be.

"The elections ? Well, it is very difficult to see where a Government majority is to come from, or how they are to govern without a majority. It is true we carried on the Government of Prussia from 1862 to 1886 without a budget and without a majority. But if I were again in office, which I shall never be, I could not give to his Imperial Majesty the advice which I gave to the King of Prussia at that time. The circumstances are entirely different, and Germany is not Prussia. I should not do it again. A policy of that kind is not to be drawn into a precedent."

The remark of De Tocqueville, in the recently published *Souvenirs*, occurred to me : "I have always noticed that in politics grave errors are often due to having too good a memory." I quoted it.

"Yes," said the Prince ; "mere imitation does not answer. No two situa-

tions are alike, and a man should not copy even himself."

He thought the Socialists more likely to gain strength in the coming elections than any other party, an opinion I had already heard in Berlin and elsewhere. What was said on this matter of elections should, however, be taken with reference to the date. The conversation occurred on the 17th of May. He was of the same mind about the Socialists as when himself in power. The growth of their numerical power in the country and in Parliament had not shaken his conviction of the soundness of his own policy toward them. He would have pursued it to the end—

"Whereas the Government, by treating the Socialists as a political party, a force in the country to be met seriously and argued with, instead of as robbers and thieves to be crushed, has increased very much their power and importance, and the consideration shown them. I would never have allowed this. They are the rats of the country, to be stamped out. I had foreseen this and feared it when I perceived the turn things were taking in a certain quarter. I warned the Emperor against it. The warning was thrown away.

"True, I was rather in favor of the Labor Conference. I assented to it. I hoped there would be a majority of sane and sensible men, or, at least, a good proportion of people who would discuss the subject rationally, and that an impression would be made on the Emperor's mind. At the worst, it might serve to him as a kind of notice what he was to expect, and what sort of reception his own ideas would have among those whose benefit he was seeking, and to whom he appealed. Nothing of the kind. The Emperor learned nothing. I was wrong—at any rate, I was disappointed. It all came to nothing."

Socialism impressed him more as a danger to the Empire—a nearer danger—than to society. The Socialists are anti-Imperialists. Like Socialists elsewhere, like the Trades Unions in England and in all other countries where they exist, they put class interests before the interests of the community. They want to subvert pretty much everything in Germany, no doubt, but first of all the army, and the present system of compulsory service, and to abolish the taxes without which the army can-

not be maintained. They care not if the Empire be left defenceless.

I asked if he thought the Socialists carried on their propaganda on a great scale in the army, as in England, or, at least, in London, where Socialists enlist for the purpose, and where the public-houses frequented by the Guards are the headquarters and pulpits of Socialists and Anarchist missionaries.

He thought it was not so in Berlin. "The garrison of Berlin is collected from all over the Empire. The men from Cologne have little sympathy with the Pomeranians; the Bavarians and the Saxons do not fraternize in such matters. If there be a danger it would be, for example, in Hamburg, where the Socialists are strong, and a Hamburg regiment might be poisoned by Socialism. So might others."

His old partiality for Russia came out in the remark that, whatever might be Germany's troubles from Socialism, they would never be aggravated from any Russian source. This in answer to my question whether, if Socialistic agitation became aggressive and disturbances arose in Germany, her neighbors, east and west, might not seize the occasion to attack her. But his faith in the good faith of the Emperor of Russia was not to be shaken. The state of things in Russia seemed to him to forbid such a supposition. "The party of discontent, whether you call it Socialist, or Anarchist, or Nihilist, is much the same everywhere. If it is a danger to Germany, it is equally a danger to Russia—perhaps a much greater danger. The Czar is not the man to lend a hand to the enemies of order, of society." It was hardly worth while, after such a declaration as that, to press the military point of view. As to France, and what she might do in similar circumstances, Prince Bismarck omitted to express any opinion. The world knows well enough already what his views are of the political methods which have, during his time, been in vogue in that country. There is no reason to suppose he has changed these views.

Author as he is of that universal suffrage which he gave because it could not be withheld, Prince Bismarck's faith in the specifics of modern Radicalism, or of modern Democracy, has very definite limits. He repeated in a different form one or two remarks made during his jour-

ney last year, at Jena and elsewhere, which go to the root of things; Radical in that sense only. Nobody ever doubted that he believed it the business of a Government to govern: a maxim which Radicalism, both in Germany and in England, is doing its utmost to discredit. But how are you to get your governing Government? What is it to be; who are to compose it?

"There has grown up of late," said Prince Bismarck, "a notion that the world can be governed from below. That cannot be." It is an apophthegm which Socialist and Anarchist, and those political parties in all countries which hope for power by pandering to the mob, may consider. Mr. Gladstone himself might reflect on it, should he find time amid his present somewhat engrossing and, perhaps, somewhat confusing occupations.

In this view of Socialism, as in all Prince Bismarck said, two traits were visible. He was perfectly ready to own a mistake if he thought he had made one, and he was perfectly loyal to himself and his policy when he still believed himself in the right, no matter what turn events or opinion had taken. I doubt whether the opinion of others ever gave him much concern except as a force to be calculated and used or otherwise dealt with. To infallibility, however, he never made the least pretension. He did not claim it for himself, nor respect the claim when made for another. He scoffed at it. He listened with approval to the remarks which—rightly or wrongly, I am not sure—I attributed to Newman in those honorable days where Newman stood out against the new Papal heresy of infallibility. "Before infallibility can have any logical basis, or become a rule of conduct, you must not only be infallible but infallibly certain you are infallible." I gathered that Prince Bismarck still considered that he was right in entering upon a struggle with the Papacy; that the *Kulturkampf* was a sound policy; that the May Laws were well conceived; and that his ultimate abandonment of the conflict, and his compromise with the Pope and the Ultramontane party, were the result of events which he was not bound to foresee, and could not have foreseen, and which nobody, in fact, did foresee. In other words, he entered upon this struggle with a good probability of success, and ultimately surrendered to the inevitable. The

policy of conflict was a wise one when adopted, and the policy of retiring from the conflict was also wise. The stress of politics, the necessities of public life, forced him to play off one party against another—no new thing with him, indeed—and finally to purchase support from the Catholic party by concessions to Catholic demands. When the May Laws were passed, their passage was imperative; they were what Germany at that moment most needed. When they were repealed, other objects, only to be attained by consenting to their repeal, had become paramount; they, and no longer the May Laws, were what Germany then most needed.

III.

What was said of England was free from any taint of that dislike to England which Prince Bismarck has sometimes been supposed to cherish. At the most, it was indifference, and that not to the English people, but to English politics, which he appeared to think sterile, if not trivial. He has said, in times past, sharp things about England, and when German interests came into contact with English interests, he was for Germany and not for England. It might seem hard to censure him for that, or to require that a German should not be a German. But the strong point of the Englishman is not the imagination, nor the use of the imagination in public life. He does not readily put himself in the place of his adversary, nor take the other point of view. He likes better, when he finds somebody in his way, to make him get out, if he can; at any rate, to lift up his voice, which is a powerful one, against the intruder. He has condemned Prince Bismarck before now for the very attitude and policy which, if the German had only been an Englishman, the Englishman would have praised, and would have thought the only natural or possible attitude. The Chancellor used to resent these asperities on public grounds. If the English press attacked him, he used the German press to reply to these attacks. But of any personal ill-will to the English I never saw a trace.

That neither Prince Bismarck nor the great majority of his countrymen follow English politics closely is probably true. The treatment of such matters in the German press is but occasional. The most

enterprising newspaper in Berlin thinks it has abundantly satisfied the appetite of its readers for general English news by a four-line telegram from London. Its money intelligence is fuller. Finance is of no nationality. Prince Bismarck's views, so far as he expressed them, may be summed up in a sentence or two:—

"If we have a controversy with England we pay attention to that, and try to understand the English side of it as well as ours. Other international questions, European and not Anglo-German merely, do sometimes, though not very often, make us turn our eyes to England. Otherwise, what chiefly concerns us is the effort of certain parties or persons in Germany to make us copy English Parliamentary institutions."

This last was said with that gleam of humor which so often lighted up both his face and the subject he was discussing. He has the faculty of conveying or implying as much by a look as by speech. The listener will do well to be on the watch for it, if he wishes not to miss the real significance of what is said. It comes without warning. The glow suffuses the deep blue eyes as suddenly as a flash of lightning, and the horizon is illuminated. It has long been known that Prince Bismarck viewed with no favor the notion of Anglicizing Germany or German institutions which prevailed in more quarters than one. The letter just published, written before the marriage of the late Emperor Frederick to an English princess, expressed in advance an opinion which circumstances obliged him to repeat in various forms afterward. The Germans do not like to be Anglicized any more than the English would like to be Germanized. The Briton does not even like to be criticised from a purely German point of view—he objected to be told on high German authority, many years ago, that English Parliamentary institutions were on their trial. There is in Germany a party or a political coterie—more than one, no doubt—which has for a long time believed that Germany was to find salvation in imitating England. It does not appear that Prince Bismarck shares that belief, or has any serious apprehension that it will prevail, or will ever become the opinion of a majority of the German people.

When Mr. Gladstone's name was men-

tioned—it came up incidentally—Prince Bismarck had not a word to say against the Englishman whom he has been supposed to like even less than other Englishmen. He thought it sufficient to express his admiration of Mr. Gladstone's oratory, and of his powers as a Parliamentarian. To Mr. Gladstone's admirers, of whom I am one, that may not seem a very complete estimate, but it must be taken as it is. There is no more. To the first statesman of Europe, the Prime Minister of England appears as a master of speech rather than of affairs—of Parliamentary tactics rather than of the principles and methods by which, as Themistocles said, a small nation may be made great, or a great nation greater still. That master-stroke of domestic policy, known popularly as Home Rule for Ireland, did not seem to have impressed the German Chancellor. It did not even interest him. I almost doubted whether he had any other idea about it than that it was a concession to a faction hostile to England, and therefore dangerous to England, and likely to make the United Kingdom less united, and the Empire less imperial. Nor was any other view really to be expected. Prince Bismarck's fame rests in great measure on his unification of Germany. He is the creator of an Empire, and his political sympathies with the Englishman who is trying to break up an Empire must necessarily be imperfect. When a man has applied the finest abilities and energies of his time to constructive work, it is natural he should fail to appreciate an English statesman whose great triumph has been the annihilation of a Church, and whose old age is devoted to the dissolution of the legislative union between the two sections of the United Kingdom. Let us excuse Prince Bismarck so far as we can, and not forget that he has full faith in Mr. Gladstone as an orator.

I quoted, while this topic was still being talked of, the remark of a Frenchman less well known than he deserves to be, M. Doudan, who said of Victor Hugo : "À force de jouer avec les mots, il en est devenu l'esclave ;" and this I applied to Mr. Gladstone. "Yes," answered Prince Bismarck, "les mots se jouent de lui." This was the only French phrase he allowed to pass his lips, and with this, too, came a humorous illuminative gleam into his eyes.

He would see as clearly as anybody the

peril in such philological pastimes as Mr. Gladstone permits himself. They become, presently, not pastimes, but the serious occupation of his mind and of his life, and the peril is lest words and not acts seem to him the real thing, and mere dexterity of speech the faculty most essential to the ruler of an empire. Not so has Prince Bismarck formed his conception of public life or of statesmanship. If he is not an orator, as Mr. Gladstone is, and as Antony said Brutus was, he has at least the gift of picturesque and vivid speech, of imagery, of using images or incidents familiar to his audience in a totally novel and unexpected way. His history is full of them, his pithy sayings are in every German mouth, and have even been quoted not infrequently in England. How many of Mr. Gladstone's idolaters can quote a sentence from any of his innumerable speeches, and how many can they quote ? The gift of condensation or brevity is not his. To put a thing too briefly might pin its author to a definite statement, or even pledge. Nor is brevity or directness a peculiarly German quality either. The Prince's epigram was French in something more than words : in its brilliancy, its suddenness—for it followed instantaneously on the quotation—its conciseness ; in short, in various qualities which we do not always associate with the word German. Prince Bismarck is assuredly a German of the Germans, but his intellectual equipment is free from the narrowness of mere Teutonic chauvinism.

It is a delicate business to repeat opinions about persons, and I will name only one other of those whom Prince Bismarck discussed. He spoke of Lord Rosebery as an Englishman who had high qualities for the conduct of public business, and had shown them as Foreign Minister. "But is he also an orator ?" queried the Prince. You were left to guess whether he really considered rhetorical fluency an indispensable adjunct to the other qualities of an English Minister, or whether he would have preferred to be told that Lord Rosebery could not speak. It had, however, to be said, in the interests of truth, that he could, but that, like Lord Salisbury, he thought the ideal Foreign Secretary should be dumb ; and with this Prince Bismarck seemed content. His friendship for Lord Rosebery is well known.

The indifference the Prince showed toward English politics did not extend to France.

"If you live next a volcano, you naturally watch for the smoke out of the crater."

But of an immediate eruption he seemed to have no fear. It would be idle for him or for anybody to remind the French of Carlyle's maxim about consuming their own smoke. The French like to hear what is agreeable. They have reversed the old motto, and it reads in France, "Grata pro veris." Probably it will do no service to the memory of Jules Ferry, among his own countrymen, to say that Prince Bismarck thought his loss a serious one to France: "A strong man gone." The tribute is nevertheless one which Jules Ferry's friends may not be sorry to know of. There was no eulogy upon any living Frenchman.

A journey to America was suggested, but the Prince's "No" was peremptory. He would like to go, but the fatigue and inconvenience of travel are such as he does not care to encounter without a strong reason. He cannot sleep well out of his own bed, and sleep is to him medicinal and essential. "Dr. Schweningen would not let me go!" The Chicago Exhibition? No, that was no temptation. He had never cared for exhibitions, nor ever thought the benefit of them considerable. "They do not benefit the country in general, nor do much good to industries nor to commerce. The people who profit are the people concerned in the keeping of inns, and in getting money out of travelers; hardly anybody else." The enthusiasm about exhibitions seemed to him factitious, except in so far as it was sentimental. Chicago belongs, I presume, to the sentimental division. It appeared that his opinion on the subject of Chicago, and of exhibitions in general, had been desired not long since by, I suppose, some representative of the Chicago Press, as if Chicago were too modest to feel sure that its Exhibition was the right thing! But the Prince, whose sense of what is comic has a wide range, had made answer that he had no time to form views on the subject of exhibitions, or of the Chicago Exhibition in particular. He could find interest in a visit to America without that. His own German fellow-countrymen in America would be attraction enough for

him. They were to his mind, though I insisted we had no better citizens, still German, and still his fellow countrymen.

IV.

Twice and thrice Prince Bismarck expressed in no doubtful terms his resignation to his fate, and his conviction that his withdrawal from the public service is final. "My time is over," he said, with a gesture which meant as much as the words. And still more expressively: "I shall not go into action again."

Never once had he a harsh or even a hard word for the Emperor personally. What he said showed, or implied, an odd mixture of respect for the Emperor as Emperor, and of something that was not exactly respect for his abilities or character. His eyes shone more than once when he referred to the Emperor's speeches and his volunteered visits to so many different Courts. Perhaps the old Chancellor took a humorous view of what may seem to him the rather boyish, and even school-boyish, exploits of his august master. But there was no bitterness, no clearly expressed resentment at the Emperor's treatment of himself, and he gave no such accounts of his dismissal as may be heard in Berlin and elsewhere.

One of these is striking enough to be quoted, coming as it did from one who knows both Emperor and Chancellor. "The little Emperor," said this well-informed person, "got rid of Bismarck because he could not bear to feel himself in the presence of a superior intelligence. With all his quickness and energy, he does not understand affairs, and he had not thought seriously on the most serious matters of policy. It was hateful to him to have to listen to one who had, and who, with every deference of manner, looked him straight in the face while he put his own views before him. Needless to say that Bismarck's language was as decorous as it was weighty. But there is nothing which an Emperor who believes himself Emperor and King by Divine Right can so ill endure as to be made to feel himself in the wrong, and that his servant, with no Divine Right to back him, knows better than he. And that is why he got rid of Bismarck."

But you would hear nothing of that kind at Friedrichsruh.

The question of Prince Bismarck's rela-

tions with the Emperor came up in connection with two separate matters, Prince Albrecht's letter, and the ceremony at Görlitz. On the first I prefer to say nothing and to quote nothing. The second requires less discretion. The facts are known. A monument to the late Emperor William was to be unveiled at Görlitz—has since been unveiled—with much, but not too much, pomp and parade, the young Emperor being duly present and making the inevitable speech. It is, however, a monument not to the late Emperor alone, but also to Count Moltke and Prince Bismarck. The old Emperor's statue is flanked and supported by these two statues of his two chief comrades, the two chief architects of his great fortune and of Germany's. The town of Görlitz had asked Prince Bismarck to take part in the ceremony. He spoke in terms of deep feeling of the honor done him by setting up his statue, and by the invitation. But he could not accept the invitation of the town. It would bring him into the presence of the Emperor, and, as he had not been summoned by the Emperor, he could not go. It would be a breach of etiquette—of military etiquette above all. Again the soldier showed himself. "I am still a General in the army, and a General cannot present himself before the Emperor, who is his Commander-in-chief, without an order." Any word or message from the Emperor signifying his desire that Prince Bismarck should be present at Görlitz would have been equivalent to a command, and must have been obeyed; but it was very evident that, while the Prince regretted his absence on other grounds, and though he was perfectly sensible of the discourtesy shown him, he rejoiced to escape the necessity of finding himself in the Emperor's presence. He did not wish to go where he must, in some way or other, come in contact with the present ruler of Germany. He did not wish for a meeting. It would have put him in an awkward position; it might have led to grave consequences. "As an officer, as a gentleman, I could not have refused the hand of reconciliation if held out to me, in such circumstances, and a reconciliation, or offer of reconciliation, is what it would have seemed to the public."

So far Prince Bismarck. But the Emperor's conduct in this matter concerns others than the ex-Chancellor; it concerns

himself first of all, and concerns Germany and public opinion in Germany and elsewhere. The Prince uttered no complaint, but why are not others to say what they think, and who is there who can think the Emperor's conduct magnanimous? Nobody knew better than the Emperor that it was impossible for Prince Bismarck to go to Görlitz except upon his summons. Yet the Prince was not allowed to take part in an act of homage to the King and Emperor whom he had served for thirty years, nor to witness the honor done to himself. It seems to have been thought in Court circles that Prince Bismarck should have asked permission. That may be in accordance with Court etiquette, but Germany is not peopled entirely with courtiers, and even the courtier, if he could detach his mind sufficiently, might doubt whether Prince Bismarck was the man to sue for leave to come into the presence of the sovereign who had dismissed him with insult and ignominy from his counsels. The Prince, with his ineradicable Prussian loyalty to the King who has never been loyal to him, may find such excuses for Imperial incivility as I have given above. The world, however, is not all Prussian, and may take and express a view of its own.

But neither with reference to this nor to any other subject did Prince Bismarck's language about the Emperor pass the bounds which, as an old servant of the House of Hohenzollern, he has always imposed upon himself. Reconciliation is one thing, self-respect is another, and respect for the Throne and for him who sits on it is a third. For reconciliation I do not think Prince Bismarck cares, and I am certain he will not take that first step to it which his enemies in the press and elsewhere are forever urging him to take. The value of advice from his enemies is a thing he understands. I am expressing my own opinion. I could not justify it by a single word which fell from Prince Bismarck's lips in my hearing. I have no authority to speak for him. I am only recording an impression, derived from various sources. Any reconciliation that might take place would, I imagine, be merely formal; save in one event only, which Prince Bismarck is too good a German to wish for—I mean in the event of a disaster, external or internal.

The Emperor's character is what it is;

he cannot make himself over again. His confidence in himself is unshaken by a long series of mistakes and failures. He, at any rate, is not only infallible, but infallibly certain he is infallible. He does not want Ministers: he wants clerks. Of what use could a Bismarck be to a ruler of this temper? The whole truth about the Emperor's dismissal of his Chancellor has never yet been told. Until it is known, the public is not in a position to judge of the probabilities of what is called reconciliation, or to appreciate all the difficulties which stand in the way of cordial relations between the two men. It is not "generous indulgence" of which Prince Bismarck is in search; nor is he, so far as one can judge, consumed by a passionate wish to see once more the inside of the Palace gates, whether at Potsdam or Berlin.

It is perfectly true that Prince Bismarck has expressed himself freely touching the acts and policy of his successor, and of the men, or some of them, now about the Emperor. I do not believe he has confidence in all of these gentlemen—confidence either in their ability or in their political honesty. But since when has it been thought disloyal or unpatriotic to hold the opinion that the advisers of the Crown are not all they should be? That is not an English view, nor is it indeed German. Ministers are judged by their public acts. Has Count von Caprivi been a successful Minister? Was the repeal of the law against the Socialists wise? Have the Commercial Treaties increased the prosperity of Germany? Was the School Bill a good measure—a bill for making the Government the arbiter of German consciences and turning the Emperor into a Pope? Did the enforced withdrawal of that bill, in obedience to an overwhelming public opinion, strengthen the Ministry or the Emperor? Has the present Chancellor shown himself a master of the art of Parliamentary Government? Has the Army Bill been carried? And is it "vindictive" to be aware of these errors, and to decline to identify yourself with men or measures alike condemned by failure? When Lord Salisbury was turned out of office, did he feel himself obliged to approve everything his successor attempted? And why should there be less freedom of opinion, or less freedom of expression, for Prince Bismarck than for Lord Salisbury or for Mr. Gladstone?

It will do no harm to remember that Prince Bismarck, with all his ambition, has throughout his career kept his ambition strictly in service to his country. It has not been selfish. It has not been personal. It is the aggrandizement of Germany, not the aggrandizement of Bismarck, which has been the aim and rule of his public conduct. He has stood up for Germany, for the true interests of Germany, against Emperor, against public opinion, against Europe, against Germany herself. No doubt he has ambition, and pride, and his share of other human failings, but they have not been suffered to turn him aside from the one overruling purpose of his life, to do at each given moment what is best for his country. There is the record of each crisis to prove this.

There is in Germany a large party which goes in favor of the Government, of any Government, just as steadily as the Irishman "goes agin it," against any Government. This party always has organs. It might be difficult to distinguish between its organs and the organs subsidized, whether with money or news, by the Government. Perhaps it does not matter. This party and its organs in the press have been industriously engaged in praising Count von Caprivi since he became Chancellor. There is a public in other parts of Europe, even in England, which holds similar views, and is apt to regard a Ministry that is in as better than any Ministry that is out. When Prince Bismarck was expelled by the Emperor from the public service, the world held its breath for a while. When things seemed to go on much as before, people recovered the power of respiration and of speech, and cried out, "You see Prince Bismarck's fall makes no difference. The Emperor steers the ship 'full steam ahead' just as well without any pilot, or with Count Caprivi as pilot;" which comes, perhaps, to nearly the same thing. That cry has been heard continually since. What did these gentlemen expect? Did they expect the German Empire would go to pieces as soon as Prince Bismarck ceased to govern it? That might have been a testimony to his personal importance, but would have been a poor proof of his sagacity in laying its foundations, or of the stability and solidity of its construction. Sir John Tenniel's masterly cartoon in *Punch*,

"Dropping the Pilot," made an impression on the English mind, and on other minds. There was a notion, rather widespread, that without the pilot who had weathered the storm the ship must go on the rocks. But if there are no rocks, and no storm, but an open sea and plain sailing, the ship does very well for a time without any pilot. Such has been Germany's good fortune for the last two years, at least so far as foreign policy is concerned. But there must come an hour when it will be seen whether a pilot is wanted or not.

This is no place to consider the details of German politics, but room may be found for one general reflection. Down to the death of the old Emperor in March, 1888, and the discharge of Prince Bismarck in 1890, it was still possible to say that in the public life of Germany the effective principle was the kingly principle. There were constitutions, there were parliaments, there was a press, more or less free, there was universal suffrage. Government had become, as it is apt to become in these days of democracy, veiled or unveiled, a very complicated affair, but, on the whole, the King was the real ruler of Prussia, and the King under the name of Emperor the real ruler of Germany. Why? Because of tradition, and because Prince Bismarck, while framing constitutions and putting the ballot into every man's hand, still kept the substance of power in his own, or in the King's. For every open space to which he gave the people access, he built a new buttress to the Throne. He fostered the kingly idea. He nourished the sentiment of loyalty, always a very strong one, in every Prussian breast. He left the House of Hohenzollern stronger than he found it, and the ascendancy of Prussia, wherein lie the salvation and the hope of all Germany, undisputed and indisputable.

But now? The headstrong caprices of this boy-Emperor have undone half the work. Reverence for the Throne is undermined. How can you revere the author of the speeches of William II.? The Parliament, no longer guided, no longer feeling that it has a master who will bend it to his own uses, is getting out of hand. Parliamentary institutions are not founded in the hearts of the German people, whatever English enthusiasts may think. The German people play at parliaments. The

supreme direction of affairs, and the ultimate authority rest with the King and Kaiser. He can declare war and make peace and conclude treaties. The word "defensive" is supposed to limit his right of declaring war, but was there ever a war which the aggressor might not call defensive if he liked? These immense powers remain, but they can only be used effectively by a sovereign who has the confidence of his people. If their confidence in him is impaired, they turn elsewhere. The Reichstag is gaining what the Emperor loses. Whether Germany will be better or worse off under institutions which require generations for their growth and development, may be an open question. But there can be no question of the change that is going on; of the decay of the principles and method of political action under which Prussia has grown to be what she is, and by virtue of which the German Empire was called into being. No question, either, that the change is due to Prince Bismarck's fall; to the elimination of the most experienced statesman in Europe from the Kingly and Imperial councils, and to the unchecked conduct of affairs by a young Emperor who has little experience, and in whom the want of real political capacity is coupled with the most energetic self-confidence known to mankind.

V.

The Prince indicated clearly enough his view of his own way of meeting calumnies. It came out *à propos* of a brief discussion on the different kinds of journalism in Germany, France, England, and America. Renan, I said, laid it down as a rule, which he had adopted early in life on the counsel of Bertin, editor of the *Journal des Débats*, never to contradict anything. He did not contradict the current story that the Rothschilds had paid him a million francs for the *Vie de Jésus*, nor even deny the authenticity of spurious writings published under his name.

"What is that," said the Prince, "but contempt for public opinion? A writer of books like Renan, a recluse, a man who holds aloof from the world, may be able to afford himself that luxury. A statesman, a politician, cannot. Public opinion is one of the forces on which he relies. If it is corrupted, is he not to purify it?

What becomes of his usefulness if he is discredited?"

He sees a good many newspapers, knows what is said of him, and has means of denying such of the countless fabrications about himself as he thinks deserve notice. The German press has its own ideas of what is right and wrong in such matters, and its own standard of journalism. "Only printing ink on paper," was the Prince's well-known account of the matter in a speech in the Reichstag in 1888. He discussed other papers than German, but in the same tone. It may be doubted whether he is aware of the immense difference between the Press of Germany and the Press of England or America, arising in part out of national characteristics, and in greater part out of the financial independence of the more important journals in both England and the United States. While he was still at lunch, a bundle of German papers was brought in to him, all scored in blue pencil. He glanced at them, laid them down, and said nothing.

It was more interesting to see his pipe brought in, a huge machine, with a porcelain jar two feet high, in which it rested. With it came a round lacquered tray, on which was a collection of instruments, including a lead pencil some fifteen inches long; two silver paper-knives in the form of daggers, both sheathed; a silver letter-opener, and others which, it presently appeared, were tobacco-stoppers, and rods for cleaning the pipe, also sheathed. All these he showed us, one after the other, remarking that he could not use quite so many at once. "But people sometimes like to give me presents, and these are among them." He would not light his pipe till E. had told him she liked smoking. Then he launched again into talk with fresh zest. The talk flowed on for another hour, the Prince choosing his own topics, dismissing one with a flashing sentence, enlarging upon another, the face radiant at times, the eyes burning, and then the fire dying out only to flame up again; and sometimes the cold glitter of steel came into them, and then the words cut like steel.

All the while the dogs were about him, appealing to him for the notice they did not often get, except from the caress of his left hand. If he would not respond, they turned to us. They had the frank good nature of the breed, and readily put

their huge heads into any friendly hand. Once the Prince tossed a biscuit to Rebecca, which she caught cleverly. His gesture, the movement of the arm, the precision, the rapidity of the act, were one more characteristic of the extraordinary man who can do nothing like other men, and who never thought it beneath him to do the least or most trivial thing as well as it could possibly be done. The dogs are magnificent creatures, one blue-black, one of a dense bluish-gray color, with broad heads and amiable piercing eyes, and that kind of powerful slouching movement which one commonly sees behind the bars of a cage, and the gracefulness which comes from tremendous strength. The Prince and the dogs were on easy terms; his manner to them and theirs to him was charming, but you could see that discipline was maintained. At night they sleep in his bedroom.

Meantime, all the company except ourselves had slipped away, leaving the Prince to talk on to his guests. We had been two hours at table before there came a pause, and then Dr. Chrysander reappeared to suggest that it was time for the siesta which Dr. Schweninger prescribes for his patient. So, with a word of excuse and a half protest against submission, the Prince departed. We were shown to our rooms, and thence Dr. Chrysander fetched us soon after for a stroll in the forest. The forest is a real forest, of red and white beech and much other good timber, well grown, but not of very great size, and wherever we went an uncleared undergrowth; the whole seamed with roads and opening into sunny glades clothed in a rough turf. The wood is peopled with deer, of which we saw none, and there are wild boar and much other less formidable game; altogether, a royal preserve. The Prince loves it, loves the trees, and the stream, and the shady walk, and the views from the terrace, and from the benches along the path. One which takes him by the bank and beyond the sloping meadow to the forester's house is his favorite. He walks there daily, and daily people gather in the road he has to cross, near the bridge, to see him go by. Here, in and about his home, he is loved, and the love and lovers come from all over Germany as well. Not a week passes that there is not a deputation, or a band of students, or some other company of hon-

est Germans with a true reverence for the greatest German of all. Often they arrive daily, sometimes more than one in a day. There had been eight hundred children the day before. There were men waiting by the bridge as we passed. The swans were waiting in their wired-off demesne; a duck with her ducklings, four little bits of floating fluff, sailing by triumphantly, out of all danger from the swans; the living and visible proof of the success of those domestic politics we had heard described at luncheon.

As we wandered on, Dr. Chrysander talked to us of the Prince, of his affection for his woods, of his delight in planting trees, and in the young firs—he called them Christmas firs—of other tastes and habits. “There came,” he said, “nine thousand telegrams and letters on the Prince’s last birthday last month; some two thousand more than last year;” which we liked to hear, and thought loyal of the Germans. Many came from other parts of the world, from other continents, from the Antipodes. The presents were in great number. Each telegram, each letter, each present is acknowledged, sooner or later, in the Prince’s handwriting. I asked the excellent secretary how long this business of answering took. “We did not finish last year till September,” he said. Prince Bismarck seldom answers an ordinary letter himself; prefers using the hand of his secretary. Whoever has seen his autograph will understand that the muscular fatigue of forming the letters and words must be considerable. His hand writing, like everything else about him, is on a large scale; the body of the letter as large as the signature. He prefers reading to writing, and reads much. E. asked about the many portraits, and statues, and busts which we had seen at Schönhausen and here, and wherever we went in Germany.

“Oh, the Prince dislikes sitting,” was the answer. “He will hardly sit even to Lenbach.” And he told us how the painter comes to Friedrichsruh and has to take his chance, or watch for his opportunities, talking to the Prince and observing him as best he can. The last portrait he painted shows you such a Bismarck as you might fancy thundering at a stubborn majority in the Reichstag; full of righteous anger and stern purpose, lightnings in the eye, and the mouth hard as iron.

Well, the history of that portrait is this. Prince Bismarck hates crows because they are the enemies of the singing birds he loves. He and Herr Lenbach were walking in the woods when the Prince caught sight of one of these detested crows on the branch of a tree. It was his sudden glance of anger at the crow which the artist seized—one can imagine the look, fierce, and even deadly if a look could kill—and this it was which was put on paper when they got home, and the sketch became the portrait we see. It was no Socialist, nor Particularist, nor human Philistine of any species, which provoked this Olympian wrath which Lenbach has fixed forever on the speaking canvas; only a crow, with no love for music or for musical birds.

Our walk took us three or four miles through the forest. As we came near the house again, we heard singing, and, turning into the grounds behind the house, saw Prince Bismarck and the family on the balcony, and below it a group of schoolchildren from Hamburg. They were the singers, and sang song after song. There were tables on the grass, and tea and cake and other good things for the children, and the inevitable beer for the masters, and perhaps for the children. We went up on the balcony, to which there is a flight of steps, and tea was going on there too. What I call a balcony is more like a veranda without a roof, a broad square stone terrace with stone balustrade, and room for thirty or forty persons, beside the tables and seats. This is the scene of the receptions and greetings which occur so often, and here, at any rate, you are remote enough from the outer world—nothing but the house, which encloses two sides of the grounds, and the trees with every tint of spring green against the dark firs, and the flowing stream, and the sloping meadow, and woods, and blue sky—blue with a black thundercloud coming up. The Prince had completed his costume with a black soft felt hat with sugarloaf top and broad brim, and carried a stick on which he leaned a little as he walked. He might not care much for the songs; it is the music of birds he cares for, and he pretends to like the organ in the sitting-room—a mechanical organ; likes it because, as he said with quaint kindness, it is good exercise for the Princess. But the good little

German boys and girls went on singing in good faith, and the Prince listened, and stood at the balustrade looking down with a softened face and friendly eyes at his young admirers. The song ceased after a while, and one of the masters made a brief speech, asking his pupils to notice the beauty of the spring and its foliage, and telling them that if they had a Fatherland in which they might peacefully enjoy its beauty, they owed it to the great man who stood there on the terrace. The little creatures cheered with their shrill voices with right good will again and again. Then Prince Bismarck, instead of saying a word or two formally and stiffly from his platform above their little heads, went down the steps and stood among them, and put his hand on those nearest him, and said simply, "I thank you very much, my dear children, and your teacher, for coming here and singing to me. And I hope you won't get wet going home." The heavy drops were already falling, and away went the children. But of rain there was almost none. The Prince thought his black sugarloaf broad-brimmed hat a better protection against the rain than an umbrella, which he never carries. He never carried one in politics either. With his hat and the huge blue cloth coat we had seen in the hall, he defied the rain. He came up the steps again, and the party sat down in groups. Dr. Schweninger had arrived, coming by train from Berlin, to see his patient, from whom he is seldom very long away. It is not that the Prince is ill, but that he requires watching if he is to be kept in full health. He still has a little of the neuralgia which has tormented him so long. The seventy-eight years he has completed have not tamed his energy, nor does banishment from the public service mean idleness to him. I fancied, from what I saw and heard, that he was likely to do too much unless hindered. A man who has in times past thought sixteen or eighteen hours a fair day's work does not readily reduce his allowance to within such limits as seem sufficient to the medical mind. Dr. Schweninger thought him tired, and prescribed rest, but the Prince said he would take his rest talking.

A personality, this skilful physician: not tall, very dark eyes, and hair and beard jet black, the short beard so full that not much of the face was visible ex-

cept the eyes, which nothing could obscure; the eyes of a man whose business it is to find out secrets which nature, or perhaps sometimes his patient, would not disclose; with a half-medical, half-military manner. Seldom in this nation of soldiers is the military manner wholly wanting. With what intelligence and patient firmness and success he has devoted himself to Prince Bismarck all the world knows. The Prince introduced us. "Here," he said, with an affectionate glance at the doctor, "is the man who, if you are ill, can tell you so, and can make you well." It made one feel as if one ought to have a malady at once, in order to profit by this opportunity.

As we sat upon the open balcony and watched the clouds gather and the woods darken, it was easy to reflect that elsewhere in Germany than at Friedrichsruh there were clouds and gloom. It was an excellent opportunity for Prince Bismarck, had he been so minded, to pursue his political allegory, and broaden it, and give us a view of Germany as it may yet be, in storm and stress, and without a pilot. But that has never been his way. He has ever preferred, though the most far-sighted of statesmen, the practical to the imaginative treatment of public affairs; nor is he the man to speak of himself as one who rides the whirlwind and directs the storm.

He watched the storm and talked of Protection, a subject on which, as on others, his opinions remain unchanged, and are known. It was Protection to agriculture which seemed, on this occasion and later, to interest him most. The American view of Protection is not that, nor the English, though his discourse upon the distress of the German farmer and German landowner, with whom he identified himself, would have found an echo in many an English breast. But I will pass from that.

It is time to bring this long narrative to an end, or, rather, I will defer the completion of it to what I hope is a distant date. I omit many incidents of a visit which was full of them, and full of a kind of interest which I find it difficult and indecorous to express to the public. What there is of the pathetic in Prince Bismarck's position is not what he would care to have dwelt on. Never once during all our conversations was there a word or a

look which betokened on his part any feeling that he was entitled to the sympathies of the world. He would be a bold man who would offer them to the Iron Chancellor. For of iron the old Chancellor still is. If his sternness softened at moments, it was never toward himself, and certainly never toward his enemies. You would hardly know who were his enemies but for the restraint he put upon himself in speaking of them. If he is ever to avenge himself upon them, it will not be by mere invective. There came no suggestion from him of vengeance in any form, nor need there come from others, at present. The most cruel fate one can wish to the present Emperor is that he should some day look at his conduct to Prince Bismarck in the light of what Prince Bismarck has done for him and for Germany.

History will have its own judgment to give on these matters. It may not take

much account of the prim criticisms that have been bestowed on Prince Bismarck during his retirement. It is more likely to consider that he has fought his own fight in his own way—not yours, nor mine, nor anybody else's, but his own. He is himself, as he has ever been; adjusting his words and acts to his conception of his duty—a high one, whether right or wrong. The stream of his life flows on, as it has ever flowed, "brimming, and bright, and large." The fullness and the strength of it are what they were. They were never dependent on Imperial favor; they are not now. And if one may not say that there is something infinitely pathetic in his comparative solitude at Friedrichsruh, it is permissible to see in his attitude all the old dignity, and an unshaken firmness of soul.—*Fortnightly Review*.

THE TEACHING OF CIVIC DUTY.*

BY RIGHT HON. JAMES BRYCE, M.P.

IN Britain, as in most countries, each step in the extension of popular education has been due to some antecedent political change. Men have not received the franchise because they had been already sufficiently instructed to exercise it, but have been provided with the means of instruction after the franchise had been given, partly because they used their new power to demand those means, partly because it was felt that the education of the citizens had become more directly and pressingly needful for the welfare of the State. It was soon after the establishment of Household Suffrage in the boroughs by the Act of 1867 that Mr. Robert Lowe delivered his famous counsel, "Educate your masters." It was under the impulse of that Act that the reformed Parliament of 1868 passed the Elementary Education Act of 1870. In 1884 and 1885 we had in the County Franchise and Redistribution Acts two still more sweeping measures of Parliamentary reform, by which government of the country was fully, and as all are

agreed, irrevocably committed to the hands of the masses of the people. That great change has been followed, as was to be expected, by a general stirring of the popular mind, by a desire to use the power thus gained to carry sweeping legislative measures and effect large changes in the social and economic sphere. Here, as in other countries, the air is now full of new schemes. Efforts are made in all directions; cries are heard from all quarters. The need for knowledge and judgment among the voters who have become the rulers is even clearer and stronger than it was in 1870.

Strangely enough, Mr. Robert Lowe, whose phrase became famous as the expression of what every one had begun to feel, was of all the British statesmen who have had to deal with education, the one who, despite his literary culture and his brilliant natural gifts, took the narrowest views of what education ought to be and might effect. His Revised Code did much to tie the teacher down to merely elementary subjects and to deprive him of due opportunities to train and widen the pupils' minds, and of the motives likely to

* Abridged from an Address delivered to the London Association of Head Masters of Public Elementary Schools, December, 1892.

stimulate him to use those opportunities. For the kind of training that would help him to bear his part in governing it made no provision. To teach reading, writing, and arithmetic, became nearly the whole of the teacher's function; and it is only by slow degrees that our schools have reverted to that larger and freer, but not yet sufficiently large and free, system under which they are now at work. It was a grave error to lay so much stress on these mere mechanical instruments of education, reading and writing, and to neglect the objects they were to serve. Reading and writing are no more education than the lane that leads into a field is the field itself; and you might as well try to feed a flock of sheep on the flints of the lane as send children away from school and hold them to have been prepared for their life's work with the mere possession of reading and writing. It is not the power of reading that makes the difference between one man and another so much as the being taught what to read and how to read, that is, having acquired the taste for reading and the habit of thinking about what is read. More and more is it our task to-day not to be content with having built schools, and gathered children into them, and compelled their attendance by law and relieved the parents from the payment of fees, but to widen the scope and deepen the grasp of the teaching given, leading the child to love knowledge, and forming in it wholesome tastes and high feelings. It is of one such kind of knowledge and one such group of feelings that I have undertaken to speak to-day—that which touches the relation to the community of the child who is to grow up into a governing citizen. But before we inquire how Civic Duty is to be taught, let us attempt to determine what civic duty means.

The French are fortunate in possessing a word *civisme*, for which there is no precise English equivalent, since "patriotism," as we shall see presently, has received a slightly different sense. *Civisme* is taken to include all the qualities which make up the good citizen—the love of country and of liberty, respect for right and justice, attachment to the family and the community. This is perhaps not too wide an extension to give to Civic Duty, at least in a free country, where the love of liberty is no less essential than the respect for constituted order. Or we may

describe it as one aspect or side—the domestic side—of the love of country, a virtue generally thought of as displaying itself in services rendered to, and sacrifices made for, one's fatherland in struggles against external enemies, but which ought to be extended to cover the devotion to all that can subserve her inner welfare. To desire that the State we belong to shall be not only strong against other Powers, but also well and wisely governed, and therefore peaceful and contented, to fit ourselves for rendering to her such service as our capacities permit, to be always ready to render this service, even to our own hurt and loss—this is a form of patriotism less romantic and striking than the expulsion of a tyrant, or such a self-chosen death as that of Publius Decius or Arnold von Winkelried; but it springs from the same feelings, and it goes as truly in its degree to build up the fabric of national greatness.

This home side of patriotism, this sober and quiet sense of what a man owes to the community into which he is born, and which he helps to govern, has been found specially hard to maintain in modern times and in large countries. It suffers from three difficulties. One is the size of our modern States. In small city republics, like those of Greece and Rome, or of the Italian Middle Ages, every citizen felt that he counted for something, and that the fortunes of the community were his own. When a riot occurred half the citizens might swarm out into the streets. When a battle was fought the slaughter of a thousand men might mean ruin or the loss of independence. The individual associated himself heartily with all that befell the State, and could perceive the results of his own personal effort. Now, in a vast population like ours, the individual feels swallowed up and obliterated, so that his own action seems too small a unit in the sum of national action to be worth regarding. It is like the difference between giving a vote in a representative assembly, where you are one of 670, or perhaps of only 356 persons, and giving a vote at a general election, where you are one of six millions. Another difficulty springs from the peaceful life which Englishmen and Americans are fortunately now able to lead. There is nothing romantic about the methods in which we are now called upon to show our devotion to the State. The citi-

zen of Sparta, or the peasant of Schwytz, who went out to repel the invader, went under circumstances which touched his imagination and raised his emotion to the highest point. In the days when the safety of England was threatened, the achievements of Drake at sea, the chivalric gallantry of Sir Philip Sidney at Zutphen struck a chord which vibrated in every English heart. To us, with exceptions too few to be worth regarding, such a stimulus is seldom applied. What can be less romantic, and to the outward eye and ordinary apprehension less inspiring, than the methods of our elections—meetings of committees and selections of candidates, platform harangues, and huntings up of careless voters, and marking crosses on bits of papers in hideous polling booths, with sawdust-sprinkled floors? Even the civic strife in Parliaments and County Councils, exciting as it often is, wants the elements which still dazzle imagination from the conflicts of fleets and armies of the past. The third difficulty springs from the extent to which party spirit tends to overlay, if not to supersede, national spirit in those self-governing countries whose politics are worked by parties. To the ordinary citizen, participation in the government of his country appears in the form of giving a vote. His vote must be given for a party candidate; his efforts must be directed to carrying his party ticket. Each party necessarily identifies its programme and its leaders with the welfare of the State; each seeks to represent its opponents as enemies, even if it may charitably admit them to be rather ignorant than malevolent, still, nevertheless, enemies of the highest interests of the State. As a rule the men who care most about public affairs are the most active and earnest party men; and thus the idea of devotion to the whole community, and to a national ideal, higher and more enduring than any which party can present, is apt to be obscured and forgotten. We all admit in words that party and its organization are only means by which to secure good government, but, as usually happens, the means so much absorb our energies that the end is apt to slip altogether from our view. These obstacles to the cultivation of civic duty are all obvious, so obvious that I should hesitate to repeat them to you were it not the case that some truths, just because they have passed into

truisms, have ceased to be felt as truths. They are obstacles which will not disappear as time goes on, and party organization becomes more perfect. All we can do is to exhort ourselves and one another to feel the growing greatness of the interests committed to our charge, and to remember that civic virtue is not the less virtue because she appears to-day in sober gray, and no longer in the gorgeous trappings of military heroism. Even at Trafalgar there was many a powder-monkey running to and fro between decks who saw nothing and knew little of the progress of the fight, but whose soul had been stirred by the signal of the morning.

You may ask me in what the habits of civic duty consist which the schoolmaster may seek to form in his pupils and by what methods he is to form them. The habits are, I think, these three—To strive to know what is best for one's country as a whole. To place one's country's interest, when one knows it, above party feeling, or class feeling, or any other sectional passion or motive. To be willing to take trouble, personal and even tedious trouble, for the well-governing of every public community one belongs to, be it a township or parish, a ward or a city, or the nation as a whole. And the methods of forming these habits are two, methods which of course cannot in practice be distinguished but must go hand in hand—the giving of knowledge regarding the institutions of the country—knowledge sufficient to enable the young citizen to comprehend their working—and the inspiring of a love for the nation, an appreciation of all that makes its true greatness, a desire to join in serving it.

In speaking of the methods I come upon practical ground, and feel some diffidence in making suggestions to those who may, as practical teachers, be expected to know better than I can myself what it is possible to effect under the pressure of many competing subjects and with children, most of whom leave school before fourteen. The outline of such a course of instruction as I am contemplating would be something like the following. It is, and must be, an outline which includes only the elements of the subject, but you will not fail to remember that there is all the difference in the world between being elementary and being superficial.

The teacher must not attempt to give

many details, or to enter upon difficult and disputed questions. But it is essential that whatever is given should be thoroughly understood, and so taken into the learner's mind as to become thenceforth a part of it. That abstract ideas and technical expressions ought to be avoided goes without saying. This, however, must not prevent us from trying to make the pupil understand the meaning of such terms as the nation, the State, and the law. You need not trouble yourselves to find unimpeachable logical definitions of these terms; that is a task which still employs the learned. What is wanted is that he should grasp the idea, first, of a community—a community inhabiting a country, united by various ties, organized for mutual protection, mutual help, and the attainment of certain common ends; next, of the law as that which regulates and keeps order in this community; next of public officers, great and small, as those whom the law sets over us, and whose business it is to make us obey the law, while they also obey it themselves. With these conceptions in his mind, the pupil may be led to give substance and actuality to them by being referred to his own country, and applying to the nation of to-day what he has doubtless already learned from his manual of British history. The names of Queen and Parliament are already familiar to him; it may therefore be explained to him what is the place and what the functions of the Sovereign, and what the powers of Parliament are, how it makes laws, of what parts it is composed, how it is chosen. Thus he comes to elections, and sees how the people, through the representatives whom they choose, are ultimately the law-making power. By this time he will have been led to ask what the Government does for us, and will be referred to the army, the navy, the post-office, the police, the maintenance of law courts, the relief of the poor, the public schools. As the police and the schools, though established by law, are managed by local authorities, he will pass into the field of local government, and will hear about school boards, town or county councils, magistrates and justices, and persons who administer the poor law. Not that the whole of this complex machinery need be explained, still less that the pupil should be required to carry it in his memory, though he certainly ought to have some

short and simple book so stating the facts as that he may be able readily to ascertain any particular point. What is really of consequence is that he should understand in a general way the nature and spirit of the system, the way in which the people exercise their power through their representatives and their officers, what the duty of the officer is, why we ought to obey the law, because it is our law, expressing the will of the majority, and the officers, because they are the ministers of the law, appointed to carry it out. Here again history may come in, and the learner may be reminded of times when it was necessary for the people to contend against their rulers for the right of making the law, and to resist the officer, because he was the minister of tyranny; as he may also be told of countries where to-day free government does not exist, and where in consequence the officer has neither the confidence of the citizen nor a due sense of responsibility to the community. It is fortunate for us that in all this field, and in every similar exposition of what is meant by Liberty with its rights, which also involve duties, and of Order with its duties, which also involve rights, the teacher is on ground so familiar and so uncontroversial that no suspicion of partisanship ought to attach to his explanations. The same remark applies to the United States, where the work of the instructor, if more difficult in one way, because he has to explain the complications of a federal system, and the working of a rigid constitution, is in another way easier, because the fundamental principles of the government are set forth explicitly in public documents, whose authoritative language he may employ. The American scheme of government is intricate, no doubt, but it is also symmetrical, and offers comparatively few of those contrasts between the form and the reality of things with which our British monarchical arrangements are replete, and which it is not easy to make young people comprehend.

It may be remarked upon these suggestions that the topics I have outlined for treatment are in no small degree abstract, and therefore above the comprehension of boys and girls of thirteen. I have stated them for the sake of brevity in a somewhat abstract form. But they all admit of, and of course they ought all to receive, concrete treatment. The pupil should be

made to begin from the policeman and the soldier whom he sees, from the workhouse and the school inspector, from the election of the town councillor and the member of the Legislature which, if he be an American boy, he will see pretty often, and about which, if he be an English boy, he is likely to have heard some talk. The old maxim of Horace about eyes and ears ought never to be forgotten by the teacher either of geography or of history, or of elementary politics. An ounce of personal observation is worth a pound of facts gathered from books; but the observation profits little till the teacher has laid hold of it and made it the basis of his instruction. I must therefore qualify the warning against details by adding that wherever a detail in the system of government gives some foothold of actual personal knowledge to the pupil, that detail must be used by the teacher and made the starting-point from which general facts are to be illustrated and explained. Above all, let the teacher never be satisfied with the pupil's giving him back his own words. Every good teacher will admit this if it be put to him; but in topics which our books treat in an abstract fashion, the danger of resting in mere phrases is doubly great, even to the good teacher.

That current history—*i.e.*, the political events of the day, and newspapers their record, a record perhaps more vivacious than exact, but still the best we have—must be used to make the facts and principles of government real to the pupil, is too obvious to need enforcing. But I cannot leave untouched the question how far the teaching of elementary politics ought to be treated historically; that is to say, be made a part of the teaching of the history of the country itself.

Now history is of all the subjects which schools attempt to handle perhaps the worst taught. The difficulty does not lie in the suspicion of political partiality which may be supposed to attach to the teacher, for a sensible and careful man can easily avoid any such suspicion. Even if he has to explain to American children the causes which brought about the Civil War, or to English children the struggle over the Reform Bill, a little common sense and fairness will enable him to do justice to both sides. It is only where religion comes in, as in the times of Elizabeth or James II., that he has need to walk warily.

No; the difficulties of teaching history lie deeper. To know a multitude of facts and names and dates is not to know history, and the schoolmaster may have all that the manual contains at his fingers' ends and yet be quite unable to give the pupils any real comprehension of the nature and significance of the events it mentions, unable to help them to realize the differences between the present and the past. A man may teach geometry tolerably well if he has a clear head, and knows thoroughly so much as is contained in the first six books of Euclid or some corresponding text-book. So one who understands the general principles of grammar may give sufficient elementary instruction in a language though he has not gone far in it himself, and has no large mastery of words or idioms. Many a governess who could not write a piece of Latin or French prose is competent to bring children up to her own point of knowledge. The same remark applies to some branches of natural science. But to teach history a man must be a historian—that is to say, must understand the methods of history, must have the power of realizing the dead past as a living present, must, in fact, have a touch of imagination as well as a vastly larger amount of positive knowledge than he will attempt to pile upon the memory of his class. Considering how unsatisfactory is the provision now made for the education, in history and the subjects cognate thereto, of the elementary teachers themselves in England and in many parts of the United States, one cannot expect these attainments to abound among them, and cannot therefore look for much successful teaching of history. Their want of success is not their fault, but due partly to the conditions under which they enter their profession, partly to the inherent difficulties of the subject. Hence, while heartily desiring to see history better taught, and to see it used to illustrate elementary politics, I look upon the latter subject as really an easier one than the former, and sufficiently distinct to deserve an independent place in the curriculum. This place it does now find in Switzerland, and to a less extent in France, Germany, and Italy, as well as in many States of the American Union. We may be told that in England no room has been left for it in the codes and schemes of study which now regulate our elementary schools. If

so, so much the worse for those schemes, for the subject is not less essential than most of those which the schemes now include, and in the hands of an intelligent teacher, is not more difficult for boys of thirteen or fourteen. I have known instances where children even of nine or ten have so profited by the talk of their elders as to be intelligently interested in the political columns of a newspaper. As respects those who leave school before thirteen, we may point to the constantly expanding evening and continuation schools, places for which the subject is eminently suited. But it is not only in elementary schools that the need for introducing the subject exists. Boys leave our so-called "secondary" schools at sixteen, seventeen, or eighteen, leave even some of the greatest and most costly schools in the country, having received no regular instruction in the principles and working of the British constitution, much less in their own system of local government wherein many of them as local magnates are soon called upon to take part. It is otherwise in Switzerland, otherwise in the United States, where I fancy no boy passes through a high school without having been taught something about the constitution of his country and perhaps of his State also.

I must not forget to add that occasions will often present themselves in which lessons of direct practical value in economic and social matters may be given to advanced classes. When poor law administration is mentioned, the principles that ought to guide it may be explained; when school boards and municipal authorities are described, the reasons why the State deals with education and the functions which municipalities may discharge for the general good of the community may be touched, stating of course the views on both sides where the points are debatable. Thus much may be done to set the young citizen to think in a reasonable way about our present problems in the sphere of government, and to save him from the danger of becoming entangled in mere abstract ideas and phrases, than which nothing is more mischievous in a democracy.

So far I have spoken of the instruction. I come now to the other and not less important side of the matter—the means of stimulating interest in public affairs and inspiring the sense of civic duty. Here

we may depend, to some extent, upon the natural play of imagination and emotion so soon as the necessary basis of knowledge has been supplied. No rightly constituted mind can help feeling some pride in the constitution of his country and in her greatness, some interest in the vast issues which its representative bodies and executive authorities have to deal with. The more that knowledge can be combined with whatever tends to touch imagination and emotion, the better will the knowledge be remembered and the more powerfully will it work in forming the character. Hence the value of two kinds of reading: historical passages relating to great or striking persons or events, and pieces of poetry. The difficulties that attach to the systematic teaching of history do not attach to the reading of historical matter, whereof the more a boy reads the better. If well written historical narratives, fresh, simple, dramatic, were put into the hands of boys from ten years onward, giving to them not as task books but as books to read for their own pleasure, not only would a good deal of historical knowledge be acquired, but a taste would often be formed which would last on into manhood. Though the boy, however, ought to be tempted to read for his own pleasure much more than could be read in class, a skilful teacher will make great use of class reading, and will, by his explanations and familiar talk over the book, be able to stimulate the intelligence of the pupil, setting him to think about what he is reading—the habit without which reading profits little to any of us.

Next, as to poetry, which may do as much to form a patriotic temper as even the records of great deeds in history. For a country with two such histories as England and Scotland have, and for a country with a poetry even more glorious than its history, a people whose long succession of great poets no other people in the ancient or modern world can rival, it is strange that so comparatively little of our best poetry should run in a historical and patriotic channel. No poet has yet given to Britain her sixth book of the *Æneid*. There are some plays of Shakespeare, such as "King John" and "King Henry V.," though these are rather above the interest of boys of thirteen; there are several sonnets of Milton and his contemporaries, not forgetting Andrew Marvell on the death

of Charles I., a few stray bits out of Dryden, an ode of Addison's and another of Gray's; there are passages in Cowper and Scott, a very few noble lyrics of Thomas Campbell, several sonnets of Wordsworth, and some splendid ballads of Tennyson, foremost among them the tremendous poem of "The Revenge," together with some beautiful meditative pieces, such as "Of old sat Freedom on the Heights," and "Love thou thy Land."

This list contains many gems, but it is, after all, compared with the volume of English poetry, a short list, which even the inclusion of the work of less eminent singers, such as Wolfe's "Burial of Sir John Moore," Macaulay's "Armada," and a few of Dibdin's songs, would not greatly swell. Short as it is, however, we do not make half the use of it that we ought. Good poetry is the most pervading stimulus which literature can apply to the mind and character of the young: to carry it in memory is a perennial joy, to love it is to have received the best gift education can bestow. So as to poetry and patriotism. The imaginative mind transfigures history into patriotism. When it reads of a great event it dilates with the sense of what that event has wrought. When it sees the spot where some great deed was done it is roused to emulate the spirit of those who did it, and feels like Browning in the famous lines on the evening view of Cape Trafalgar and Gibraltar: "Here and here did England help me, how can I help England! say!"

The mention of Trafalgar reminds me of the opinion expressed by an eminent American man of letters that England has begun to forget her heroes and grow cold in her recollection of past exploits. Forty years ago, he says, men were stirred by the name of Nelson, now, a reference to him meets with no response. Is this so? Are we really ceasing to be patriotic? Has the vaster size of the population made each man feel his share less? or has long continued peace destroyed the interest in warlike prowess? or have the leading minds begun to be merely cosmopolitan? or are we too fully occupied with social changes, too sorely distracted with the strife of labor and capital, to reverence the old ideals? So much at any rate may be said, that in England the knowledge of and interest in the national history is less than in most of the free countries. It is

less than in the United States. The Republic has to be sure no large store of patriotic poetry, even a smaller store (of indisputable merit) than England has produced since 1776, some few poems of Whittier—the ballad of "Barbara Frietchie" perhaps the best—Bryant and Longfellow, with stray pieces from less familiar names. Walt Whitman has taken no hold of the people, and Lowell's Muse, thoughtful and dignified and morally impressive as she is, seldom soars into the region of pure poetry. But the interest of the American people in the events of the Revolutionary War and the Civil War, and even in eminent statesmen, such as Jefferson, Clay and Webster, is far more generally diffused than any similar feeling in England, where both intelligent patriotism and historical curiosity are almost confined to the small well-educated class. Among the Nonconformists there still lingers a warm though (as it would seem) steadily cooling feeling for the Puritan heroes and divines of the Commonwealth. But with this exception, the middle class, scarcely less than the agricultural peasantry and the city artisan, care for none of these things. This is less true of the smaller nationalities within the British Isles. In Ireland the misfortunes of the country have endeared to the people names like those of Sarsfield, Wolfe Tone, Emmett, and O'Connell. Scotland has been fortunate in having two national heroes who belong to such remote times as to be fit subjects for legend, while in the seventeenth century she produced, in the Covenanters, another set of striking figures, now, it is to be feared, beginning to be forgotten. Scotland was, moreover, favored a century ago, with two great literary artists who, the one by his songs and the other by his prose romances no less than by his poetry, made her history, the history of a small, a poor, and for a long time a rude nation, glow with a light that will last for ages to come. Thus, even to-day, Wallace and Bruce, Bothwell Bridge and Culloden, are more vividly present even to the peasant of Scotland than Harold (son of Godwin) or Hampden and Blake, than Agincourt or Fontenoy, or perhaps even Salamanca and the Nile, are to the average Englishman. Scenery no doubt counts for something. In a small country with striking natural features, historical events become more close-

ly associated with the visual impressions of the ordinary citizen. There is no place in England playing the same part in English history as Stirling Castle and its neighborhood play in Scotch history. Here I am reminded of Switzerland, a country whose people know their own history better and love it more intensely than probably any other people in the world know or love theirs. The majestic mountain masses and narrow gorges of the older cantons of Switzerland have not only been one of the main causes in enabling a very small and once a very obscure people to conquer independence from powerful feudal lords and to maintain it ever since, except for one brief interval, in the face of the great military monarchies which surround it, but have also fostered the patriotic spirit of the natives by reminding them daily of the conflicts whereby their freedom was achieved. Like the Psalmist, they can say, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, whence cometh my aid." Just as in little Greece and Latium, one moves about with a constant sense of tiny republics on every fortified hill top and of armies traversing every valley, just as in little Scotland one passes on the railway from Blair Athol to Berwick-on-Tweed eleven famous battlefields, so in little Switzerland the sense of history follows and environs one at almost every step, and pervades the minds of a race specially familiar with their own annals, specially zealous in commemorating by national songs, by the celebration of anniversaries, by the statues of departed heroes, by the preservation of ancient buildings, by historical and antiquarian museums in the cantonal capitals, the deeds of valiant forefathers. These things, coupled with universal military service and the practice of self-government in local and cantonal as well as in Federal affairs, have associated patriotism with the daily exercise of civic functions in a manner unapproached elsewhere. Not otherwise an imaginative or enthusiastic people, the Swiss have not only become penetrated and pervaded by patriotism, but have learned to carry its spirit into the working of their institutions. There are some faults in the working of those institutions, but party spirit is among the least of them, and I doubt whether a system so highly democratic could prosper save in a land where the ordinary citizen has attained so strong a

sense of the responsibilities which freedom lays upon him.

Some years ago, in a lonely mountain valley in the Canton of Glarus, I was conversing with a peasant landowner about the *Landesgemeinde* (popular primary assembly) which regulates the affairs of the canton. After he had given me some details, I asked him whether it was not the fact that all citizens had the right of attending and voting in this assembly. "It is not so much their Right," he replied, "as their Duty."

This is the spirit by which free governments live. One would like to see more of it here in London, where Parliamentary and County Council elections often bring little more than half of the voters to the polls. One would like to see more of it in the United States, where in many places a large proportion of the voters take no trouble to inform themselves as to the merits of the candidates or the political issues submitted to them, but vote blindly at the bidding of their party organizations.

This little anecdote of my Swiss friend illustrates what I mean in speaking of patriotism as the basis of the sense of civic duty. If people learn to love their country, if their vision is raised beyond the petty circle of their personal and family interests to appreciate the true width and splendor of national life, as a thing which not only embraces all of us who are now living here and grouped in a great body seeking common ends, but reaches back into the immemorial past and forward into the mysterious future, it elevates the conception of citizenship, it fills the sheath of empty words with a keen-edged sword, it helps men to rise above mere party views and to feel their exercise of voting power to be a solemn trust.

"Love thou thy land with love far brought]
From out the storied Past and used
Within the Present, but transfused
Through future time by power of thought."

Into these feelings even the poorest citizen may now enter. Our British institutions have been widened to admit him: the practice of using the powers entrusted to him ought to form in him not only knowledge but the sense of duty itself. So, at any rate, we have all hoped, so the more sanguine have predicted. And as this feeling grows under the influence of free institutions, it becomes itself a further means of developing new and

possibly better institutions, such as the needs of the time may demand. Let me take an illustration from a question which has been much discussed of late, but still remains in what may be called a fluid condition. The masses of the British people in these isles, and probably to a larger extent also the masses of the people in our colonies, are still imperfectly familiar with the idea of a great English-speaking race over the world, and of all which the existence of that race imports. Till we have created more of an imperial spirit—by which I do not mean a spirit of vain glory or aggression or defiance—far from it—but a spirit of pride and joy in the extension of our language, our literature, our laws, our commerce over the vast spaces of the earth and the furthest islands of the sea, with a sense of the splendid opportunities and solemn responsibilities which that extension carries with it—till we and our colonies have more of such an imperial spirit, hardly shall we be able to create the institutions that will ere long be needed if all these scattered segments of the British people are to be held together in one enduring fabric. But if sentiment ripens quickly, and we find ourselves able to create those institutions, they will themselves develop and foster and strengthen the imperial spirit whereof I have spoken, and make it, as we trust, since it will rest even more upon moral than upon material bonds, a guarantee as well of peace as of freedom among the English-speaking races of the world.

From these dreams of the future, I return to say a concluding word on the main theme of this address—the political aspects of the teacher's function. The teacher has charge of the future citizen at the time when he is most impressionable; the only time, it may happen, in his life when he is free enough from the pressing cares of daily employment, to have leisure for thought about the functions to which the Constitution calls him, or to conceive a wish to understand the true bearing of those functions. On many, probably on most, pupils the teacher's efforts will make no great impression. But those most susceptible to the influence which stimulating teaching may exert, will be those likely in future to stir and guide their fellows, and on their guidance the beliefs and tendencies of their class will mainly depend. The dictum, Property has its duties as

well as its rights, once received with surprise and even disgust, has become a commonplace. We now need to realize in the fulness of its application that other maxim, which Mazzini was never tired of enforcing, that Liberty also has its duties as well as its rights, and will begin to be in danger if it forgets them. The tie of duty to the State, though it cannot be as close as that which binds us to family and friends, ought to be just as clearly recognized to be a tie of absolute force.

It is common to talk of ignorance as the chief peril of democracies. That it is a peril no one denies, and we are all, I hope, agreed that it has become more than ever the duty of the State to insist not only on a more penetrating and stimulative instruction, but upon the inclusion of the elements of constitutional knowledge among the subjects to be taught in the higher standards of our schools.

Democracy has, however, another foe not less pernicious. This is indolence. Indifference to public affairs shows itself not merely in a neglect to study them and fit one's self to give a judicious vote, but in the apathy which does not care to give a vote when the time arrives. It is a serious evil already in some countries, serious in London, very serious in Italy, serious enough in the United States, not indeed at Presidential, but at city and other local elections, for some reformer to have proposed to punish with a fine the citizen who neglects to vote, as in some old Greek city the law proclaimed penalties against the citizen who, in a sedition stood aloof, taking neither one side nor the other. For, unhappily, it is the respectable, well-meaning, easy-going citizen, as well as the merely ignorant citizen, who is apt to be listless. Those who have their private ends to serve, their axes to grind and logs to roll, are not indolent. Private interest spurs them on; and if the so-called "good citizen," who has no desire or aim except that good government which benefits him no more than every one else, does not bestir himself, the public funds may become the plunder, and the public interests the sport of unscrupulous adventurers. Of such evils which have befallen some great communities, there are happily no present signs among ourselves; though it is much to be wished that here in Britain we could secure both at Municipal and Parliamentary elections a much heavier vote than is

usually cast. More common in all classes is that other kind of indolence which bestows so little time and thought upon current events and political questions, that it does not try to master their real significance, to extend its knowledge, and to base its opinion upon solid grounds. We need, all of us, in all classes and ranks of society, the rich and educated perhaps even more than others, because they are looked up to for guidance by their poorer or less educated neighbors, to be reminded that as Democracy—into which we have plunged so suddenly that some hardly yet realize what Democracy means—is, of all forms of government, that which needs the largest measure of intelligence and public spirit, so of all democracies ours is that which has been content to surround itself with the fewest checks and safeguards. The venerable Throne remains, and serves to conceal the greatness of the transformation that these twenty-five years have worked. But which among the institutions of the country could withstand any general demand proceeding from the masses of the people, or even delay the accomplishment of any purpose on which they were ardently set, seeing that they possess in the popular House a weapon whose vote, given however hastily, can effect the most revolutionary change? I do not say this to alarm any timid mind, believing that our British masses are not set upon such changes, and are still disposed to listen to the voices of those whom they respect, to whatever class such per-

sons may belong. The mutual goodwill of classes is still among the most hopeful features in our political condition. But it is well to remember that it is upon the wisdom, good sense, and self-restraint of the masses of the people that this vast and splendid edifice of British power and prosperity rests, and to feel that everything we can do to bring political knowledge and judgment within their reach is now more than ever called for. Let me express this trust in the majestic words addressed to the Head of the State by the poet whose loss we are now mourning, and than whom England had no more truly patriotic son :

"Take withal
Thy poet's blessing, and his trust that Heaven
Will blow the tempest in the distance back
From thine and ours ; for some are scared
who mark,
Or wisely or unwisely, signs of storm,
Waverings of every vane with every wind,

* * * * *

And that which knows, but careful for itself,
And that which knows not, ruling that which
knows
To its own harm : the goal of this great world
Lies beyond sight ; yet—if our slowly grown
And crown'd Republic's crowning common-
sense,
That saved her many times, not fail—their
fears
Are morning shadows huger than the shapes
That cast them, not those gloomier which
forego
The darkness of that battle in the West,
Where all of high and holy dies away."

—*Contemporary Review.*

THE PROGRESS OF WOMEN'S TRADE UNIONS.

BY MISS EVELYN MARCH-PHILIPPS.

"A young girl asked me the other day, 'Of what use is my life? Why should I go on living? I can never rest; I can never see a green field. To-day I was at work at seven, and I didn't leave my place till nine. If I didn't stay overtime my master would dismiss me, or he would not help me in winter, when work is slack. If I lose my work I starve. Nobody cares for us; we don't even care for ourselves; all we want is a mattress to lie upon, a crust to eat, a dress to put on. I'm eighteen, and I'm sick of it already.'"—REV. STOFFORD BROOKE, *April 23, 1893.*

At the beginning of this year, when the

cotton strike was at its height, I went down to Lancashire and lived for some weeks in familiar daily intercourse with the operatives. There was no question there as to the use of life; life for them was a struggle, no doubt a hard struggle just then; but the conscious strength of united resistance enabled the strikers, men and women, to face responsibilities and privations that would have broken down the courage and self-confidence of isolated individuals.

I shall not easily forget the scene one bitter February day in Mossley. The bleak hills, powdered with snow, rising round the little gray factory town, the houses clustering in steps one above the other up the steep hillside, so steep that along some streets ran a stout iron handrail polished bright by generations of use. Below, all down the valley, the tall smokeless chimneys of the silent mills pointed like long, lean fingers at the leaden sky. Down the steep street to the hall where the weekly pay was given came trooping five hundred lasses, their shawls over their heads, their wooden clogs clattering over the paved roadway. The shrewd, kindly man who presided seemed to know them all, and as they clustered round, full of anxious, eager inquiry, he had a cheery word of encouragement for each. They were "just weary wi' playin'" and with living on short commons, but full of life and spirit, and when a vote of confidence in the Union was proposed it was seconded by a woman, and every hand went up in its favor.

A day or two later I was walking with a friend on the high-road, when a mill-girl, an entire stranger, passed us. As she did so her ear caught some word prophesying that the hands would capitulate. In a moment she had turned on us with flashing eyes. "Who talks of giving in?" she cried; "it's a lee!—they'll starve first!" And when it was demurred that the subscriptions of long years had been swallowed up, "What then?" was the quick reply. "It's that gets us the good wages. We can afford it." And, as a matter of fact, the wages are 20 to 30 per cent higher than in the less well-organized districts close at hand.

The strongest impression I bore away from Lancashire was of the force and color given to the lives of both men and women by their Trade Union. After being "out" fourteen weeks, those who belonged to it were not suffering to any real extent. Half pay was beginning, and they pinched a bit to avoid breaking into their savings; but where several of a family were drawing an allowance a respectable sum was realized, and in those rarer cases where only the head of the house was a wage-earner, he was helped ungrudgingly. The heavy contributions levied on those still at work were paid, not only without

remonstrance, but with warm and voluntary assurances of sympathy. Nor were the non-unionists repudiated. Their more prudent comrades worked day by day to collect money for pressing cases, and to provide meals for the hungry children. A dozen men might be found any morning, hard at work, lading out jugs of soup and distributing loaves and coal-tickets to hundreds of little applicants, while two or three times a week bright-faced girls, "not in want" themselves, as they were careful to assure me, started on the tramp with a band and huge tin money-boxes, and sometimes collected as much as £18 in two days. The hard fight has only deepened the loyalty to the Union, and the secretaries expect a largely increased membership as the result; and, indeed, the spectacle of thousands of hands coming up week by week to receive strike allowance was a powerful object lesson to those who had neglected to join and have paid dearly for their mistake. However opinions may differ as to the main issue, it is impossible to deny the admirable temper and method which prevailed. Not only was there no thought of rioting, but the employers met with universal civility. One old man, describing the strikes before combination existed, said, "Those were days of bitter suffering, and there would be mills and houses fired, and maybe lives lost; but now any one who talked of violence would be looked upon as a proper silly."

There are three classes of women's unions—one which enrolls men and women upon equal terms; another which, while having separate rules and subscriptions, and keeping its business distinct, is looked after by the men of the trade, and is, in a measure, affiliated to the men's union; and a third class which is composed of women alone.

The following table gives the approximate numbers of the first two kinds,* and shows the increase of members during the last three years:—

* I have failed in getting an accurate estimate of the female membership of the National Society of Shop Assistants. The numbers are small, about 500 in all branches out of 600,000 women employed in the trade. They require, and seem likely to obtain, separate and special legislation.

ENROLLED IN MEN'S UNIONS.

	1890.	1893.
Boot and shoe operatives.....	400	3,216
Card and blowing-room operatives.....	9,000	21,000
Gasworkers and general laborers.....	800	1,350
Glasgow Trades Council.....	300	1,000
Midland Trades Federation.....	292	1,500
Scottish mill and factory union.....	3,000	2,500
Weavers, Northern counties.....	26,000	43,000
" Alva.....	180	220
" Yeadon and Guiseley.....	120	276
" West Riding of Yorkshire.....	1,932	2,000
	42,024	76,062

AFFILIATED TO MEN'S UNIONS.

Bedstead painters, Birmingham.....	560	700
Cigarmakers, Nottingham and London.....	900	1,600
Denton, hatters and wool formers.....	2,500	4,000
Total....	45,984	82,362

The official managers of these societies are paid for their services, but fulfil their task with a conviction and an enthusiasm which money does not always guarantee. In most of the trades mentioned in the table, wages have attained a fairly high standard. Men and women doing piece-work generally receive equal pay. In some towns there is scarcely a worker outside the pale. The women pay up in as business-like a fashion as the men, and in some cases the subscription is a heavy one. If a fellow-worker hangs back, they "make it rather uncomfortable for her," till she sees the error of her ways. Much remains to be done, but all these strongly associated societies control their own affairs, ask no help from outside, and are fast going ahead.

The case is widely different when we turn to those unions which are composed of women only. After twenty years of effort, London counts fourteen branches, having in all about 2250 members. Compared to the hundreds of thousands of women and girls toiling in factories, in workshops, and in their own homes, this does, indeed, sound like a drop in the ocean. The match-makers' is still the largest, though it has very much decreased. The book-folders have formed a strong body, and, though suffering from a temporary check, they promise well. The bookbinders, the oldest society, formed eighteen years ago, numbers 250. The ropemakers are 300. No others exceed 100. Printers refuse to combine at all, though, being skilled workers, they might do so with good effect. It is next to impossible to influence dressmakers,

milliners, and shop assistants, though few classes need protection more, while numbers of the small trades have not even been approached. It is hopeless to give any detailed list of the branches, for new ones are constantly springing up, and a falling off of others has as constantly to be chronicled.

Women will rush to combine, and to strike at the same moment, when exasperated by some sudden reduction or imposition, but their ranks soon thin again when the emergency is past. Last year a large body of girls came out from a factory in South London, it being the busy season, when hands were in request. They carried their point, and then, grateful for advice and support, all joined the union of their trade, but within only a few weeks every one of them had deserted. Much time and thought have been devoted to organizing laundresses, but these, too, have disbanded for the present.

In the provinces it is the same story. The Leeds tailoresses, of whom there are about 8000, started, during a strike, a thousand strong; they then nearly died out, but have since risen to 150, and are gradually increasing. In Nottingham, the lacemakers are 370. In Manchester, where women are very badly paid, the shirt-makers are 400, and it is the only union there worthy of the name. In Birmingham, I can obtain no tidings of those which formerly existed. In Bristol, organization is struggling for life. In Aberdeen, out of 8000 women, only 250 are combined. In the Potteries, where thousands are employed, about 400 have banded themselves together since last autumn.

This is one of the most hopeful, as I shall presently show. I can only make out about 2600 in the provinces, making a total of under 5000 members of women's unions proper.

According to the last census, 800,000 women were working in trades exclusive of the textile manufactures and of shops. In the face of such facts it requires a deep belief in a cause to refuse to be disheartened. Even as it is, those who are giving their lives to it would not struggle on if they did not know that the good done is out of all proportion to numbers and financial strength. In very many instances wages have been kept from falling or substantially increased by even a poor and temporary association. In sanitary and other matters, urgently needed reforms have been secured, together with kinder and juster treatment. Abuses have been checked, compulsory sick clubs, which were open to grave objections, have been abolished, and centres formed for educating and training women, whereby many a lonely life has been inspired with strength and hope.

Few people know the meaning of an uphill task better than those steadfast women, by whose exertions such results have been achieved; but it is only those who are fairly embarked in the crusade who discover how desperately help is needed. It is less necessary than it was to put forward a plea for trade unions. Even those who denounce "paid agitators" and "wicked strikes," do now dimly discern that the question may have two sides; but comparatively few have more than an undefined idea of the conditions of women's work as it is to-day.

In the north we find the fish-curers of Aberdeen, toiling as even slaves have scarcely done, in open sheds, exposed to all weathers, wet through, pushing and lifting immense weights, starting so early from home and returning so late that they constantly do not see their families from one week's end to another. When great takes of fish come in they often work thirty-six hours at a stretch, while men in the same city are clamoring for a forty-eight hour week. They earn 12s. a week, and nothing for overtime, and this is far from being the only industry where women sometimes work all day and all night and all the next day. In the confectionery trade the hours are long, wages low, and

fines heavy. Girls are fined sometimes 1s. out of a 6s. wage, for such trivial offences as looking out of a window, talking, eating a piece of bread. In some factories they take their meals in rooms where the oranges are sorted and the cocoanuts smashed up. These are often very rotten, and the stench is such that the girls are sick and have sometimes even been attacked by typhoid-fever. The foremen frequently use bad language, and the amount of petty tyranny is very galling. There is the common practice called "drilling," by which, if a girl has displeased the foreman he can make some paltry excuse to keep her out of work for a week or a fortnight, bringing the poor creature down to the factory each morning to sue for work till she is sufficiently starved and crushed to satisfy him. In very hot weather the girls in the chocolate trade cannot work because the chocolate turns white, but, instead of sending them home, the overseer keeps them all day in the factory. They are paid nothing for these long, hot, idle hours, and are not even allowed to sit down, but are expected to stand at their bench. Some of the work is quite unfit for women—for example, the carrying of tubs containing 1 cwt. of boiling syrup down a steep staircase all day long. For this terrible drudgery the pay is 10s. a week, where it used to be 19s., and the wages are getting lower and lower. The best hands do not receive on an average 8s. the year round, while many get less than half that sum. There is a great deal of slack time in the trade, but even in full work they can save nothing and can barely free themselves partially from their heavy debts to the small tradespeople.

Other girls do dangerous work at the mineral water trade, where accidents from bursting bottles occur at the rate of six a day. They work with caustic which burns the skin off their faces, or ammonia which often makes them insensible; or they handle starch which rots their boots and clothes and injures their lungs; and in only a few instances do the masters supply proper safeguards.

Mrs. Hicks, in her evidence before the Labor Commission, says:

"During the last four years the wages of women have gone down something which would hardly be credited if I were not able to give the exact figures. In the

jute trade, in 1887, the women working on a frame of sixty-four bobbins received 12s. 3d. a week; they now get 10s. At the same branch, two women received 19s. for their joint work; now two girls are doing the same amount on the same machine and receive jointly 11s. The forewomen at that time received 15s. 6d. a week; now they get 12s. 6d. At the sack weaving on the looms they received 1s. 7d. a cut (that is 112 yards of sack-ing); they now receive 1s. 1d. for 134 yards. On the broad looms they used to get 2s. 4d. for 112 yards; they now get 1s. 5d. for 134 yards. The same firm puts out sacks—the making of flour and coal sacks. They pay 1s. 7d. a hundred; formerly it was 2s. 3d. It takes a skilled woman, working hard long hours, two days to do a hundred at less than a farthing each."

"*Question.* Have the looms not been quickened meantime or the material improved?"

"No, the work is carried on under exactly the same conditions."*

In Manchester, in the great shirt factories, those who formerly made shirts at the steam sewing machines at 11½d. a dozen (all except button holes), are now beaten down to 7½d. Such examples could be quoted in many trades. In workshops things are even worse, and in home employment the lowest level is reached. The match-box makers earn a bare subsistence wage, 2½d. a gross (six dozen boxes), and they find their own paste. Competition is so keen that, as a woman said, you have to beg and pray to get six gross to make, and if any work were declined on the score of low pay hundreds would rush in to take it up. When trade is good the women work abnormally long hours, and have to throw in the labor of two or three children before a scanty living can be made. As for the conditions of their existence, they usually live (if that can be called living) in one miserable room, often no better than a cellar, which has to serve for living, sleeping, and work-room. The piles of

damp match-boxes are spread to dry on floor, bed, and table. The young children reared in these joyless surroundings are kept hard at work out of school hours, or in them if the Board can be cheated. And the crowning mockery of justice is to be found in the weekly wages of 5s. to 9s., contrasted with the 17 per cent dividend of the manufacturers.

The needlewomen are, if possible, more hopeless still. Any one, however untrained, can do the slop-work the cheap clothing trade requires, and the supply of labor is unlimited. The pay is driven down by competition till we find a woman making waistcoats for 1d., ulsters for 4d., finishing skirts at 1½d. an hour, lining fur capes at 1s. 3d. a dozen, sewing neckties, straining every nerve to earn a halfpenny an hour and trembling lest her neighbor who is out of work and, may be, watching her sick child starve, should go to the warehouse and take it at a still lower rate. In the history of the state trials of the Chartist we read that the description of the distress among the operatives of the north, as given by one of the accused, moved judge, jury and lawyers to tears. When we say that that time is past, let us remember (such are the conditions of female labor) that a tale as powerful in its pathos could be told to-day in a thousand homes lying at our very doors.

Nor are these the worst features. In a great many trades women are stepping in and underselling men, dragging down their wages and throwing them out of work, till it is imperative that the wife and mother should leave her home and her little children to spend her days in the workshop or the factory, while the children at the earliest opportunity scramble into some ill-paid employment in which they can earn a shilling or eighteenpence a week, "working in the play-time of others," never properly trained to a calling but growing up to swell the helpless army of the unskilled. In the Potteries we find women doing work for 1s. 6s., for which men used to receive 30s. In the tailoring trade the tailoresses are in many places taking the trade entirely out of men's hands, doing it 50 per cent cheaper. I have just heard of a well-known fashionable ladies' tailor, who this season is employing nothing but women, paying them 18s. where he used to pay men £2. The female printers work for 5d. an hour

* The masters' books often tell a different story, but Miss Clara James, prior to giving her evidence before the Labor Commission, stood week after week at factory-gates and got the girls' pay-sheets. These were put in and conclusively proved the truth of her statements. They are now in the possession of the Women's Trades Union Association.

where the men get 8d. In the badly organized parts of Yorkshire, a man and a girl weaving side by side, doing work of precisely the same quality and quantity, find a difference of one-third between their wages at the week's end, so that an old weaver said he "went in daily fear o' being jostled o' one side by a lass." Female labor is beginning to affect the furniture and French polishing trade, among others, so that more French polishers than usual have been out of work last winter.

It is difficult to exaggerate the far-reaching and disastrous effects of this growing evil. Homes are neglected, children are not properly cared for, the weaker ones die or grow up with impaired health; the husband becomes demoralized and depends more and more upon his wife and children, till even when in good work he is apt to think he has done very well if he pays the rent and the bread bill, and is satisfied to devote the rest of his earnings to his *menus plaisirs*.

Reviewing the general condition of women's work (and there is nothing exceptional about the instances I have quoted), one marvels that they do not hasten to enter a league of defence in which any unanimous action on their part would enable them to speak on equal terms with "the enemy in the gate;" but the years pass, toil grows more severe, pay scantier, and still "wisdom lingers."

Broadly speaking, the reasons for this apathy seem to resolve themselves into three-in-chief, any one of which is strong enough to account for it. These are the fear of employers, home employment, and the character of the employed.

First and most obvious is the fear of employers, and though their opposition is not what it once was, it is very sufficient for women, whose position is at best precarious and who in numberless cases are on the border-land of starvation. In the unskilled and ill-paid trades more especially, girls are constantly dismissed for joining, till fear drives the remainder to break up their society. When they are urged forward by the consciousness of their steadily declining pay and try to form, they come secretly and nervously to the meetings, knowing how often the foremen spy upon them, and only when they are smarting under a sense of injury is it possible to draw them in. I am told of a factory where the master tries to break up

the union by standing at the gate on wage days and forbidding the girls to pay their subscription. Of one large rope-making firm the secretary says, "the employer told his women distinctly that if they joined he would sack every one of them though he had to shut up shop." In the Potteries, a very intelligent forewoman applied to the organizer for members' cards, but refused to give her name until she could make sure of the support of the whole roomful of hands under her; otherwise her dismissal was a foregone conclusion. The distrust is so great that when one employer seemed disposed to countenance the union, the women, hearing of it, left in a body; "for," they said, "if the master wants it, it must be something bad for us."

There is not a doubt that a great deal of intimidation does still take place, and that strong efforts are often made to stamp out a new union. Some people will therefore be slow to hope anything from the side of the employers; but they are, perhaps, less universally black than they are painted, and antagonism is, in not a few instances, giving place to a more intelligent attitude. An organizer of the women's league, herself an ex working woman, has given me some interesting particulars of her dealings with the masters when on tour. She has had messages asking her to supper or to breakfast, has met with a kind reception and had many interesting talks. In several cases the masters have taken the chair at a meeting. They have often admitted the convenience of dealing with the workers as a body, and of being better able to distinguish between grumbling and a real grievance. They know how often the union checks those injudicious strikes which arise from misunderstanding and want of control. On the day of a recent meeting six girls went to the head of a firm to ask for leave of absence, he inquired into their reason, and, as he gave permission, he added, "I am right glad to hear the women are organizing." Another principal took leave of the organizer with "I wish you Godspeed in your work," while yet another took her over his factory after an enthusiastic meeting, and presented her with a plaid woven in his looms. The Felt Hat Trimmers report that the prejudices against the association are melting away as its principles are more widely understood, and it is receiving

the assent and praiseworthy attention of many employers. This support is none the less valuable when it proceeds from those who already treat their workpeople fairly. Quite lately, in one of the largest rope factories, the employer was endeavoring to persuade his hands to save and sort the waste fibre, but the women considered it beneath their dignity and refused; though as it was piece-work they would have lost nothing. He bethought him of sending for the secretary, explained the case, and showed her the great difference it would make to his profits. She was convinced, called a meeting, and the demand was conceded without more ado. Needless to say, it is important to every employer whose hands are organized, that the same obligation to pay good wages should be brought to bear upon his rivals, who are thereby debarred from underselling him. An example came before me lately in the Potteries. A very large order was received for some articles in a highly paid branch of the trade. They were to be made for 1s. each, but had previously been made by a firm paying trade union rates at 1s. 3d. Employer No. 2 consulted his men, also trade unionists, and all agreed that the job could not be done at the price without a reduction of wages. The order, therefore, went back to the original firm, and the price was kept up, both in that and, we may hope, in others of the same kind.

Secondly, the system of home employment, with its isolation and deplorable conditions, most effectually saps the foundations of trade combination, and is most fatal to its stability and in many cases to its very existence. Mrs. Sidney Webb (Miss Beatrice Potter) says, "Trade unionists are of all reformers the most vitally interested in the abolition of workplaces withdrawn from the jurisdiction of the law, trade union regulations, and public opinion;" and again, "We are everywhere confronted by a supply of cheap female labor far exceeding in numbers the most exaggerated estimate of alien immigration. The Jews are counted by their thousands, the women, dragging in their rear semi-dependent husbands and a huge force of unprotected children, may be numbered by hundreds of thousands."

As matters stand, combination can do little in this direction. Who is to undertake the enormous amount of visiting en-

tailed? How can any adequate hold be kept on the workers, as they move from house to house and from street to street, without a staff far beyond the resources of any struggling union? Who can hope to inspire courage or to instil public spirit when every thought and aspiration are limited to obtaining Saturday's rent and food and fire for the morrow, and where the losing of the ill-paid work is the one haunting fear? They are so helpless, so lonely, so down-trodden, that no organization is possible among them, and it seems cruel to take even the weekly subscription of 1d. or 2d. from a starvation wage. It needs something more than private effort to bind these shifting sands. A remedy which has been proposed, and to a certain extent embodied, in a Bill by Mr. Sidney Buxton, provides that the Factory Act shall be extended beyond factories and workshops, and apply to the goods given out by these, and that employers shall be held responsible for the conditions under which the work is done, and also for the hours of labor. It further entails a part of the legal responsibility upon the landlord, binding him to provide all accommodation necessary for the health of the workers. With regard to the probable effect of such a measure, Miss Beatrice Potter gave it as her opinion, at the Rochdale Congress, in 1892, that—

"this double responsibility of the landlord and the employer would be a direct and fatal blow at sweating industries. Tenement landlords would hesitate to permit the use of their single rooms for manufacturing purposes if they became liable to heavy penalties for overcrowding and bad sanitation; wholesale traders would find it more economical to build factories than to institute an army of private inspectors to protect themselves from breaches of the Factory Act in thousands of unknown homes."

We can only hope that, if such an Act were to be adequately enforced, this forecast will be verified.

The number of factories would probably be largely augmented, and small workshops would be thrown together. Shorter hours would mean the employment of more women, while at least a subsistence wage would be earned in ten hours instead of fifteen or more. A check, too, would be put on the power of the alien to undersell English labor, and in the long run the "supported" work of married women would be lessened. It cannot be denied,

however, that to many the drastic remedies of such a Bill may seem worse than the disease. There will be an outcry that its spirit is contrary to all our traditions of the sanctity of home; any attempt to carry the Bill practically into law would arouse strong opposition, and no antagonists would be more doggedly obstinate than those victims with whose satire upon a home life the measure purposes to deal.

There is still another, and that a vital obstacle to progress. It is one with which the law is powerless to deal, and from which all direct attack glances off. It is the sweater's best friend, and the question is how far it can be, not altered, but, so to speak, circumvented. "Woman's at best a contradiction still." What must she be then under the circumstances which commonly surround her in the labor market? It cannot be too strongly borne in mind that although thoughtful and earnest women are constantly to be met with in the working classes, the mass of raw material of which the union is bound to be composed consists of women who, by education and training, are below rather than above the average in clear-sightedness and steadiness of purpose. More often than not they are timid, indifferent, frivolous, excitable, and for a new Sunday hat or a walk with the Tom or Dick who happens to be in the ascendant would sacrifice the best interests of all the women in the world without a pang. The majority are young, and look forward to marriage to release them from work. They usually marry by the time they are twenty, if not long before, but they have not yet learned to reckon with the fact that as often as not they are obliged to return to the factory, or are driven to take in work, more or less ill-paid, at home. At women's meetings the better classes are too often indifferent and apathetic, while if the audience is composed of factory girls amusement seems to be their chief object. The jokes and chatter are irrepressible; the most discreet allusion to the topic of marriage is the signal for shrieks of laughter. The petty jealousies, too, are heart-breaking and promises cannot be relied upon. In getting up a meeting, bills may be distributed by the thousands, home visits may be paid and assurances of attendance secured, but at the appointed hour it does not follow that any one will appear. Nor, if those who are invited come, do they re-

spond readily to argument or exhortation. At one meeting a man who was speaking turned away in despair. "What can we do with these women?" he said; "it is impossible to get any hold over them."

We come to the conclusion, firstly, that combination requires the stimulus afforded by large bodies working together, and that this condition is only to be insured by the support of legislative regulation; secondly, that women only combine successfully when they join forces with men. It is acknowledged that they are good at a strike; they are loyal, plucky, and patient; but when excitement is over, and the long uneventful time of plodding and paying takes its place, the power of perseverance, the cool judgment, and the doggedness which often characterize men, are indispensable. It is better for them to rely upon their comrades in trade than upon outside help and advice, and, moreover, a sense of responsibility is thus engendered, which is an important point. Besides which it is, and perhaps always will be, natural to the mass of womenkind to defer to and be led by masculine judgment and authority.

Working men are growing more thoughtful, and are beginning to take a juster view of this element of cheap female labor.

Shrewd, intelligent working women are fast coming to the front, co-operating cordially with men, and giving most valuable help; and they are far more powerful in their own class than any one outside it can be. Is it unreasonable to hope that a salutary influence may thus gradually grow up round the mass of young, heedless women in their homes? Every one who has to do with working girls knows the importance they attach to the opinion of their own world and can believe that nothing would weigh with them like the feeling that a certain course of conduct was expected of them by their relations and companions. Perhaps not every young man has the public spirit of one who informed us that he had "chucked his sweetheart" for refusing to "join," but the cause of trade unionism would gain powerful allies by similar examples of self-sacrifice.

Here, then, seems to lie the best hope for the future. Men begin to realize that they can no longer stand aloof from those with whom all their interests are bound up. They must aim, not at keeping wom-

en out of any trade which they are able to follow, but at sustaining the rate of pay for men and women alike. At many of the meetings for women the presence of men is the most striking feature. I have heard telling speeches from artisans and mechanics who have fully grasped the difficulties of the position and the issues at stake. At the last triennial meeting of the Amalgamated Tailors, London, Leeds, and some other towns where the danger was pressing, voted for admitting women; but Newcastle, which has hitherto succeeded in keeping them outside the trade, led a faction which defeated the proposal. Since then several of the dissentient towns have felt the pinch, and have intimated a wish to reconsider their decision. The Scottish Tailors' Society moved, at their last conference, that neither time nor expense should be spared in organizing female labor. At the time of the last census, the tailoring trade employed some 53,000 women, and they are now far more numerous. In some trades, notably printing and bookbinding, into which there is a growing tendency to bring women, the men still stand aloof, but individuals in their ranks are giving help and sympathy, and self-interest is likely to change their attitude in time. The bootmakers of London are willing to follow the example set them by the Leicester operatives, who, besides 1216 members, have 400 probationers. In the newly formed union in the Potteries men are acting as secretaries, and giving systematic help. This union is growing fast, and will probably soon be affiliated to the men's organization, to which it has given fresh impetus.

There will still remain a mass of workers with which men are not legitimately concerned. In 1881 the milliners and dressmakers were returned as over 300,000, the laundresses at 176,670. It is impossi-

ble to say how many of these were employers and how many were working for their own hand, but it is certain there must be among them a great army of wage-earners. The prospect of dress-makers combining is doubtful; perhaps their best remedy will be an efficient staff of female inspectors. Laundresses, together with paper-makers and some others, are agitating to be included in the Factory Act, and their case is more hopeful. Other trades almost exclusively confined to women, are the making of envelopes, steel pens, paper bags and boxes, sacks, thread, tape, artificial flowers, corsets, trimmings and embroideries, gloves, nets, match-boxes, straw plaiting, feather-dressing, and metal burnishing. These, which are largely home industries, employ about 83,000 hands, and there are about the same number of seamstresses and shirt-makers. Everything that makes it inconvenient and unpleasant to the employer to give out work tends to gather these into larger bodies, to improve their condition, and to make organization possible. There are signs of a system of affiliation and federation of small trades developing in the future, and skilled workers are showing greater willingness than ever before to stand by the unskilled.

Some women still hold back and question men's good faith. There has been much to justify this. In some cases men have not been ashamed to accept women's contributions in a strike and then to throw the women over, when they in their turn needed help. Men have often been unfeeling and ungenerous where women workers have been concerned, but when the olive branch is held out the only wise course is to grasp it. Their interests are identical, and only in proportion as both sides recognize this, can they hope to gain a firmer footing.—*Fortnightly Review*.

CHARACTER NOTE.

THE SPINSTER.

"Il arrive quelquefois des accidents dans la vie d'où il faut être un peu fou pour se bien tirer."

SHE enjoys a limited income, invested for her by an officious relative in a Building Society. The income is very limited,

and the Spinster spends quite half of it in journeys to and from town to look and see how the bonds are getting on in a Safe Deposit.

She lives with her cousins. Their generosity is most beautiful. Quite an example to mankind. She pays them Nothing, absolutely Nothing. Generosity, in the

feminine, always mentions this, quite casually, when she pays calls.

"John and I are delighted to be able to give her a home," she says.

The stress upon the "give" is so slight that it might almost be absent altogether. Tabitha does nothing in return for this superhuman kindness. That is, almost nothing. Full of tact and thoughtfulness, indeed, Generosity allows her to do a few little things about the house, that she may not feel so much under an obligation to dear John. Tabitha is not at all accomplished. She belongs to a period when a smattering of Italian, a knowledge of the use of the globes, and a running spidery handwriting declared a young lady educated. But Generosity overlooks her deficiencies and kindly allows her to help the children with their lessons and superintend their practising. The eldest Generosity girl bounces about a good deal on the music-stool and plays wrong notes maliciously. She doesn't really think, she says, that it's the least use Tab hearing her practise. Tab has not an atom of style. Which is very true; Tab's only recommendation being an infinite store of patience and sweet temper. The Eldest further complains of Tab that she is so awfully prim. The Eldest suffers a good deal from this primness, and is infinitely to be pitied. How annoying it is to know, for instance, that Tab takes two hours getting up every morning, and adheres to an hour's hair-brushing every night as if it were a religion! Generosity herself never heard anything so ludicrous as the way in which Tab clings to the traditions of her youth. Because at the Deanery—Tab's papa was an effete old dean—breakfast was at half past eight and the family put on their clean clothing on Sunday; Tab can scarcely believe in the morality of persons breakfasting at nine and donning clean garments on Saturday. She does not indeed express these outrageous opinions, Generosity having given her to understand that she cannot air her ridiculous notions there.

Her bedroom is a perfect portrait gallery of ancestors. She keeps an especial silk pocket-handkerchief to dust them with, which is used for no other purpose. The Eldest says she never saw anything so hideous as the old things, and would like to know why people's ancestors always have great beaks of noses like that; the

Eldest's own nose being an engaging little snub. Tab's family are like the nightly hair-brushing to her—a religion. No matter how disagreeable or how impetunious, alive or dead, provided they are relatives Tab is ready to take them to her heart. When the ne'er-do-weels are shipped off in despair by their friends to Buenos Ayres or the Transvaal, she writes them long letters full of affection—and enclosing a Post-office Order. It is thought that the relatives do not always read the letters. But there is no occasion on record in which they have not taken kindly to the Order.

Generosity, with the highest of motives, of course, does her best to shake Tab's belief in her family.

Generosity says, "Isn't it absurd to see how proud the Joneses are of their uncle because he is a dean? Any one can be a dean. Isn't it ridiculous, Tab?"

A little color rises in Tab's worn face. It is to be feared that she is afraid of Generosity's back-handed little stabs, and has not the courage to make a spirited reply. She says feebly, "Oh, very."

But her heart is as true as steel to that effete old papa.

Generosity is extremely kind to Tab, of course. Tab has all her meals with the family. And it is by the merest chance that the legs of chickens and the jamless tarts always fall to her share. Tab herself always prefers the unpopular pudding. Tab is lamentably weak.

She goes errands for Generosity twenty times perhaps in an afternoon. Generosity's maligners says she invents the errands to annoy Tab. But even if that were true—which of course it is not—Generosity's aim is not attained. At the twentieth errand there is a little more color than usual in Tab's face. But that is all. And that may easily come from the exercise she has taken. Generosity always prefaces her requests with "As you have nothing to do, Tab."

And Tab, of course, really has nothing to do. Only the little things about the house to which other people are superior or can't waste their time over, or find, by reason of their higher intelligence and education, too much bother.

Some one once said Tab was a maid-of-all-work, without wages. But that must have been some one who knew nothing of the immense kindnesses she receives from

Generosity and John. Generosity, certainly, often reminds Tab, in a perfectly indirect and ladylike manner, how fortunate she is.

"I hear," she says, "the Mortons are going to have a cousin to live with them. Of course she is to pay—two pounds a week, I believe. Very kind of them to have her even on those terms, don't you think? I believe some one suggested not letting her pay anything. But, as Mr. Morton says, that would be Quixotic generosity indeed."

Tab says, "Yes, indeed," meekly.

Her intelligence is not of a high order. Perhaps she does not apply these stories as she ought. But Generosity, thoughtful as ever, takes Tab's want of sharpness into consideration, and generally makes her meaning perfectly clear.

If Tab had any proper pride, she would go. But she does not go. Perhaps she can't afford the luxury of proper pride. Her dividends from the Building Society are ridiculously small. Perhaps also with a divine charity and an exquisite foolishness she believes that Generosity does not mean to be unkind. She bears, therefore, the thousand little daily insults which her benefactress heaps on her, with an utter tameness and want of spirit. It is possible that if she rose and fought Generosity that lady might like her and treat her better. But Tab's is the creed of meekness, forbearance, and gentleness. And she goes on toiling for the children, nursing them when they are ill, and doing odd jobs for Generosity with a patience and good temper wholly reprehensible. One day comes the news that the Building Society has stopped payment.

"All the sensible shareholders," says Generosity, a trifle pointedly perhaps, "will, of course, get some of their money back. But people who are so wealthy that they can sit at home and do nothing to recover it will, I suppose, be swindled."

Tab is understood to say that the Society must already be in great trouble, and she could not bear to give them extra worry on her account.

"My dear Tab," says Generosity, with considerable sharpness, "how can you be so excessively idiotic?"

There is, alas! much truth in Generosity's unvarnished words. Tab is a perfect godsend to all the swindling persons and

companies she encounters. She believes what they say, and follows their advice with a certain obstinacy which is vastly irritating. She therefore is reduced through the Building Society to an annual income of fifteen pounds. And when she receives that, it is with fear and trembling lest she has taken from the poor creatures what they can ill afford to pay her.

About this time the Eldest comes out. She is not especially pretty. But she is audacious, which perhaps does just as well. Generosity is very fond of her, of course. Cannot bear the idea of ever being separated from her—equally of course. But, knowing that a girl is happier married, with beautiful self-sacrifice Generosity sets about accomplishing this desirable end. Papa brings people home to dinner. Papa always enjoyed the society of young men. Once he brings home a veteran from the War Office. The veteran is not less than fifty. Still, he is a wonderfully young-looking man; and, quite casually of course, at an afternoon call Generosity finds out from a friend that he is really very comfortably off. By the merest chance, when he dines with them, the Eldest has on her prettiest dress and her most astounding manners.

The War Office looks at her attentively through his eyeglass. He has not seen much of feminine society lately. In his young days—though he is, of course, by no means *old*—feminine society was perhaps less obtrusive. There can be no doubt from the way he studies the Eldest that he is immensely captivated by her frankness, dash, and originality.

Tab is even quieter than usual during his visits. When he addresses her she is fluttered and agitated, and answers him with much perturbation, and, it is to be feared, not much sense.

He addresses her, Generosity thinks, unnecessarily often. Perhaps he thinks she is a visitor; or perhaps that she pays. So Generosity mentions with the greatest possible delicacy of expression, and, as usual, quite casually, that dear Tab is perfectly dependent upon us. The War Office puts up his eyeglass and looks at Generosity a little fixedly.

"Poor thing!" he says; "Poor thing!"

Generosity can't quite understand his tone. But after all, it is not worth troubling about.

One evening Generosity comes to Tab's bedroom to have a chat with her. She is quite condescending and good-tempered and pleasant.

"We shall have to part from dear Bertha soon, I fear," she says.

Tab says "Why?" in an odd voice.

"Why!" echoes Generosity impatiently, "I should have thought even you would have seen how devoted he is to her."

Tab says "Yes" feebly, and does not raise her foolish old face.

"I am perfectly *certain* of it," continues Generosity.

Tab bends a little lower over her fine darning, and says nothing.

And Generosity, aggravated at her unresponsiveness, observes, "And very glad I am of it. I always consider to be unmarried is in some degree a slur upon a woman's character."

With this Parthian shot she retires.

While Tab is singing that night in a ridiculous old voice which always breaks on the top notes, the War Office bends to turn a page and says something to her through the song. After that Tab's quavers and trills are more ridiculous than ever; and when she takes down her music her primly mitted hand shakes like a

leaf. Generosity is particularly caustic that evening; and Tab's answers are wider of the mark than usual; so much so that the Eldest says to the War Office that she really believes Tab is in love with some one. She has been so truly idiotic lately; so frightfully sentimental, you know."

The War Office says "Indeed," and looks at the Eldest through his eyeglass, as usual, in a sort of mild surprise.

That evening he has an interview with Generosity and John. Generosity's surprise is not mild, nor her indignation; and she is constrained to tell Tab that she has behaved like a viper.

The War Office and Tab are believed to be supremely happy; so frightfully sentimental, you know. Generosity after a time consents to visit them. As they have a delightful house for the girls to stay in and see a great deal of nice society (masculine), she makes herself very affable and affectionate. The War Office is occasionally a little rude to her, and continues to stare at her through his eyeglass in an extraordinary manner; but Tab, full of gratitude for all the kindness she has received, is boundlessly tender, loving, and kind.

But then Tab was always a fool.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.*

BY FRANCIS ST. JOHN THACKERAY.

I HAVE been asked to put together what I can remember of my great relative. In doing so, I will endeavor, so far as is possible, to repeat nothing of what has already been published, but to rescue from oblivion, before it is too late, anything of interest in connection with him. It is but little, I fear.

"Yet, if little stays with man,

Ah! retain we all we can!

If the clear impression dies,

Ah! the dim remembrance prize!"

Quick, thy tablets, Memory!"

In his introductory essay in the *édition de luxe* of Thackeray's works, Mr. Leslie Stephen says: "Nothing could be told of Mr. Thackeray's private life by those who have the fullest means of knowledge which

would not confirm the highest estimate derivable from his writings of the tenderness of his heart and the moral worth of his nature; and all that could be told would tend to justify the profound affection with which they cherish his memory."

He was my first cousin, although twenty-one years my senior, his father having been the third, while my father was the ninth, of a large family, consisting of seven sons and four daughters. He was also one of my godfathers. I may here mention that it is my father who is referred to in a letter written by Thackeray to his mother at the end of 1831. "On Christmas Day I dine with my uncle Frank. He is very kind, but asks me to dinner too often—three times a week. I met a pleasant party there last Monday."

My parents were then living in Cadogan

* A small portion of this Paper has been in print before.—EDITH.

Place, and Thackeray was a young man of twenty, just established in chambers in Hare Court, Temple, to read law, to which he did not take very kindly. One other allusion to my father, who two years later moved to Broxbourne, and died there early in 1842, is in chapter XI. of "The Book of Snobs": "O saintly Francis, lying at rest under the turf!" And then, after apostrophizing some other clergymen, he goes on: "How should he who knows you, not respect you and your calling? May this pen never write a pennyworth again, if it ever casts ridicule upon either!" This was written in 1845.

My own earliest recollections of him date from the spring of 1849. I used from that time to spend a few days with him at the end of the Easter holidays, before going back to Eton. He was then living with his two girls, in the hospitable white brick house, 13 Young Street, Kensington, which I can never pass unmoved. His handsome old mother, and dear old step-father, Major Carmichael Smyth, who had been Governor of Addiscombe, and in some respects was the original of Colonel Newcome, were also living with him. He was then but at the dawn of his fame. "Vanity Fair," begun in January, 1847, was completed in July, 1848. "Pendennis" came out in 1849-1850.

I well remember the first numbers of the former in their yellow paper covers, and the illustrations in vignettes from his own pencil. It was in 1850 that his long connection with *Punch* came to an end. I recollect being astonished and amused at his humorous drawings for that periodical, which were constantly being brought in to him on their box-wood blocks before being printed off. In these visits, which took place every year till 1852, when I went to Oxford, I instinctively felt that he was far greater than any one whom I had ever met. And looking back after an interval of forty years, I feel that I was not wrong, and that there was something in his mind and character, larger and more spacious, more liberal, with less admixture of anything petty, or unreal, or affected than it has been my fortune ever to meet. In this respect I would compare him to Tennyson. One was naturally attracted by his fine lofty figure, his bright genial smile, his pithy, amusing sentences, and his cheery greeting. There was nothing in the least deterrent or formidable in him

—and most boys are quick to see if they are regarded as bores by their elders. The description Tacitus gives us of Agricola was true of him: "*Nihil metus in vultu; gratia oris supererat. Bonum virum facile crederes, magnum libenter.*"

Mr. Leslie Stephen well says: "His kindly feeling for the schoolboy is constantly coming up in his books: it is indicated by his warm recommendation of the great duty of administering 'tips,'—a duty which he took care to discharge effectually in his own person." I can bear witness to the truth of this from my own experience. I never visited, rarely saw him, at this time without having a sovereign slipped into my hand on leaving him. On one occasion, after I had my pocket picked in an omnibus, he emptied the whole of his purse into my hands. The exact amount, at this distant date, I do not remember, but it was much more than I had lost. This was when he was lying in bed, in one of his attacks of illness. On these delightful visits he would spare no pains in taking me to places of amusement—the play, or the pantomime—sometimes after an excellent dinner at the Garrick Club, where I remember his checking some one in the act of blurting out an oath, the utterance of which he would not tolerate in my presence.

This illustrates what he once wrote:—

"We have a love for all little boys at school, for many scores of thousands of them read and love *Punch*:—may he never write a word that shall not be honest and fit for them to read!"

In sight-seeing, whether visiting conjurors,* or picture galleries, or other public places of entertainment, he was always, I think, studying faces and characters. But he must have put himself to a good deal of inconvenience; and the sacrifice of valuable time that he thus made I could understand afterward, though I fear I did not appreciate it sufficiently at the time. Once, when he had taken me to the theatre and secured me a good place, after stay-

* On one of these occasions the performer went about dispensing to people in the pit various liqueurs from a seemingly inexhaustible magic bottle, having no doubt pipes and stores of different fluids concealed about his person. The vociferous cries from the gallery to his attendant with the tray of glasses: "Come up here, Alexander!" tickled the fancy of W. M. T. very much.

ing a little while, he said: "Now I must leave you, and go and make a five-pound note."

I saw him on the day of the opening of the Great Exhibition of 1851, on which he wrote his fine May-Day Ode. He had just returned from witnessing the fairy-like scene inside the Palace, with which he had been greatly struck, and he was looking unusually happy and radiant. When my time came for leaving Eton, in 1852, he took much interest in my prospects, and would have liked me to go to Cambridge and to Trinity, where he had himself been; but a Merton post-mastership given me by Provost Hawtrey settled the question of my university. For the next four or five years from this time I regret much that we met but seldom. This was partly owing to the fact of his two visits to America (1852-1853 and 1855-1856) falling within this period, and partly to my having been very fully occupied with reading for Moderations and "Greats." After I became a Fellow of Lincoln, I urged him often to come to Oxford, and he did so at last, when he lectured there on the Georges. There comes back to my memory a lovely summer day, when we passed within hearing of the service going on in Magdalen Chapel, of which he once wrote to Mrs. Brookfield: "These pretty brats with sweet, innocent voices and white robes sing quite celestially."

I well remember how he enjoyed a stroll along Addison's Walk, and I can never pass the sweetbriar in the Cloisters, a piece of which his younger daughter (afterward Mrs. Leslie Stephen) ventured to pick, without seeming to hear him call out, "Look out, Minnie, you'll have a proctor after you!"

On his return to London he sent me a characteristic little note with a sketch of a piece of the college plate in the postscript, and underneath it the words "How good that cyder-cup was!" On another occasion he dined with the Fellows of Lincoln, but, being a junior, I was not near him. He sat next to, and conversed most with, Mr. Neate, the member for the City of Oxford, who was unseated for what Thackeray called "a twopennyworth of bribery which he never committed," and whose place he himself attempted unsuccessfully to fill, in the Liberal interest, in 1857.

In the autumn of 1858 I went as an assistant-master to Eton, and from that time saw little of the novelist, excepting when I was spending part of the holidays in town, or when I occasionally recognized with pleasure his *cognita canities*, as he came along the streets, towering above every one else, stately and benevolent looking.

In the spring of 1859 shortly after I was engaged to be married, I was staying at Oxford, and received from him the following letter:—

May 6.

MY DEAR ST. JOHN: I thought all that hankering about Brompton meant something. I congratulate you with all my heart, and promise you my benediction and a teapot. What can I say more, but that I am yours and your wife's,

Affectionately always,

W. M. THACKERAY.

Am just out of bed, having been ill. Am going to work again immediately. Too busy to come to Oxford to see you billing and cooing.

Once when I was walking in London with the lady who afterward became my wife, he came suddenly upon us as we were looking in at the window of Lambert the jeweler. He immediately made us go in, and purchased for her on the spot a very handsome gold brooch. At this time he was living at 36, Onslow Square, next door to his friend the sculptor, Baron Marochetti, whose bust of the author stands in Poets' Corner. From time to time I dined with him at this house, and used to meet many celebrities. At one of these dinners, I remember there was "a noble dish" of Bouillabaisse. How touching in connection with the writer of them are the closing stanzas of the ballad that bears that title! At another, given not long after Macaulay's death, the conversation turning upon the historian, some one began to speak of him in depreciating language, when the host interposed, and would not allow it to go on. "He was a giant," I recollect his crying out. In my diary, for Jan. 5, 1860, I find this entry:—"Saw W. M. T. in bed this morning. He told me of the offer made him to continue Macaulay." Writing to me on December 5 of that year, he says: "There's something about Eton in my new story, in the introduction to one of the chapters." (It is in chapter II. of "The Adventures of Philip.") It only

says—I hope the name is spelled right—that “Keate was a thorough gentleman.” This I had on the word of three Eton men, who had been all fustigated by Dr. K.

One day, about this time, as I was walking up from Eton to Windsor, I met Provost Hawtrey returning from town, who stopped me and said, “I have just put down your name for the Athenæum, and your cousin will second you.”

It was extremely kind, as I had never said a word on the subject to either of them. When I came on for election fourteen years later, in 1874, both of these good men had been long dead, and I had to look out for a new proposer and second. Had it been otherwise, how greatly would the pleasure of visits to the Palladium, as it is called in the famous “Roundabout Papers”—strange to say on Club paper—have been enhanced by such companionship!

One other letter, addressed to Sir H. Davison, I give here. It belongs to the period when the success of the *Cornhill Magazine* had been assured under Thackeray's editorship. It has the ring of a most amusingly jubilant note of triumph:—

4 May.

How dy do, my dear old Davus? Read the *Cornhill Magazine* for May; the article Little Scholars is by my dear old fat Anny. She sends you her love, so does Minny. We're going out to drive. We've got two hosses in our carriage now. The Magazine goes on increasing, and how much do you think my next twelve months' earnings and receipts will be if I work? £10,000. Cockadoodloodloodle. We are going to spend 4000 in building a new house on Palace Green, Kensington. We have our health. We have brought Granny and G. P. to live at Brompton Crescent, close by us, and we are my dear old Davus's

Faithful,

W.M. A.I. & H.M. T.

Early in 1862 he moved into the beautiful house built in Queen Anne's style; but he was not destined to enjoy it long. I remember falling in with him in the International Exhibition of Art and Industry held in that year, on the site of what is now Cromwell Road. We walked through some of the courts together, and when we

came to one with a gorgeous dinner-table of prodigious length, sparkling with silver-gilt ornaments, and fit only for a banqueting-room in Windsor Castle or Chatsworth, he said, “Supposing you and I, St. John, sat down at either end and ordered each our mutton chop!”

On March 10th, 1863, on the occasion of the wedding of the Prince of Wales, I saw him, I think, for the last time.

It was on the platform of the Great Western Railway station at Windsor as the crowd of visitors, with their diamonds and court-dresses, looking somewhat ghastly in the broad daylight, was returning by special train to London. He seemed amused at the scene, and pointed out to me several personages of note.

On Christmas Eve of that year he died suddenly in the night, in his fifty-third year.

It is one of my chief regrets that I did not make more vigorous effort to see him oftener, in spite of the exigencies of work. That work, I feel now, would have been all the better had I done so. To treasure the priceless friendship of the wise and good, to make the very most of them while they are with us—that is the moral that I read in such a retrospect as this.

O lieb so lang du lieben kannst!

O lieb so lang du lieben magst!

Die Stunde kommt, die Stunde kommt

Wo du an Gräbern stehst und klagst.

In the earlier part of these reminiscences I quoted, as applicable to Thackeray, some words from Tacitus. The continuation of that passage well expresses the contrast between the relatively brief span of his life and the amount of work he crowded into it. “*Et ipse quidem quamquam medio in spatio integræ ætatis ereptus, quantum ad gloriam longissimum ævum peregit.*” Strange it is to think that if he were now alive he would still be but eighty-one, two years younger than Tennyson was when he died, and than Gladstone is now. But I remember his saying to me after finishing one of his books, “I have taken too many crops out of the brain.”—*Temple Bar*.

THE APOSTLES' CREED.

(A TRANSLATION AND INTRODUCTION.)

BY PROFESSOR HARNACK (WITH INTRODUCTION BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD).

DURING the past few months the attention of all those who are interested in questions of religious education has been strongly drawn to the controversy which has been going on, both within the London School Board and in the press which reports its proceedings, as to the nature of the "religion" taught by the Board under the Act of 1870, and as to the amount of correspondence which exists between what the Board teaches and what the parents of London school-children desire. Mr. Athelstan Riley and Mr. Meredith-Kitson, representing, as they maintain, a large body of orthodox opinion among the ratepayers, declare that what is called the "Compromise" of 1870 has been worked in London in the interests of unbelief; that the religious instruction given under the Board is either inadequate or definitely hostile to the main dogmas of Christianity; that a great number of religious parents are profoundly discontented, and that the time has come to put pressure on the Board to teach not only "religion" but "the Christian religion"—the Christian religion being defined as "that religion which includes as essential a belief in the Incarnation of the Son of God—that is to say, that Jesus Christ our Lord, born of the Virgin Mary, is both God and man;" or, again, the religion which is "explained in the Apostles' Creed."

The discussion, since the introduction of Mr. Athelstan Riley's first motion, has taken a varied and interesting course. It has been marked by the presentation of a memorial to the Board, in support of the existing state of things, drawn up by the veteran Dr. Martineau, and signed by a large number of persons of liberal opinions in London; by the immediate production of a counter-memorial, called by its friends "the Christian Memorial," in which the teaching of the Holy Trinity and the Incarnation in the religious instruction of the Board is demanded as the very minimum which the "Christian conscience" of the London ratepayer can accept; by the appearance of some notable letters, especially that in which

Lord Halifax—with the unconscious arrogance which belongs to the convictions which have "big battalions" behind them—denied, or those in which Dr. Martineau asserted, the right of such persons as do not accept the Incarnation to the "much-loved" Christian name; and, finally, by the suggestion on Dr. Martineau's part of an alteration in the existing system, by which, in every Board School, two sorts of religious teaching should be given, an "undogmatic" and a "dogmatic," of course by different teachers—a suggestion which, so far, has been received with favor by the orthodox side, and may be said, for the moment in which I write, to hold the field, whatever may be its ultimate fate.

Whether, therefore, we are to see the next School Board election "fought on the Apostles' Creed" is not yet apparent; but it is evident, from the present temper and composition of the majority in the School Board, that such a fate might at any moment overtake us, and that we may see the London ratepayer definitely asked to declare whether in his judgment the Christian religion includes as essential "a belief in the Incarnation of the Son of God—that is to say, that Jesus Christ our Lord, born of the Virgin Mary, is both God and man."

Now, curiously enough, we are not the only community which is agitated at the present moment as to the place of the Apostles' Creed and the doctrine of the Incarnation in religious teaching. Learned and religious Germany was last year shaken by a storm of controversy, excited by a pamphlet on the Apostles' Creed, written by Professor Harnack, one of the most eminent representatives—perhaps, taking into account his position at the great University of Berlin, his relation to theological study throughout the Empire, and the volume and variety of his published work, the most eminent representative—of German scientific theology at the present day, in response to a requisition addressed to him by certain students of the University. "In the course of the summer term (of

1892)," says Professor Harnack, "I was surprised by a question which was addressed to me by a group of students personally quite unknown to me, as to whether they, in conjunction with sympathizers from other 'Hochschulen,' should or should not address a petition to the 'Oberkirchenrath,' praying for the abolition" (in the conditions of ordination) "of the Apostles' Creed." The notorious case of a pastor deprived of his living for heresy—the Schrempf case—in which the principles of religious freedom seemed to be vitally concerned, had excited the demonstration. At the moment Professor Harnack happened to be lecturing on the church history of the nineteenth century, and to be especially concerned with the proceedings with regard to the Creed which took place at the German General Synod of 1846. He took the opportunity which these lectures gave him of dealing with the application of the students in detail. Then, having succeeded in calming down the rising agitation, he circulated a written summary of the main lines of his reply; and finally, to avoid misunderstanding, he published this summary as a pamphlet. Whereupon a tumult arose, of which the signs are everywhere apparent throughout the University and periodical literature of the moment. The Professor's pamphlet itself ran into numerous editions (the one now before me is the twenty-fifth); replies and counter-replies abounded. The Emperor, even, at a public dinner, could not refrain from touching on what was, for the time, in spite of Army Bills and Social Democracy, the chief topic of public interest; and as to what the final effect of the whole matter may be on German religious opinion, all one can say is that the end is not yet. The historical facts marshalled in the pamphlet seem to have been hardly touched by the long controversy. "The conclusions they represent," says Professor Harnack, "are hardly any of them the fruits of my own researches. They are the results of long-continued toil on the part of Protestant science as a whole—toil in which I have shared during the last twenty years." Broadly speaking, what may be called the younger theology of Germany has rallied with enthusiasm to the support of the pamphlet, eagerly endorsing its author's contention that "it is the privilege and sacred duty of Protestant

theologians, untrammelled by considerations of favor or disfavor, to labor toward a clear understanding of the Gospel, and openly to declare what, in their conviction, is truth, and what is not. It is also their duty to speak on behalf of those numerous members of the Evangelic churches who, being sincere Christians, feel themselves oppressed in conscience by many clauses of the Apostles' Creed, if they are called on to recite them as their own belief. More than one way is conceivable by which the difficulty now pressing on so many Christians might be removed, and, within the Protestant churches, love and common faith will certainly in time discover the right way. One method was tried in vain by the Protestant General Synod of 1846 (*i.e.* the omission of the Apostles' Creed from the Ordination Service, and the substitution for it of a new creed, from which the articles Virgin Birth, Ascension, and Resurrection of the body were left out as not essential to the faith). Another way—the optional *liturgical* use of the Apostles' Creed—has been already adopted by several Protestant national churches. Protestant theologians show a true appreciation of their office when they are employed in pointing out these and similar paths by which the various parties in the Church may be wrought to a mutual understanding and to the bearing of each other's burdens. 'No more is required of stewards but that they be found faithful.'"

What, then, in the opinion of "Protestant science"—that is to say, of that great movement of the German mind which, during the last half-century, has done so much to revolutionize the religious conceptions of Europe—is the Apostles' Creed—and what authority, historical or religious, can the Christian mind of to-day attribute to its various statements?

The answer—or partial answer—given to these questions by Dr. Harnack deserves to be read with the very greatest care. The detailed arguments of which it is so gentle and judicial a summary may be found in various other publications * of

* See (1) the article "Apostolisches Symbol" in Herzog's *Real-Encyklop.* 2nd ed. 1877. (2) "Vetustissimum ecclesie Romanæ symbolum e scriptis virorum Christianorum qui i. et ii. p. Chr. n. sæculo vixerunt illustratum," in Gebhardt's *Apostolische Väter*, i. 2, 1878.

the writer, mentioned in a note at the close of the German pamphlet, especially in his *Lehrbuch der Dogmengeschichte*, a great book, already largely read in England, and soon, I hope, to be adequately translated. Let me, however, repeat the Professor's assurance that they are not his arguments or his conclusions only; they are the arguments and conclusions of a great historical school, working under conditions of freedom and independence practically unknown to us in England. The very terseness and moderation with which they are stated is in itself evidence that the discussion to which they relate has reached a high point of maturity and common agreement.

One word more: I have spoken of Dr. Harnack's answer as "partial." No doubt, there are many points which it leaves untouched. It tells us what to think—historically—of the Virgin Birth and the Ascension. But it leaves us somewhat in the dark as to what the writer's own relation is toward other clauses in the Creed of greater importance. Clearly the "only Sonship" of Jesus Christ and his Resurrection *did* belong to the earliest tradition. But in these pregnant pages now before us Professor Harnack does not attempt to analyze their first meaning, nor the sense in which he to-day finds himself able to accept them. The reader must be referred to his own books, and to other sections of the great literature of which he is in some sense the official head. For myself, I would say that, if any person pondering these questions should feel the need of any statement with regard to the *first* or primitive stage of Christian belief and teaching as moderate and as convincing as this statement of Dr. Harnack's with regard to the *second* stage, now represented in the Apostles' Creed, let him turn to a book lately described in the language of an important memorial signed by some of the foremost scholars, classical, theological, and philosophical, in England and Scotland—among others, by the Oriel Professor of Interpretation of Scripture at Oxford, by the Principal of Glasgow University, and by the Oxford Latin Professor—as a work "thoroughly historical in spirit and critical in method, which will put students in a position to realize the best results of criticism of the New Testament in an historical form." "Since Baur's time," says the Oriel Pro-

fessor of Interpretation, "no such work has been produced. It is capable of regenerating English study." The book is *The Apostolic Age*,* by Karl Weizsäcker, the veteran professor, who, on Baur's death, some thirty years ago, succeeded to the famous chair held by that great pioneer in Tübingen University. It could not have been written in Baur's day; but it is the ripened fruit of seed sown by the Tübingen school. In its quiet pages, expressed with a terse simplicity and significance which almost conceals, except for those who have some initiation, the long effort of many minds which lies behind, any one who will, may find a picture of the first Christian reality, which throws a curious light on the interpretation of that "much-loved name" claimed by Lord Halifax and his friends, and incidentally on this whole School Board controversy. There one may see, moving and living once more under our eyes, the whole progress of that first missionary effort which, in the five years after the Crucifixion, covered Judæa with those earliest Christian congregations of which St. Paul speaks in his letter to the Galatians. The critic of to-day bids us turn our eyes from the legendary and misleading stories of the Acts to the evidence which the Gospels themselves contain. Here, in the account of the instructions to the Twelve and the Seventy—instructions which reflect the conditions and motives of the earliest missions, and have been then transferred within the Evangelic tradition, by a perfectly natural process, to the mouth and time of the Master himself—we come upon traces of the first moment; we see the first missionaries hurrying from city to city and house to house within the chosen nation, summoning the lost sheep of the house of Israel, proclaiming that the kingdom of Heaven is at hand, that Jesus the Crucified One is Messiah, is risen, and will return. They are poor, and they preach to the poor; they preach in haste, because the time is short and redemption nigh; they have loved and known, and therefore they believe; and for their faith, and for that of those to whom they speak, the Messianic hope and the religious conceptions common to all devout sons of Israel

* *Das apostolische Zeitalter der christlichen Kirche*, von Karl Weizsäcker. Freiburg im Breisgau, 1886. 2nd ed. 1891.

supply the fitting form which gives cohesion, which makes a "society" with common laws and a common faith possible. Jesus, the wonderful, the gracious, whom they trusted should have redeemed Israel, and whose words of moral kindling and spiritual renewal are in their ears and hearts—Jesus has been put to a shameful death. But from the apparent overthrow—by passionate reaction—the first theology of Christendom has arisen. The picture of the suffering servant of Jahveh, already, in all probability, close to the Master's thoughts and often in his speech during his last days, has been appropriated with the quick insight of grief, has become Messianic, and thereby the starting-point of a whole new world of thought, the charter of a new world-religion. But if Messiah suffers, he cannot be *holden* of death; and these earliest preachers show to their hearers how prophet and psalmist foretold both his humiliation and his glory, adding to the texts which, for teachers and taught alike, under the new light thrown upon them by events, define and prescribe the Resurrection faith, some first record, no doubt, of those impressions on the strained and yearning sense of the Galilean survivors which grew later into the various accounts of the bodily resurrection, but which, in their beginning, were the natural complement of three antecedents—the anguish of wounded affection, current beliefs as to a future life, and the Jewish mode of using the Jewish sacred books.

The Kingdom, then, is at hand—Jesus is Messiah, Jesus is risen, and Jesus will return. But there is more than this: there are conditions attached to membership in Messiah's Kingdom. "It was not enough to say that the Kingdom is at hand—not enough to quicken the universal expectation of the Jews; that expectation—that hope—was to be purified and shaped; it had to be shown *what the Kingdom was*. For this purpose no more was needed than the sayings of Jesus himself. In the Sermon on the Mount the Matthew-Gospel has put together the leading themes and motives of the infant movement in a writing—the nucleus of it is to be found also in Luke—which certainly belongs to the purest tradition of the words of Jesus. Here is the exhortation to put aside, to escape from the cares and desires of the earthly life, in order that

the soul may be free to give itself, whole and undivided, to the seeking of the Kingdom of God and His righteousness. Here also is the description—in its leading features as clearly genuine as the rest—of the nature of this Kingdom, which forms, indeed, the introduction to the whole. The eight beatitudes are the simplest and noblest expression of the entire Christian hope in these earliest days. Blessing and consolation, the mercy of God and the filling of the soul with His righteousness, to see God and to be called His children—that is, or will be, the Kingdom of Heaven; therewith are all its goods described, its whole nature exhausted."

A new consciousness of God, a new kindling of love to man, obtained through the preaching and personality of Jesus of Nazareth—this is what it meant to be a Christian in the days before Saul was converted, or the writer of the fourth Gospel had heard the story of Christ. This is what, through all the Christian centuries, it has always meant, whatever other meanings it has taken, or seemed to take, to itself in addition. And this is what it means to-day for thousands of men and women to whom Lord Halifax and the orthodox majority on the London School Board would deny the name of Christian. No; for these teachers of ours it is not enough to see in Jesus of Nazareth the historical Master of those who care for the things of the soul; it is not enough to go forth in the morning and lie down at night with his image in the heart; it is not enough to rise through the moral experience of life to a passionate resting upon, an intense self-association with, that perfectness of faith which was in him the ripe and fitting flower of a heavenly goodness, and will make him, while history lasts, the chief among many brethren; not enough to be so drawn on to the hope of eternal life. No; you must hold certain beliefs about him—beliefs sprung from the devout imaginings or the passing speculative needs of a bygone age: the Christian religion is "explained by the Apostles' Creed."

Well then—once more—what, in the judgment of "the best ecclesiastical historian now living," is the Apostles' Creed? *

MARY A. WARD.

* The words are Lord Acton's, and occur in his remarkable memorial sketch of Dr. Döllinger, in the *English Historical Review*, 1890.

THE APOSTLES' CREED HISTORICALLY
EXAMINED.

I.

When we trace the text of the Apostles' Creed back through our catechisms and other printed versions of it to the oldest of all, and back again through them to the manuscripts and to the writings of the later Fathers, we are brought up in the second half of the fifth century. Not only is it impossible to trace the text used in the present day by Catholics and Protestants alike further back than this, but there are strong reasons for believing that it did not exist as it now stands before the middle of the fifth century. About this time, however, we meet with this text of the Creed in the Church of Southern Gaul, and in this Church alone. Hence it follows—and this conclusion is now, so far as I know, universally accepted—that the *Apostles' Creed in its present form is the baptismal confession of the Church of Southern Gaul*, dating from the middle, or rather from the second half, of the fifth century. From Southern Gaul the Church carried the South-Gallican Creed into the kingdom of the Franks, and it spread with the expansion of this kingdom. The relations of the Carolingian kings with Rome brought it to the capital of the world (at least we have no authority for believing that this happened any earlier); it was adopted at Rome, and thence imposed upon all the countries of the West, so that from the ninth or tenth century onward it may also be called the *New-Roman Creed*—New-Roman because, as we shall see, there was also an Old-Roman one.

The Creed in question, however, at least from this time onward, professes to be much more than the Creed of a provincial Church; it claims, indeed, the very highest authority, professing to be "apostolic" in the strictest sense of the term—that is, composed by the Apostles themselves. This idea was then expressed in the belief that each Apostle had contributed one sentence. The common tradition ran thus, or nearly thus: "On the tenth day after the Ascension, when the disciples were gathered together for fear of the Jews, the Lord sent among them the Comforter whom he had promised [the Holy Ghost]. His presence kindled them as though by fire, and they were filled with

the understanding of tongues, and composed the Creed in the following order:—

Peter said: "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth,

Andrew: "And in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord,

James: "Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary,

John: "Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried;

Thomas: "He descended into Hell, the third day He rose again from the dead;

James: "He ascended into Heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God, the Father Almighty;

Philip: "From whence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

Bartholomew: "I believe in the Holy Ghost,

Matthew: "The Holy Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints,

Simon: "The forgiveness of sins,

Thaddeus: "The resurrection of the flesh,

Matthias: "And the life everlasting."

This conception of the origin of the Creed held its ground, so far as I know, unbroken and unopposed all through the Middle Ages and throughout the jurisdiction of the Roman Church; the Greek Church alone maintained that she knew nothing of an Apostolic Creed. It is easy to imagine what authority a Creed must have had to which such an origin was attributed! Unconsciously it came to be regarded on an equality with the Scriptures. When, therefore, shortly before the Reformation, Laurentius Valla came forward to challenge the traditional view, and even Erasmus expressed doubts, it seemed as though a terrible blow had been struck, which threatened to destroy the Christian faith. There has never been a more critical moment in the history of the Creed. Had not the whole of Western Christendom, clergy and laity alike, been taught that the Creed had been composed by the Apostles in the manner already quoted, and should it now be said that the Church had been under a delusion all these centuries? It was indeed a serious shock to faith, a shock hardly to be borne. The doubts of Erasmus were censured by the Theological Faculty of Paris. They ap-

pealed to the tradition, which Erasmus appeared not to know: "Hæc nescientia impietati deserviens scandalose proponitur," they cried to the scholar. And at first Protestants also stepped forward to vouch for the truth of the threatened tradition. Soon, however, opinion changed in their ranks, and they courageously gave up the traditional view in obedience to the overwhelming historical evidence. The Catholics followed slowly. The *Catechismus Romanus* holds fast the Apostolic authorship of the Creed, but it maintains no longer as certain that each Apostle contributed a sentence. In the Evangelical Churches the Creed has altogether ceased to be held sacred on the ground of its origin. Yet these churches have maintained themselves. They have survived this revolution of thought, as they have so many others arising from an improved knowledge of history, which have obliged them to relinquish the form for the substance, external authority for inner contempt, the letter for the spirit.

II.

But how did the confession of a provincial Church, the Creed of Southern Gaul (for such we have seen the Apostles' Creed was), attain the honor of a legend which declared it to have been composed sentence for sentence by the Apostles, so that, armed with this tradition, it procured acceptance throughout the Roman Church?

This fact would have been simply inexplicable, had not this very legend been attributed in earlier times to another and more important Creed, and carried over thence to the Gallic confession.

During the period between c. 250 and c. 460, and probably still later, the Roman Church used in her services a Creed which she held in the highest honor; to which she would allow no additions to be made, which she believed to be directly descended from the twelve Apostles in the form in which she possessed it, and whereof she conceived that Peter had brought it to Rome. We find this confession in a number of manuscripts, so that we are able to render it, with almost perfect certainty, in the words in which it once ran, namely these:—

"I believe in God, the Father Almighty, and in Jesus Christ the only begotten Son, our Lord, who was born of the Holy Ghost and the Virgin Mary,

crucified and buried under Pontius Pilate, who rose on the third day from the dead, and ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of the Father, from whence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead, and in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Church, the forgiveness of sins and the resurrection of the flesh."

Rufinus and Ambrose, writing at the end of the fourth century, tell us that this Creed was composed by the Apostles; nay, one may even perhaps conclude that the story which attributes a single sentence to each of the twelve was already known in the time of Ambrose, since he declares it to be divided into twelve clauses. Rufinus, however, writing a little later, knows nothing of this story, but only mentions the *joint* composition of the Creed by the Apostles which took place soon after Pentecost, before they separated upon their mission to the world. But the point whether each Apostle was conceived as individually contributing a sentence, or as concerned in some other way in its joint composition, is a matter of small importance. The belief that it was as a whole composed by the Apostles stood firm, issuing, indeed, as Rufinus says, "ex traditione majorum." In any case, such was the dominant belief in Rome at the beginning of the fourth century, possibly already in the third century. The consequence was that every word in the Creed was guarded with the most anxious care. "If," says Ambrose, "it is not even allowed us to take anything from or add anything to the writings of *one* Apostle, we may certainly not take anything from or add anything to the Creed, which we accept as having been composed and handed down to us by *all* the Apostles. For such is in truth the Creed which the Roman Church possesses—that Church over which Peter, the chief of the Apostles, presided, and whither he brought the 'common belief' (*communem sententiam*)."

This idea, however, concerning its baptismal confession held by the Roman Church cannot be as old as the confession itself. This is abundantly evident from the fact that the other Western Churches (from the end of the second century to the ninth, and still later) possessed Creeds of their own, all of which indeed show themselves to be descended from the Old-Roman Creed, but which differ from the latter by

the admission of more or less numerous additions. We are now acquainted with a very large number of old Western Creeds, such as those of Carthage, Africa, Ravenna, Milan, Aquileia, Sardinia, Spain, Gaul, Ireland, and other places. They may all, without exception, be deduced from the Old-Roman Creed; but hardly one of them repeats that Creed word for word: on the contrary, they allow themselves to make modifications and transpositions, and often very considerable additions. (We cannot trace omissions, at least not with certainty.) Such liberties would be inconceivable if these Churches had received from Rome, together with the Creed, the legend that it had been word for word composed by the Apostles, and that its actual text was therefore sacred. How, for instance, would it have been possible for the African Church to render the third article thus: "I believe in the remission of sins, the resurrection of the flesh, and life everlasting *through the holy Church*," if a different wording from this had come down to her as *Apostolic*? How could we explain the numerous additions if these Churches regarded the Creed in the same light as Ambrose—that is, as Apostolic, and therefore to be held verbally sacred and inviolate?

The conception of the strictly Apostolic origin of the baptismal confession was therefore a *Roman innovation*, which must be dated later than the time when the Gospel, and with it the Creed, was carried forth from Rome into the provinces of the empire. This we learn from the provincial confessions. Moreover, they teach us that a certain elasticity of Creed-formation prevailed for centuries throughout all the provinces of the Western Church. The Roman confession was in all cases the foundation-stone. But on this foundation each individual Church built up an independent confession according to her special needs. In the Aquileian Creed, for instance, we find the words "the invisible and invulnerable" appended to the first clause, "God the Father Almighty," and so forth. This furnishes us with a new standard by which to measure the influence of Rome within the Western Church. The Creed of the city of Rome governed the whole Creed-formation of the West, but as yet there was no anxious enforcement of the letter outside the walls of Rome. While the Church of Rome,

within her own border, was jealously guarding the text of her baptismal confession, and elaborating, by way of safeguard, the legend of the Apostolic origin of the Creed, she suffered alterations to be made in it all over the provinces. How she regarded these alterations we do not know. But we do know that Rome was the first to invest what was originally the testimony and expression of the Church's faith with the strict authority of law, and to throw into shape the deliberate legend of its Apostolic origin.

There is yet more to learn from a comparison of the provincial Creeds with the Old Roman confession. On direct lines it is impossible to trace the date of the latter Creed further back than the second half of the third century at earliest. But the fact that all the Western provincial Creeds are evidently offshoots of the Roman demands that we should go back almost a century more. If the African Church had already in the time of Tertullian (c. 200 A.D.) a fixed baptismal formula of her own, and if this was, as it is impossible to doubt, a later recension of the Roman Creed, the latter itself cannot have come into existence later than the middle of the second century. This result, at which we arrive by external evidence, is, moreover, confirmed by a closer examination of the *contents* of the Old-Roman confession. This examination renders it highly probable that the Creed arose about the middle of the second century, while on the other hand it forbids us to carry the date of its composition appreciably further back. We may regard it as an assured result of research that the Old-Roman Creed, the text of which has been given above, came into existence about, or shortly before, the middle of the second century. It was composed in Rome itself (for if it had been brought to Rome from the Eastern Church we should expect to find more authentic traces of it in the East than we actually know of; and, moreover, it is not even certain that a similar or indeed any complete and fixed baptismal confession existed in the East in the second century, though in any case the Eastern rules of faith were closely related to the Roman Creed), and in Rome it did not at first count as *Apostolic* in any strict sense. On the contrary, the legend of its Apostolic origin most probably sprang up some time afterward in Rome,

between 250 and 330 A.D., after the Creed had spread over the Western provinces. It arose out of the older supposition that the doctrinal tradition of the Church in general, together with its fundamental institutions, goes back to the Apostles. Originally this "handing down" was more loosely conceived. Whether, however, already by the time of Irenæus a closer relation between the Apostles and the baptismal confession was not assumed, has still to be investigated.

III.

It will now be possible to connect the statement which we made in our first section with the conclusion which we have established in our last. The Apostolic Creed which we use at the present day, and which we have seen to be the Creed of Southern Gaul in the second half of the fifth century, is one of the later recensions of the Old-Roman symbol. It differs from the latter—to say nothing of minor stylistic differences—in the following important additions and amplifications: (1) "Maker of heaven and earth;" (2) "Conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary," instead of "born of the Holy Ghost and the Virgin Mary;" (3) "Suffered;" (4) "Died;" (5) "He descended into hell;" (6) "Catholic," as an addition to "the Holy Church;" (7) "The Communion of Saints," and (8) "Everlasting life." All these additions, indeed, one alone excepted (the "Communion of Saints"), are to be found long before 500 A.D., one here and another there, in other baptismal confessions and in the tradition of the Church—only not in this order. Still we have not yet solved the problem how it came about that the Roman Church gave up her old Creed in the eighth or ninth (possibly even the tenth) century in exchange for the younger confession of Gaul, when it has been clearly proved that up till the fifth century she valued it above everything else and would not suffer the slightest alteration to be made in it. Though the obscurity enveloping this exchange has not yet been cleared away, it has been lightened to a considerable extent. From the last third of the fifth century onward, large numbers of Arian Christians poured into Rome, and in a short time became the lords of Italy and of her capital. We may take it for granted that, in opposition to these

Arian heretics, the Roman Church decided to give up the use of her ancient Creed at baptisms and to adopt for this purpose the Nicene or Constantinopolitan Creed in order to express from the first, and through this sacred function, her hostility toward Arianism. For the Old-Roman Creed, as any one may easily convince himself, is neutral with regard to the opposition between orthodoxy and Arianism. An Arian can perfectly well recite it, for he does not deny that Christ is "the only Son of God," but, on the contrary, maintains it, together with all the other statements which are combined in the Creed. And so, in order to confess the orthodox Nicene doctrine at baptism, and thus definitely to separate herself from the Arian Ostrogoths, and, later on, from the equally Arian Lombards, the Church of Rome dropped the use of her old Creed in the liturgy from the end of the fifth century. At the same time it is quite possible that the hostility to Arianism had nothing to do with the change of Creeds, but that Rome went over to the Creed of Constantinople in the sixth century (or rather toward the end of the sixth century), because she was at this time in a position of general dependence on the Byzantine Empire.

Whether the exchange cost many struggles, or how it was brought about, we do not know; all that is known to us is the fact itself. But when once the Old-Roman Creed had been banished from use in the liturgy, it seems to have gradually sunk into oblivion, even in Rome itself. For some two or three hundred years Rome used the Creed of Constantinople in the baptismal service. That is a long time—long enough to make it clear to us why the old Creed disappeared from memory; for in those days nothing maintained itself in the life of the Church which was not used in her ritual. The written liturgies were the depositaries both of the ritual and ecclesiastical tradition. It still remains, however, a very remarkable fact that even such an exacting legend as that concerning the origin of the Creed should not have been powerful enough to protect it permanently, or to preserve it from overthrow. Only in obscure corners of the Christian tradition has the Old-Roman Creed been rediscovered in the seventeenth century and in our own day; in the great main tradition of the Christian Church it

has disappeared almost without a trace, above all in Rome itself.

With the second half of the eighth century came a change in the internal and external relations of Rome. The bond with Constantinople was loosened—nay, almost severed—Arianism was dying out. There was no longer any danger to be apprehended from this quarter, and so a Creed which was specially directed against it was no longer needed. On the other hand, very close relations had sprung up between Rome, the Roman Church, and the Franks. The latter had been Catholic for centuries, and under Charlemagne they made themselves masters of Rome. The Pope and his Church became absolutely dependent on the great Frankish king; and it must have been then, or a little later, that a second exchange took place in the Roman Church. She dropped the use of the Byzantine Creed at baptism, and went back to a shorter confession. Not to her old one, however—that had disappeared from her ken—but to the Gallic confession, which had now become the Creed of the Franks. She adopted this creed; and straightway the most surprising thing happened: without more ado she transferred the legend of the strictly Apostolic origin of the baptismal confession, which, as we know, referred to the Old-Roman Creed, and is to be found in the writings of Ambrose, Rufinus, and others, to its offspring, the Gallic Creed, which had never before laid claim to such an origin, a transference which called for a fresh division of its articles among the twelve Apostles, as it contained more clauses than the Old-Roman Creed.

Such are the strange vagaries of history! The Roman Church gives her old Creed to Gaul. There in the course of time it becomes enlarged. In the meantime the Church of Rome builds up the legend of the strictly Apostolic origin of her unchanged Creed. Then, under the pressure of outward circumstances, she lets it drop after all, and it ceases to exist. Meanwhile its child, the Creed of Gaul, presses forward into the land of the Franks and there wins for itself the supreme place. The kingdom of the Franks becomes the world-kingdom and the master of Rome. From it Rome receives her old Creed back again, but in an enlarged form; she accepts the gift, invests the

new form with Roman authority, and crowns the child-Creed with the glory of its mother by transferring to it the legend of strict Apostolic origin.

The most interesting point in these historical transactions is the importance of the kingdom of the Franks for the Roman Church of the Carolingian time. There is perhaps no other instance in which this importance comes out so forcibly and so effectively. The kingdom of Charlemagne gave Rome her Creed. Nay, it also gave Rome, and through Rome the whole of Western Europe, a second Creed, the so-called Creed of St. Athanasius. Thus *two* of the so-called *ecumenical Creeds* are really Gallic or, rather, Frankish. Perhaps we may, however, be allowed to assume (having no positive knowledge on the subject) that the Roman Church would not have so readily adopted the Frankish Creed as her baptismal confession if she had not recognized it as an old friend. It is, indeed, probable that there was still enough historical tradition alive in Rome to make the Frankish confession remind people of Rome's own ancient and once highly honored Creed. The differences were overlooked, or not held worth considering. Thus the legend which shed a glory over the old Creed was revived on behalf of the new, and became once more and for long a power in the Church, till it was overthrown in the time of the Renaissance and the Reformation.

IV.

After its readoption, we should expect the text of the Creed to have been watched over with the most scrupulous care in the Middle Ages. And in general this was indeed the case; but small deviations are not wanting to prove to us that a living Church will not cling rigidly to words if she can find better, or if from the words she has she can derive no certain meaning. So it happens that in a few medieval formulas the words "He descended into hell" are left out. Further, the immediate proximity of the two clauses "Holy Church" and "the Communion of Saints" aroused perplexity. Therefore, in some formulas they both melt into one, or the second clause receives additions. We find "Christendom" instead of "Church;" in some cases even the word "Catholic"

is left out,* or "Christian," in the sense of "faithful" or "believing," substituted for it. This last alteration is important, because Luther and the Lutheran Church adopted it. They wrote "a holy Christian Church" in the German Creed for "sanctam ecclesiam catholicam."

We find additions to the Creed in many mediæval versions, sometimes taken from the Byzantine Creed, and sometimes free inventions. "Especially does the need assert itself of setting forth the *life* of Christ on earth in its *historical* features—a need we trace but rarely in the early Church."† After Bernard of Clairvaux and Francis of Assisi had held up the image of the historical Christ—his poverty and humility, his love and sorrow—before the eyes of the soul, we can indeed well understand how it was that the few facts given in the Creed were no longer sufficient. How far, however, the attempt to discern the historical Christ so conceived in the Creed influenced the exposition, even the form of the Creed itself, in the Middle Ages, is a point which has still to be worked out.

V.

So far, we have attempted to describe the origin of the Apostles' Creed and the main outlines of its external history up to the Reformation. Not taking into consideration the eight additions given above or the Lutheran substitution of "Christian" for "Catholic," we may safely say that the Creed dates from the *post-apostolic* age and from Rome, the mother-Church of the West. The author of it is unknown. The purposes for which it was composed can be determined with certainty from our knowledge of its uses: it sprang out of the missionizing and catechizing function of the Church, and was originally merely the confession to be used at baptism ("ter mergitaur, *amplius aliquid respondentem* quam Dominus in evangelio determinavit"). The opinion of the older scholars that the Creed represents a gradual deposit from rules of faith drawn up in opposition to Gnosticism, and that it has therefore a polemical origin, is untenable. On the contrary, the reverse is true. The various anti-Gnostic rules of faith

presuppose a short, settled, formulated creed, and this must in the second century have been the Old-Roman Creed. It dates from the time before the bitter struggle with heresy had begun, or, at any rate, it takes no notice of the struggle.

A Creed as old as this, which is only removed by one or two generations from the Apostolic age, and which has become either directly or indirectly the root of all the other Creeds in Christendom, claims at our hands that we should carefully endeavor to ascertain both its original meaning, whether in general or in detail, and also its relation to the earliest preaching of the Gospel. Even if, according to the universally recognized principles of the Protestant Church, we cannot impute to it any *independent* authority, and still less an infallible one, and even if, in spite of its great antiquity, it dates from a period which gave birth to much that the Church of the Reformation has rejected, nevertheless the question, "What was actually professed and stated in the Creed?" deserves the closest investigation.

At first sight this question seems very easy to answer. A large number of its sentences can be verbally paralleled from the older Christian tradition behind it, and the confession, as a whole, appears to us so simple and so transparent that it needs no explanation. But if we look closer and compare it with the Christian theology current in the age in which it arose, we shall find that much of it takes another aspect.

The Creed is the *baptismal formula enlarged*; a true understanding of it must start from this point. Accordingly, it is in three parts, like its prototype. The splitting up into twelve sections is manifestly an artificial device of later times in conflict with the whole drift of the Creed. The expansion was so contrived as to describe more closely the three members of the baptismal formula—"Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." The Christian community felt the need of plainly defining them so as to confess before all men what she possessed in them, and through her faith in them.

Perfect testimony to the faith of the Church, and one which no other expression could replace, is contained in the words of the first clause: "I believe in God the *Father* Almighty" (or, perhaps, "God the Almighty Father"). It is true

* Cf. Hahn, *Bibliothek der Symbole*, 2nd edit. § 54, 57-59.

† Von Zeschwitz, *Katechetik*, II. i. p. 127.

that if we examine the contemporary ecclesiastical literature we no longer find in it the full evangelical understanding of the name "Father:" as a rule, when the authors of it call God "Father," they only think of him as the Father of the Universe. The expression itself is not even frequent with them. God is generally called "The Lord" (*δς πότης*) or the "Creator." It is all the more welcome that we do find it in the Creed. Even though the author himself did not probably attribute the same meaning to the word as it bears in Matthew xi. 25 ff., Romans viii. 15, he does not stand in the way of such a meaning. In any case, the early Church soon lost sight of this primitive meaning. It appears from time to time in commentaries on the Lord's Prayer (for instance, in Tertullian and Origen), but in the exposition of the Creeds we seek for it almost in vain.

Equally simple and strong, evangelical and apostolic, is the amplification of the second clause—"Christ Jesus, His only Son, our Lord." Here we have in close connection the two decisive titles of Jesus Christ which embrace all that the Gospels say about his nature. Out of all the definitions given in the Christian preaching of the primitive time, the two which are most comprehensive have been chosen. Whether in the placing of "Christ" before "Jesus" we have a reminiscence of the fact that *Christus* = "Messiah," we cannot say. "Only Son" is an epithet only found in the Gospel according to St. John; but we find the *substance* of the expression in Matthew and Luke as well (Matthew xi. 27 ff., Luke x. 22 ff.), and the primitive tradition unanimously attests it. Jesus Christ is not only a Son of God, but "the Son," which means the *only* Son.

We must understand the word "Lord" in the pregnant sense in which it was understood by the first communities. Not only has Luther, who, in his Greater Catechism, has included the exposition of the whole second clause under the exposition of the word "Lord," seized what is the right idea catechetically, but in his own way he has restored the original meaning of the Creed: "This is the summing-up of this article, that the little word 'Lord' cannot at the simplest mean less than a Redeemer—that is, one who has brought us from the devil to God, from death to

life, from sin to righteousness, and who makes us to abide therein."

Still, however, we require an explanation of the term "*only* Son." After Nicaea, these words came to be unanimously believed by the Church to refer to the prehistoric and eternal Sonship of Christ, and every other interpretation was regarded as heretical. So Luther also interprets them, "Very God, born from everlasting of the Father." But to transfer this conception to the Creed is to transform it. It cannot be proved that, about the middle of the second century, the idea "only Son" was understood in this sense; on the contrary, the evidence of history conclusively shows that it was not so understood. Wherever Jesus Christ was called "Son," and whenever his birth was mentioned, the thought of that time went back to the historical Christ and to his earthly appearance; the "Son" is the Jesus Christ of history. Speculative Christian apologists and Gnostic theologians were the first to understand the word differently and to discern in it the relation of the prehistoric Christ to God. Later still, the whole doctrine of the double nature was infused into the words: "the only Son" was taken as describing the divine nature, and only in what follows was the human nature made manifest. It was some time, however, before this exposition won a footing in the Church, thenceforward to become the universal interpretation, and to supersede the older one. Whoever, therefore, insists on finding the idea of "eternal Sonship" in the Old-Roman Creed reads into it a meaning other than that it originally bore. Nevertheless, after the third century, every one who stood by the original meaning of the Creed and refused to cede to the new interpretation was dubbed a heretic.

The Creed was not content to bear witness to Christ as the "only Son, our Lord," but added five (or six?) sentences, viz. "Who was born of the Holy Ghost and the Virgin Mary; crucified and buried under Pontius Pilate; on the third day He rose again from the dead; ascended into heaven; and seated Himself at the right hand of the Father, whence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead."

What was precisely meant by these sentences? Some have thought that they were especially designed to proclaim the fulfilment of Old Testament prophecy, just as the apostle Paul writes in the First Epis-

tle to the Corinthians, xv. 3 ff. : "For I have delivered unto you that which also I received, how that Christ died for our sins *according to the Scriptures*, and that he was buried and rose again on the third day *according to the Scriptures*." But if this had been the object of the writer, we should be able to trace it more distinctly. In reality it is nowhere indicated. Others are of opinion that the writer wished to insist upon the most important separate facts of salvation. This conception comes nearest to the truth, but we cannot, all the same, accept it in this form, for it introduces something which was in reality foreign to the primitive faith. In the thought of that age Jesus Christ was the Redeemer, and his whole life-work a work of redemption ; but the idea of the stringing together of a particular number of separate salvation-facts, each of them representing a special benefit, was quite strange to it. If at this point in the Creed we had only "Who was crucified for our sins, and rose again on the third day," and nothing else, we should certainly conclude that special prominence was given to these events as facts of salvation (as by Paul), but, in view of the whole series of statements, it is impossible to come to any other conclusion than that the Creed was intended to give an *historical account* of the Lord, the Son of God. The main facts of his life, a life which distinguished him from all other beings, were here to be set forth. *What* he is is attested by the introduction—"The only Son of God, our Lord ;" his *history* (the history, that is, of the Redeemer) is declared in the statements which follow.

These selected statements coincide in the main with the *original* preaching of the gospel. Nevertheless, they are no longer in entire agreement with it. If the Creed had only the following : "Who was crucified and buried under Pontius Pilate, and rose again on the third day from the dead, and sitteth on the right hand of the Father, from whence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead," there would be no difference between the two ; but it is one of the best established results of history that the clause "born of the Holy Ghost and the Virgin Mary" *does not belong to the earliest Gospel preaching*, and for these reasons : (1) It is wanting in all the Epistles of St. Paul, and, moreover, in all the Epistles of the New

Testament. (2) It is not to be found in the Gospel of Mark, nor, for certain, in that according to John. (3) It was not included in the original material of Matthew and Luke, and in the sources common to both. (4) The genealogies of Jesus contained in both these Gospels go back to Joseph, and not to Mary. (5) All four Gospels bear witness, two of them directly and two indirectly that *the first proclamation of Jesus as Messiah dated from his baptism*. It is as certain that the birth of Jesus "of the Holy Ghost and the Virgin Mary" had no place in the first preaching as it is that by the middle, or probably even soon after the beginning, of the second century, this belief had become an *established* part of the Church tradition. The oldest preaching started from Jesus Christ, Son of David according to the flesh, Son of God according to the spirit (Romans i. 3 ff.), or, rather, from the baptism of Christ by John, and the descent of the Spirit upon him. Compared, therefore, with the first preaching, the omission from the Apostles' Creed of the Davidic Sonship, the baptism, and the descent of the Spirit upon Jesus, and the substitution for these of the birth "from the Holy Ghost and the Virgin Mary" is an innovation, which of itself proves that the Creed does not belong to the earliest time any more than the Gospels of Matthew and Luke represent the earliest stage of evangelic history. Not long after the composition of the Creed, the Church further demanded that the *perpetual* virginity of Mary should be understood as implied in the epithet "Virgin." This interpretation, however, has been rejected by the Protestant Churches.

There is another deviation from the oldest teaching, which is not so important, but which ought not to be overlooked, in spite of the difficulty of an exact appreciation—I mean the special prominence given to the Ascension. In the primitive tradition the Ascension had no separate place. However, it is not quite certain that the writer of the Creed so conceived it, or that he did not rather intend to describe one single action by the three words, "risen," "ascended," "sitting." In the first Epistle to the Corinthians (xv. 3 ff.), in the letters of Clement, Ignatius, and Polycarp, and in the *Shepherd* of Hermas, the Ascension is not mentioned at all. But *it is also wanting in the first*

three Gospels. What we now read there on the subject are later additions, proved to be such by the history of the text. In some of the oldest accounts the resurrection and the sitting at the right hand of God are taken as parts of the same act, without mention of any ascension. In the Epistle of Barnabas both resurrection and ascension happen in one day, and only the Acts of the Apostles, in the New Testament, tell us that forty days elapsed between the two. Other ancient witnesses give us yet a different story, and make the interval eighteen months. It follows from this fluctuation of opinion, which lasted a long time, that in the earliest teaching one single fact was described in different words and that the differentiation of it into several acts was the work of a later time. Such a differentiation is, however, no small matter; for it tends to give each point in and for itself a special significance, and so to weaken the importance of the main point. On the other hand, the clause "risen from the dead" required to be supplemented, for it was not enough to believe in his merely coming back to life, but men were also to believe in his being raised to power and dominion in heaven and earth. And this demand was expressed in the primitive teaching *either* by the belief in the Ascension *or* by the belief in Christ's sitting at the right hand of God.

The third part of the baptismal formula, "I believe in the Holy Ghost," is supplemented, not by way of personal definition, like the first two, but by way of material addition—by the three items, "Holy Church," "Forgiveness of sins," "Resurrection of the Flesh." It looks, therefore, as though the writer of the Creed did not conceive the Holy Ghost as a *Person*, but as a *Power* and *Gift*. This is, indeed, literally the case. No proof can be shown that about the middle of the second century the Holy Ghost was believed in as a Person. This conception, on the contrary, is one of much later date, which was still unknown to most Christians by the middle of the fourth century. Thenceforward, in connection with Nicene orthodoxy, it made good its footing in the Church. It sprang from the scientific Greek theology of the day; for it cannot be shown that the (real or apparent) personification of the Holy Ghost in John's Gospel as the "Comforter" influenced the

matter. Whoever, therefore, introduces the doctrine of the Three Persons of the Godhead into the Creed, explains it contrary to its original meaning, and alters its true sense. Such an alteration was, of course, demanded of all Christians, from the end of the fourth century onward, if they did not wish to expose themselves to the charge of heresy and its penalties.

In the Creed the Holy Ghost is conceived of as a *gift*, but as a gift by which the Divine life is offered to the believer; for the Spirit of God is God Himself. (In this sense there was never any doubt concerning the personal nature of the Spirit.) Three *goods* or blessings are added—which, however, are only developments of the *one* gift—and here the Creed gives full and faithful expression to the Apostolic teaching. They are "Holy Church," "Forgiveness of Sins," and "Resurrection of the Flesh." Everything that is contained in and created by the belief in Jesus Christ is included in these words—the community redeemed by Christ, endowed with the Holy Spirit, and therefore herself holy, which has her citizenship in heaven, but already possesses the Holy Ghost here on earth; the renewing of the individual through the remission of sins, and the resurrection from the dead. Nevertheless, it is as certain that the *form* of the last clause is neither Pauline nor Johannine as it is that the three clauses embrace the whole content of the evangelic offer. Paul writes (1 Corinthians, xv. 50): "Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption;" and in the Gospel of John we have (vi. 63): "It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing." In her conception, therefore, of the resurrection and the life everlasting, as the "resurrection of the flesh," the post-apostolic Church overstepped the line commonly observed in the oldest preaching. We can hardly doubt that from the very earliest times the resurrection of the flesh was preached by a few Christians, but it was *not* a universal doctrine. Moreover, many witnesses of the primitive time speak simply of "resurrection," or "life everlasting," instead of "resurrection of the body." On the other hand, when the Church had soon after to enter the lists against Gnosticism, she insisted upon the *bodily* resurrection, so as not to lose the

resurrection altogether. But, however comprehensible this may be (and in the conflicts of those days no other formula would seem to have sufficed), the recognition of the fact that the Church was at the moment in a position of great need does not make the formula itself legitimate.

Hitherto we have been examining the text of the Old-Roman Creed, and ignoring the eight additional sentences in the Gallican or New-Roman Confession (our present Apostles' Creed), which we have already recorded. Five of them do not require any discussion, for they are obviously nothing more than amplifications. That "suffered" is placed before "crucified," "dead" before "buried," and "life everlasting" after "the resurrection of the body"—that God the Father Almighty is described as "Creator of heaven and earth;" and, finally, that "conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary" is substituted in place of "born of the Holy Ghost and the Virgin Mary," makes no change in the material contents and in the real meaning of the old Creed. The most that can be said is that the last clause represents an elaboration which the old Creed avoided out of justifiable reticence. The case is different with the three yet remaining additions—namely, "descended into hell," "Catholic Church," and "community of saints."

The phrase "descendit ad inferna (inferos)," appears, as far as I know, for the first time in the baptismal confession of the Church of Aquileia, and then in the Irish, Gallican, and other Creeds. Its first appearance in the East is in the formula of the Fourth Synod of Sirmium, in the year 359. It does not exist in the Nicene and Byzantine Creeds, but in writings as early as the second century, and in both orthodox and heretical authors, we come across the belief that Christ—before him John the Baptist, and after him the Apostles—descended into the under-world and preached there. Whether the passage in the First Epistle of Peter, iii. 19, afforded a starting-point for all these stories we do not know. As soon as the clause appears in the Creeds—that is, from the second half of the fourth century onward—it is explained with the rest by the commentators. But the explanations vary a good deal. As far as I know, scarcely any one in antiquity thought of "hell" in this connection, but of the under-world—

Hades—the domain of the dead. Some of them simply explain the words as a complement to the phrase "buried," and only think of them as meaning that the Lord did in reality descend into the place of the dead. Others follow the lead of the First Epistle of Peter, and speak of a preaching of Christ in the under-world and of the release of the Old Testament saints from Hades. The explanation given by Luther in a sermon, and prescribed by the "Formula Concordiæ," the words of which are, "We believe implicitly that after burial the whole Person, both God and man, descended into hell, and there overcame the devil, destroyed the power of hell and deprived the devil of his dominion," is not to be found in the old commentators—indeed, is strictly excluded by almost all of them. The clause is too weak to maintain its ground beside the others as equally independent and authoritative, and on this account one cannot but hold that it was rightly omitted from the Creeds of the Church before Constantine, whichever interpretation—Luther's curious paraphrase among the rest—one may prefer.

The addition of "Catholic" to the phrase "holy Church" was abolished by the Protestant Churches of Germany and replaced by "Christian." On this occasion, therefore, there is no need for me to deal with it. Nevertheless, as it remained in the Latin text (see, for instance, Luther's Great and Little Catechisms), it calls for a few words of explanation. The description of the Church as "Catholic" is a very old one in ecclesiastical literature, at least as old as the Old-Roman creed, and it first appears in the East. Originally it meant nothing more than the "universal" Church, the whole Christian community called of God on earth. The idea of applying it to the concrete, visible Church, was not yet thought of. Consequently, if the word had been taken up into the Old-Roman Creed, we should have to understand it there in this first sense. But after the end of the second and the beginning of the third century, the word "Catholic" took a second meaning, which gradually came to be regarded in the West as of equal authority with the first. It described the visible, *orthodox* Churches which, under definite organization, had grouped themselves round the Apostolic foundations, and especially round Rome,

as distinguished from the heretical communities. It was in Africa in particular (and in Africa by Cyprian) that the idea was developed in this direction. And so, after the word "Catholic" had been incorporated in the Latin Creeds from the third century onward (it did not become thoroughly established in the Creeds till the fifth century), we are obliged to construe it there in the sense described—naturally also in our Apostles' Creed. But in this case it is evident that the Church of the Reformation could not consent to retain an epithet which was to be thus interpreted. Either she must interpret it differently, or else do away with it altogether. The first alternative was adopted with regard to the Latin text. Luther, however, by his substitution of "Christian" in the German text, went back to the oldest sense of the word, disregarding its meaning in the Creed.

The most perplexing of all, in respect of origin and primitive meaning, is the addition "community of Saints." It has been supposed that this idea was connected with the clause "He descended into Hell," by the former, it is suggested, was meant the community of saints in heaven; by the latter, the community of the righteous of the Old Testament, who had been redeemed from Hades. But this combination is artificial, and, if it ever existed, late. We must look at the phrase in itself. It does not occur at all on Greek ground. If it were literally translated into Greek, it would mean common rights in sacred things—that is to say, common rights in worship, and above all in the Holy Eucharist. It is a purely Latin formation, and, moreover, we do not meet with it in ecclesiastical Latin literature before the time of Augustine and the Donatist dispute. (In the Creeds, also, it is not to be found earlier.) Here, however (in the Donatist dispute), it appears as a leading idea, about which there was much difference of opinion. Augustine and his adversaries both take it to mean the "Community of the true saints or believers on earth," but they are disagreed as to the relation between this community and the existing Catholic Church. (For Augustine it is one of essential identity.) Consequently, when this conception appears for the first time in the Creed, we should expect it to be understood there as a more exact explanation of the phrase

"Holy Catholic Church" as "the communion of saints, *which is the Catholic Church.*" If this were so, we should have here the rare instance of an addition being made to the baptismal confession in consequence of an ecclesiastical dispute. But the oldest commentators on the Creed do not explain the expression after it has penetrated into the confessions of Gaul, in the Augustinian, anti-Donatist sense, but take it to mean "communion with the saints perfected," or "*of the saints perfected.*" We must even go a step further. In all probability, not only is the oldest exposition of the Creed in which the expression occurs that of the Gaul Faustus of Reii, but he is also our oldest witness to the existence of the clause "communion of saints" in a Creed at all. How, then, does Faustus explain the words? He writes: "Let us pass on to the phrase 'communion of saints.'" This expression refutes those persons who profanely assert that we may not reverence the mortal remains of the saints and friends of God, and who refuse to celebrate the glorious memory of the blessed martyrs by honoring their sacred tombs. These people have been false to the Creed, they have lied to Christ in baptism, and have by their unbelief given place to death in the midst of life." ("Ut transeamus ad Sanctorum Communionem. Illos hic sententia ista confudit, qui Sanctorum et Amicorum Dei cineres non in honore debere esse blasphemant, qui beatorum martyrum gloriosam memoriam sacrorum reverentia monumentorum colendam esse non credunt. In Symbolum prævaricati sunt, et Christo in fonte mentiti sunt, et per hanc infidelitatem in medio sinu vitæ locum morti aperuerunt.") Faustus, therefore, makes use of the words against the followers of Vigilantius, the opponents of the worship of the saints. He has no other idea but that the expression in the Creed refers to "the *Saints*," in the significant Catholic sense of the word, and that it implies and upholds the worship of the Saints. But, as we have before remarked, Faustus' Creed is the oldest Creed that we know of which contains the words "communion of saints." Bearing this in mind and remembering also that the words first appear in the Creed in Southern Gaul (in the last half of the fifth century), and that Vigilantius worked and made disciples not far from

thence, in Barcelona, in the first half of the same century, we shall have to consider it as highly probable that the words in question were actually taken to mean "communion with the martyrs and the chosen saints." Thus they were, to begin with, a continuation and not a mere explanation of the phrase "Holy Catholic Church." If, however, this is their original sense, the Churches of the Reformation were clearly bound to understand them in another. And this change of meaning was all the more easily effected because a good and fitting interpretation—which still was not the primitive meaning of the clause in the *Creed*—was to be found in Augustine. This interpretation, also, had never been lost sight of all through the Middle Ages. Still the fact remains that at the present day no one who understands the original meaning of the clause accepts it in its first sense. He explains it in his own way precisely as he does—on other grounds—with the expression, "resurrection of the flesh."

A few words in conclusion. Whoever turns from the perusal of the Apostolic Fathers and the Christian Apologists to the Old-Roman Confession cannot but render a meed of grateful admiration to the

Roman Church for the act of faith which she has here made in her baptismal Creed. If we consider with what strange and curious notions the Gospel was already at this time often associated, in what a meagre spirit it was often conceived, and how Chiliasm and Apocalypics on the one hand, and legalism and Greek philosophy on the other, threatened to destroy the simplicity of Christ, the Old-Roman Creed will seem to us doubly great and venerable. Next to its confession of God the Father Almighty, what gives it its greatest and lasting value is its confession of Jesus Christ "our Lord, the only Son of God," and its declaration that through him came the holy Christian Church, forgiveness of sins, and life everlasting. Only we miss in it all reference to his preaching, to his characteristics as the Saviour of the poor and sick, the publicans and sinners—to the *personality*, in short, as it shines in the Gospels. The Creed contains properly only *headings*. But so understood it is incomplete; for no confession is complete that does not paint the *Saviour* before our eyes and stamp him upon our hearts.

ADOLF HARNACK.
—Nineteenth Century.

SAINT PAUL DU VAR RE-DISCOVERED.

BY REV. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A.

I HAVE seen in ancient missals and old illuminated MSS. minute landscapes, exquisite in detail, still aflame with gold and azure, but showing on close inspection some mediæval white city perched on a rocky height, in the foreground green meadows and winding stream, and a knight riding alone, to right and left woods and mountains.

Half an hour's drive outside the old sea fortress town of Antibes, between Cannes and Nice, striking inland you arrive at Coque, at the base of a delta formed by the Malran, the Coque, and the Var, which come tumbling from the Maritime Alps into the sea near Antibes. Follow the climbing circuitous road and round a sharp angle of rock, suddenly the white city of St. Paul-lez-Vence or du Var on its rocky height, taking the sun from early morn to sunset, with its steep walks and

battlements, bursts on the view. You look down into the green meadows with their illuminated winding stream; the soft red peach bloom is out, vine terraces, fig trees, orange trees, and well-cultivated patches here and there have taken the place of some of the wooded slopes, but otherwise I fancy the scenery has been very little disturbed since ancient times. The gray pentagon Tour de Ville-Neuve-Loubet, the fortress of the Duke of Provence, still stands saluting the old Roman tower, which rises some eight miles off. The two form a noble triad together with the lofty belfry which makes St. Paul a beacon visible from the Cap d'Antibes and far out to sea.

"The royal town," "the free town," "the eagle's nest," as this mediæval stronghold was called, still stands up white and proud against the dark fantastic slopes

of the Maritime Alps, crowned in the distance with their eternal snows and cradled in the immeasurable blue.

Wondering at the extreme beauty of the approach to the battlemented town, we wound circuitously round the spring vales, ascending higher and higher, till in front of us along the steep white road stood the gate and portcullis through which St. Paul-lez-Vence is still entered.

A deserted town—a town of the olden days—the people mostly out over the olive slopes, or tending the melon, the tobacco, the peach, and the fig, and the vegetable gardens. The coachman hails what he calls “a good soul;” she seems to know little about the town, but runs with alacrity for the keys of the church, parts of which, it seems, date back to the eleventh century, and the most interesting feature of which is certainly the square tower, which boasts of a curious iron-work cupola of the fourteenth century. The altars, the gilt wood-work, the pictures, the font, the strange ciborium for the sacramental vessels, gilt and painted, all these I duly stared at, and came away making notes of many things to ask about on occasion.

M. le Curé was away looking after some orphanage; the “good soul” would conduct me to an old house with a curious staircase: there were many old houses—remains of scutcheons and marks of noblesse above the doors. The streets were narrow, as in all fortified towns, where houses got huddled close within the walls for protection. There was a sense of unreality about the place—the encaustic tiles, the sculptured corners, the deserted thoroughfares made me fancy I was in some got-up place on show, like old Paris, or old Manchester, or old London. No sooner had I entered the house, with the staircase of fine stone with hard stucco balustrades, varied with rampant lions, all on too big a scale for the house, than we were joined by the “good soul’s” daughter, a sprightly damsel of about seventeen, quite conscious of her charms. Mother no doubt worked in the fields, but Jeannette had been otherwise taught. She wore good stays and worked a sewing-machine, and high above the ramparts, looking down upon golden orangeries, we presently found the place where Jeannette sat and made dresses for the ladies of St. Paul-lez-Vence. What a lovely pano-

rama! What a sunny hanging garden of flowering creepers!

“You are well here; you love St. Paul, so picturesque, so beautiful?”

“Ah, Monsieur,” said Jeannette, “you see for strangers it is very well, but for us it is very quiet; and the strangers only pass through, nothing happens,” and Jeannette’s eyes strayed over the steep walls upon which the balcony where we stood was built; beyond in the far distance was the sea, and by the sea were Nice and Cannes, and the shops and all the gay people with their dresses and jewelry, and life and motion and laughter and excitement, and I saw that Jeannette’s heart was out there and not in the old, sleepy, fourteenth-century town, to me so fascinating.

“And you go to Nice sometimes?” Jeannette’s eyes brightened at once.

“Oh, yes, Monsieur, sometimes.” Then regretfully, “Not very often; you see I am a dressmaker. I sew all day, while mother is away in the fields; but I must get the fashions and see the shops too sometimes, so as to understand what to make. I would go to Nice often, if I had my way,” she added, with a little toss of her head.

“And live there instead?”

Jeannette laughed and colored. Yes, certainly Jeannette of St. Paul-lez-Vence knew her merits. Was there some one at Nice, too, who had discovered them? Who knows?

“Au revoir, mademoiselle,” I said laughing. “A Nice, n’est-ce pas?”

As I walked to the grass-grown old ramparts, laid out here and there with little gardens, I inquired for M. le Maire. I was intensely interested to know more about St. Paul, which seems left out in the cold by the guide-books, and ignored by the personal conductors of tours, yet which seemed to me by far the most interesting place I had come across on the Riviera.

The respectable citizen whom I accosted looked at his watch. “At this moment,” he said, sententiously but decisively, “Monsieur le Maire is playing his game of cards.” This diurnal function, it seemed, was too sacred to be intruded upon. St. Paul-lez-Vence might collapse suddenly, the whole social order of the town would be convulsed, so I inferred, if M. le Maire were interrupted after his

déjeuner, over his game of cards. So as neither the Curé nor the Maire were get-at-able, I was strolling out of the town after a vague but delightful walk round, when suddenly my citizen overtook me. "You seem interested about the town, sir; there is a Monsieur Layet, a notaire, who lives at La Colle, about a mile out yonder. He is an antiquary, and has written about our town. You will pass through La Colle, and he might give you his book. He could tell you everything. We don't occupy ourselves here much with the antiquities of St. Paul; we are most humble people who live by cultivating the fields and vineyards, and we have little leisure for study, and, indeed, we occupy ourselves not much with the outside world, which takes small notice of us. But Monsieur Layet, the notaire, will tell you all about it," and he raised his hat most courteously. Indeed, ever since I had entered St. Paul I was impressed with the old-world courtesy and *empressement* of every one I met. They readily placed themselves at my disposal, and were prepared to take any trouble, within bounds, short of disturbing M. le Curé in his parochial duties or M. le Maire at his cards.

I was now intent on discovering Monsieur Layet, the notaire: a question of half an hour's drive down the winding road brought me to La Colle. I trotted through the sleepy little place with its out-of-date shops, modest town hall, old *église*, dingy restaurant. "Monsieur lives a little way out of town at the bottom of yonder lane, there by the vegetable garden and the orange trees!" Presently I knocked and rang at an old quadrangular house, flanked by a mouldy disused chapel—a barn-like looking edifice, now a family wine-cellar.

The house seemed deserted. "Monsieur Layet," said an elderly *bonne* who at last emerged, "is at the *café* in town."

"Pest take *cafés*, cards, and *curés*!" I muttered. "Is, then, every one too much occupied in the middle of the day to attend to me; shall I never hear anything about St. Paul-lez-Vence?"

At this moment an elderly man approached us; his name, he said, was Layet. I explained that I wished to purchase a book on St. Paul which I understood he had written.

"Ah! it is my brother of whom you speak: he is at the *café*."

"I know, I know."

"But I will send for him, if Monsieur will wait," and off went a peasant lad, who returned presently, followed by one of the most stately and impressive old gentlemen I have ever seen, of the old school no doubt, a little negligent and *debonair* in his attire too, but of most stately mien and presence. He lifted his hat and made a low but dignified bow. His white locks fell about his genial, somewhat florid face, with its restless bright eyes, mobile mouth, and finely shaped aquiline nose. His greeting was effusive and kindly, and he was all enthusiasm when he understood that I was interested in St. Paul. "Ah!" he said, "people run to Nice, to Cannes. They sometimes drive round here, they see and notice nothing, a cup of coffee or glass of beer at a *caborét*, 'Dull sort of place!' and off they go to dine at Monte Carlo, while here lies one of the most picturesque and striking relics of the Middle Ages. Ah!" said the old man, kindling with his theme, "a very jewel of old Provence!"

"You are, sir, a native of this place and have written a book about it?"

"My family indeed belong to St. Paul; we have been notaires here for, I may say, centuries; you will find in our archives deeds and registers of two hundred years and more ago drawn up and signed by the Layets of St. Paul."

"Pray tell me about the town and its history."

Monsieur Layet's hale and ruddy face brightened up, and he began with a rush. In spite of his age, which must have been close on eighty, his utterance was so rapid and eloquent that at times I could hardly follow him.

"We are a lost oasis!" he exclaimed; "you know how that chemist's drugs have superseded countless old medicinal herbs gathered in the fields and good for cures? Well, just so, your seaside Riviera watering-places have superseded such matchless health resorts as our St. Paul-lez-Vence. Why, sir, in the old days before people rushed to the sea to get poisoned with the malarious marshes of the coast and choked with wet winds from the sea, our little city yonder was the favorite resort of all the Provence noblesse. The veterans of our armies came here to recruit. Francis

I. and Pope Paul III. were among our illustrious visitors ; both lodged at the castle of Ville-Neuve-Loubet. In our archives we have the most interesting documents, going back to the tenth century. The place itself boasts of having been evangelized by St. Paul himself on his way to Spain. But to go no further back than the Middle Ages, the great names of the de Flottes, the de Barceloni, the Serracres, still linger in the neighborhood. The neighboring *Vence* which, with La Colle and St. Paul, formed a commune of Provence, was the seat of a bishopric ; and Monsieur Godeau, Bishop of *Vence*, in recognition of the fidelity of the town and as a reward for the services rendered to him and his predecessors in trying times, got our St. Paul royally (under Louis XIV.) constituted a collegiate town in 1666 with a dean, seven canons, and two acolytes, in red and black.

"As late as 1793, St. Paul had still its dean and canons. It is now a simple parish church, despoiled of much of its wealth. At the revolution the rich silks and velvets, made out of great ladies' petticoats and devoted to draping its altars, and most of its gold, silver, and jewels were taken ; but at that time a few priceless relics escaped : you must go back and see them if you have missed them. Monsieur le Curé will show them to you gladly. When the spoliators arrived in '93 they found cast aside in a cupboard some black-looking crosses, small statuettes, and other processional ornaments ; taking them for old iron or copper they passed them by. Now in reality they were mostly solid silver old repoussé work, at this time of day almost unique specimens of church plate, dating back to 1400 and 1500, and some later ornaments, the gift of the Count Panisse Passis. The wooden ciborium now within the rails of the high altar is wonderful ; its panels are elaborately painted with Gospel scenes ; it dates back to the Middle Ages. There exists, according to the antiquarians, only one similar relic of so ancient a date, the ciborium in the church of Laurentius at Rome. The six painted panels are in excellent preservation. You ask about the Altar pictures ? There is a St. Catherine by François le Moine, a St. Matthew, 1610-15, by Daret, a very rare artist, and another brought from Rome, and the rest of less importance given by the Hondi and

Canaussi families. Did you notice the cannons in the belfry ? They date back to 1300 ; very primitive is the firing arrangement, not very formidable, and used, I should fancy, for signalling.

"The old fortifications were pulled down by Francis I. The present stately ramparts only date from 1535-47 ; they are the work of the great Provençal military engineer, Françoise de Mandon, but the dungeon keep over the north gate is old, very old—may be twelfth century or earlier. Of course the town has long ceased to be of much strategic use, but it was dismantled only fifteen years ago."

So the old man rambled on, delightfully pouring out floods of information about the old charters he wanted to edit, the registers in the almost unexplored archives of St. Paul. I was quite carried away by his enthusiasm, and resolved to go back and tackle the Curé, the Mayor, not forgetting the "good soul" and Jeanette, the little dressmaker.

"Will you allow me to purchase your interesting book ?"

"Ah ! my book, if I can find a copy, you are welcome to it. I will give it you," and so he did. It is called "Excursion entre Nice et Antibes," dealing with Ville-Neuve-Loubet, La Colle, St. Paul du Var, Roquefort, by Henri Layet. It ought to be in every Nice, Cannes, Mentone, San Remo and Bordighiera bookshop, and in every Riviera tourist's travelling kit ; at present it exists, like St. Paul du Var, but like St. Paul seems to be almost unknown. As the grand old notary grasped me by the hand he still kept expatiating on the singular merits of his beloved St. Paul. "Behold, sir," he exclaimed, "here you can get all the sunshine to be had in Provence, dry, warm, yet fanned in summer by the grateful tempered breezes from the Mediterranean within sight. In winter you are sheltered all round by the Maritime Alps, which make as it were a second but more august battlement to its own rock-like walls. The time must come, sir, when people will no longer be blind to the charms of a place which has fascinated ten centuries of the Provençal rank and fashion. It is matchless, sir, as a health resort, as a prospect, as a garden encompassed by. . . ." Here I was obliged to get into the carriage. I perceived that Monsieur Layet's eloquence was inexhaustible on his favorite topic. I

could indeed have listened to him as long as he was in the mood to talk, but the driver was impatient, and the horse had been out six hours. I waved my adieu to the grand old man, and his amiable brother, who still stood saluting us with

many parting words. So at last we rattled down the road to Coque just as the rays from the west lit up with a ruddy glow the distant snow ranges of the Maritime Alps, and a cool sunset wind came from over the sea.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

UNDOING THE WORK OF THE REFORMATION.

BY ARCHDEACON FARRAR, D.D.

IN July, 1892, I wrote a paper in the *Contemporary Review* on "Sacerdotalism." In that paper I proved beyond all question, from the whole of the New Testament, from the authoritative documents and formularies of the Church of England, and from the evidence of some of her greatest divines, that English Presbyterians are in no sense of the words sacrificing priests; that to those whose faith is derived from the teaching of Christ and His Apostles the whole system of sacerdotal tyranny—which for centuries proved itself to be an intolerable evil to the Church and to the world—is nothing less than a daring usurpation. My paper aroused the sneers and even the vehement abuse of the Ritualist organs; but there was not one serious attempt to refute it, and it has brought me the earnest gratitude of thousands of English Churchmen, who are profoundly discouraged as they watch the systematic and, alas! too successful attempt to repudiate in the Reformed Church of their fathers the very truths on which and for which it was founded. How can they be otherwise than sick at heart as they note the re-introduction of those deadly errors—yes, even of the "blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits"—from which we were delivered at the Reformation, by the battles and the martyrdoms of those who sealed with their blood their "death-defying utterance of truth?"

The time has come when it is the plain imperative duty of every true member of the English Church to reassert, at all costs, the principles—the scriptural, the primitive, the historic principles—the assertion of which is the sole reason why their Church, as a Reformed Church, has any title to exist. If there be no valid eternal differences between the doctrines

of the Church of England and those of the Church of Rome, and if there was no necessity for the Reformation to repudiate and condemn the ceremonies which were the outward expression of those doctrines, then every English Churchman is the member of a schism, and only makes himself ridiculous and inconsistent if he loftily condemns as guilty schismatics his Non-conformist brethren.

Now, in this respect the Romish priests and their spokesmen are infinitely more consistent than our Anglican Ritualists. The Church of Rome has always recognized, and Ritualism has learned from Rome, the strategic value of unproved assertions. Roman controversialists, like the clergy of the Greek Church, scorn the notion that the English Church is anything but a schism. To them the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, our whole Bench of Bishops, and all our clergy—however much any of them may, in the false and baseless Romish sense, call themselves "priests"—are "simple laymen." Ultramontanes exult in all the principles laid down by St. Augustine in his treatises against the Donatists. They hold that schism is a deadly and inexcusable sin, and that schismatics are either outside the pale of salvation, or must be dubiously handed over to "uncovenanted mercies;"—and that Anglicans are such schismatics both the Roman and the Greek Churches unflinchingly maintain.*

Above all, the Romanists laugh to scorn the pretence that Anglicans can accept all the essence of their teaching, and mimic even to absurdity their ritual, and become a feeble echo and a pale reflex of Rome in everything but name, and yet claim to be

* See the *Dublin Review* for May, 1893, on "St. Augustine and the Donatists."

in any sort of independent union with them. It is now notoriously a common practice of Anglican "priests"—many of whom derive their stock-in-trade of catchwords and formulae from Romanizing manuals—to ignore the clergy and the churches of their own communion on the Continent "as schismatic," and to "go to mass" in Romish churches; yet these very same men have no abuse too unchristian for a learned and large-minded English Bishop, who, in full agreement with the Bishop of London, and in direct accordance with the opinion and practice of all the leading High Church Anglicans of past days, did not hesitate to kneel in Holy Communion with Protestant Dissenters! In these days a man who openly professes and fearlessly maintains the truths which are the sole *raison d'être* of our existence, is denounced by crowds of false Churchmen as being "no Churchman." It makes no sort of difference in this idle taunt that his views are those of all the Apostles, of all the primitive Fathers, of the Prayer-book, the Rubrics, the Articles, the Homilies, and of every authoritative document and every authoritative theologian of the Church to which he belongs.

I. There is, for instance, no shadow of even possible doubt what is the teaching of the Bible, of the Prayer-book, and of the Church of England about the clergy. The setting up of the Presbyterate as a sacrificial priesthood; the pretence that the ministry is vicarious, not representative; the assimilation of the English clergy to the "massing priests" of the Middle Ages; the claim that our presbyters perform acts of sacrifice as substitutes for the people—are demonstrably unjustifiable. To the proofs that they are so no attempt of an answer has been, or can be, given, except on premisses, which our Church has deliberately rejected. The claim of priestcraft robs Christians of the most inestimable privileges of freedom which Christ purchased for them with His own blood. It is bringing back the deadliest virus of Romish error, and thrusting a class and a caste between the soul and its free unimpeded access to God. Dr. Arnold said that "to revive Christ's Church is to expel the Anti-Christ of priesthood." The severity of the expression will show what myriads of true uncorrupted Churchmen still hold. They

will not bow their free necks and their free consciences to what History has shown to have often been the most blighting, debasing and intolerable of all encroachments. The tyranny of priestly usurpation, where it can assert itself in anything more than pretence and clamorous assertion, has always proved to be more ruthless than the tyranny of either kings or mobs. I for one should prefer to have lived in the days of the Red Terror in Revolutionary France than to have been under the execrable tender mercies of the "religious" spirit established in Spain by the monster Borgia, and in the Netherlands by the monster Alva, whom Pius V. approved and blessed. From that tyranny of a corrupt and apostatizing religionism we were saved in England by the blood of our martyrs, by the defeat of the Spanish Armada with its priests and thumbscrews, and by that "bright and blissful Reformation"—as it was called by the noblest of Englishmen—by virtue of which alone we can be members of the English Church. The Archbishop of Canterbury, on May 5th in the Upper House of Convocation, said that "it is of great importance, *never more so than now*, to recognize that the Reformation of the Church of England was one of the greatest historical events—the *greatest historical event*, I think—in the history of the Church, and that it was conducted by persons of very high capacity and the very largest knowledge." He said still more recently, "The Reformation brings back the Church of God to the primitive model," and yet "*I never take up books or magazines upon such a subject at present but I see a silly carping at our Reformation.*" Here then we have remarkable testimony that it is the cue of professed members of a Reformed Church—in her pay and under her shadow—to belittle, misrepresent, and to defame the rock whence they were hewn and the hole of the pit whence they were digged!

Now the quintessence of the whole retrograde and anti-scriptural system lies in the pretence that the word "priest" in the English Church means anything but presbyter; that it is the equivalent of *ιερεὺς*, and not of *πρεσβύτερος*. Events have proved the wisdom of Hooker's opinion that "presbyter" is a truer, more Christian, and more fitting name for English ministers than the misinterpreted and

much-dishonored name of "priest." The Magna Charta of the Reformed Church of England is the Sixth Article, which points to Scripture as the sole final and supreme authority on matters of doctrine. And the voice of Scripture on this matter is absolutely decisive. It cuts away the very taproot of the whole sacerdotal system. The Lord Christ was not a priest by birth, and never in His life on earth performed a single priestly function. If He is, in the one nameless Epistle of the New Testament, called our "High Priest," it is by way of Jewish analogy, in virtue of the sacrifice of Himself once offered; and the title is only given Him in the letter which most overwhelmingly disproves and excludes the further existence of any earthly priesthood or any other sacrifice. The Apostles give to themselves and give to Christian ministers ten separate names; but the one name which they NEVER give to themselves, and the one name which they most absolutely withhold from presbyters—even when, as in the pastoral epistles, they are specially writing to them and about them—is the name of "priest." The name "priest" does not so much as once occur in all the thirteen Epistles of St. Paul; not once in the Epistles of St. John; not once in the Epistles of St. Peter; not once in the Epistles of St. James and St. Jude; nor once of *Christian ministers in the whole New Testament*. Priesthood indeed occurs once in St. Peter, and once in a quotation by him, but only (by analogy, and from the offering of purely spiritual sacrifice*) of all Christians alike; and thrice in the Apocalypse, but each time of *laity as well as presbyters*. All Christians are, as Justin Martyr says, an ἀρχιερατικὸν γένος τοῦ Θεοῦ. "Nonne et laici sacerdotes sumus?" asks Tertullian. Now all this may be nothing to Romanists, who set up their own infallibility; but Ritualists, who still nominally belong to the Church of England, and therefore presumably do not throw overboard her most essential opinions, can only writhe in vain round

this transfixing spear-point of the doctrine of the Apostles. It is a self-refuting absurdity on their part to pretend that they can claim, and parade, and revel in *the one title* which neither Christ nor His Apostles, nor His Evangelists even remotely sanction. Nothing can disprove Bishop Lightfoot's conclusions that "THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND HAS NO SACERDOTAL SYSTEM, AND INTERPOSES NO SACRIFICIAL TRIBE BETWEEN GOD AND MAN." No amount of sophistry, no masses of casuistry, no number of reams of Jesuitical special pleading, can impair, in the mind of any plain man, the indisputable fact that Papists and Ritualists select, as the keynote of their whole system, the one term which the New Testament most absolutely ignores, and the one title which the whole system and reasoning of the New Testament most decisively rejects and condemns. The author of sacerdotalism is not the Divine Founder of Christianity, or any of His Apostles, but that one of the Fathers (Cyprian) whose writings are the most jejune and Judaic, and whose Scriptural exegesis is the most hopelessly without insight, consistency, or value. The acceptance of the doctrine is demanded neither by Scripture nor by reason, but only by what Professor Lee called "Popish esoterics."

How significant, then, in the light of this fact is the remark of Ritualists like Lord Nelson and Lord Halifax that I am an unfair representative of the Church of England "because I do not believe in the priesthood," or something to that effect—repeated by the myriadfold babble of Ritualistic correspondents in clerical journals. These false assertions are to me personally a matter of supreme indifference; but such language is *ominous* when addressed, as in this instance, to one whose views on the subject are exactly those of the Church of England. For I hold precisely the same view of the priesthood as was held and proved by Richard Hooker, whom High Churchmen taught me in my youth to regard as the one truest and soundest representative of the theology of the Church of England; identically the same view as that of Bishop Lightfoot, the most learned prelate of modern times; identically the same view as that of every single great divine of the Church of England from Bishop Jewel down to Bishop Harold Browne. Of what conceivable

* The only sacrifice—except that one sacrifice of Christ once offered (Heb. vii. 27)—which the New Testament and the Church of England recognizes may be seen in Rom. xii. 1; Heb. xiii. 13-16, Phil. iv. 18; 1 Pet. ii. 5. "Litabilis hostia," says Minucius Felix, "bonus animus, et pura mens, et sincera sententia; hæc nostra sacrificia."

importance do Lords Nelson and Halifax and the *Church Times* suppose their opinion to be, as compared with the consensus alike of the New Testament, the Prayer-book, the entire formularies of the Church of England, and the unanimous voice of all her great divines from the first until yesterday? The personal remark is to me nothing; but the sign of the times is of the darkest significance.

If by "a Churchman" be meant, not a Romanist, but one who faithfully holds the doctrines of the "Reformed Church" to which he belongs, as expressed by all its recognized formularies and exponents, the lack of churchmanship is with Lord Halifax and the members of the English Church Union and of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, and not with me. It is they, not I, who are "no Churchmen."

II. The doctrine of Sacerdotalism is always allied to the doctrine of Transubstantiation, and Transubstantiation is one of the heresies which the Church of England at the Reformation most decisively and most emphatically repudiated. She might well do so. It is a late and gross corruption of crude materialism, not formally accepted even by the Church of Rome till the Lateran Council of 1215. The argument for it, such as it is, ignores the whole analogy of the faith. It is based like some inverted pyramid upon the crumbling apex of an utterly misinterpreted metaphor, a metaphor the perversion of which might well have seemed utterly inconceivable to any one who has even the most distant familiarity with Semitic modes of thought and expression. I cannot conceive any doctrine more essentially antagonistic to all that is pure, noble, and divinely spiritual in the gospel of Christ, than this attempt to localize and materialize the Presence of God. As yet, I believe, most Ritualists avoid the word Transubstantiation,* but they teach prac-

tically the same thing under various thin disguises and verbal jugglings. For a time they avoided the word "Mass," which had no possible charm beyond the fact that it was Romish; but they now openly boast that they have both the word and "the thing." Yet "the thing" practically means Transubstantiation and nothing less; and to teach it in the Church of England is not only heresy, but a direct defiance of her most explicit teaching.

From what I know of a considerable number of the clergy, and of the manner in which they express themselves, I do not think that I do them injustice when I say that I doubt whether they are at all accurately acquainted with the doctrine of the Church of Rome, or are aware how far they go even beyond it. Certainly in the phrases which the most ignorant—who are usually the most extreme of them—employ, they go beyond even the Romanist doctrine which is (according to Cardinal Newman) that "Our Lord is *in loco* in Heaven, not in the same sense in the sacrament. He is present in the sacrament only in substance (*substantive*), and substance does not require or imply the occupation of place. Our Lord, then, neither descends from Heaven upon our altars, nor moves when carried in procession. . . . We can only say that He is present sacramentally. The mixture of His bodily substance with ours is a thing which the ancient Fathers disclaim." He quotes Cardinal Bellarmine as saying, "*Per substantiam non occupat locum*;" and Billuart, "*Christus non est in sacramento ut in loco*." If ordinary Ritualist preachers and writers are aware of all this, they use language which studiously serves to disguise their knowledge.

What else can it be called but the doctrine of Transubstantiation when a dignity of the Church of England gets up in one of her great cathedrals, as I am credibly informed, and says, "My God is lying on yonder altar"?* I will not

* They are, however, apparently, trying step by step to introduce it.

"When we separate from the notion of substance everything gross and material, we may regard the term Transubstantiation as a convenient definition of the results of consecration which the Articles do not exclude" (Address of Rev. A. L. Lewington to C.B.S. St. Margaret's, Stretton). The same gentleman also maintains that the presence of Christ in the consecrated elements is "objective." If the prevalence of this teaching is denied we can

furnish the amplest proofs of it from the manual of the "Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament."

* God does not lie on altars, but "Prefers before all altars the upright heart and pure."

He is not manipulated into material substances by the thaumaturgy of priests, but dwells spiritually in the souls of His worship-

pause to point out that Christianity has no altar but the cross, and no sacrifice but that of Christ once offered; to talk of "God lying on an altar," I believe in my utmost soul to be an expression from which St. Peter, St. John, and St. Paul would have revolted with horror and indignation as an abject heresy, as they would certainly have condemned the adoration of the elements—now openly recommended—as a degrading idolatry.* Here, again, there is no possibility to hesitate or to doubt respecting the doctrine of the Church of England. It is, and always has been, absolutely and transparently clear. She rejects Transubstantiation, formally, expressly, unmistakably, indignantly; she rejects no less clearly Luther's doctrine of Consubstantiation; she rejects also Zwingle's doctrine that the Lord's Supper is a commemorative act alone; she teaches with absolute precision that the Lord's Supper is not a sacrifice: that the Lord's Table is not an altar; that the Body and Blood of Christ are received spiritually alone, and only by the faithful; that the Presence of Christ is in the heart of the true worshipper, and not, in any sense of the words whatever, in the hands of the priest, or locally on the Lord's Table; that there is no Presence whatever *extra usum*. Yet, in spite of the clearness of this her Scriptural teaching, and in spite of the consensus of every one of her formularies, and of all her greatest divines, every error of the Church of Rome on this subject is now taught in the Church of England openly and unrepented. It is the keynote of a namby-pamby book of Ritualism for children published by the curate of a London church. Like other manuals of the kind, this book contains much which is in the last degree unscriptural and perverse. It

pers. His presence is never in any sense an objective or corporeal presence in bread and wine, but is purely spiritual and purely sacramental in the life of the worshippers. It is an idolatrous apostasy to connect Him with a material idol. To exclude the possibility of such material perversion our Lord taught, "The flesh profiteth nothing. The words which I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."

* The objects of the C. B. S., as stated in their "Manual," are "The propagation of belief in the Mass and the Real Presence, together with the advocacy of the Masses for the Dead and the Reserved Sacraments," in the very teeth of Articles xxviii. and xxxi.

is only too well calculated to make children first Pharisees and then Romanists. Have we in truth come to this—that in these days the grossest Romish superstitions can be ostentatiously taught in the Reformed Protestant Church of England as "Catholic" truths, no matter how decisively they are condemned alike by the spirit and by the letter of her entire teaching? It is generally supposed that Convocation, in some sort, expresses the voice of the Church; but Convocation never opens without the Latin prayer, which—so far from calling the Reformation a *Deformation*—states that "ad amussim SANCTÆ REFORMATIONIS NOSTRÆ, errores, corruptetas, et superstitiones olim hic grassantes, omnemque tyrannidem Papalem, merito et serio repudiavimus." Is the state of opinion in the Church so torpid, is episcopal discipline so null, or so misdirected, that any ignorant youth from a theological college can now teach in the Church of England pulpits the worst of these errors, corruptions and superstitions unimpugned? If so, let her look to it, for evil is before her!

III. Auricular Confession is the natural result of sacerdotal encroachment and sacramental materialism; and if the once-Protestant laity of the Church of England can look on unmoved and see this practice—which has in all ages been prolific of the worst evils—reintroduced among them, it can only be either because they have been driven into contemptuous indifference by having been first betrayed, and then reduced to helplessness, or because they look elsewhere than to the Anglican Church for freedom and for truth.

For of auricular confession there is not the faintest vestige in the New Testament. It was absolutely unknown to the primitive Church. It was absolutely unknown to the Fathers, even amid the dense overgrowth of sacerdotal usurpation and corruption in the fourth century. It was a gradual innovation of the darkest part of the Dark Ages, and I have no hesitation in saying—and am perfectly prepared to prove to any extent—that it has been stamped by age after age with the just stigma of indelible abhorrence. The evidence comes, in generation after generation, from Romanists themselves. Their greatest divines show that it has constantly produced the deadliest and most execrable abuses. I should be sorry to stain

this page with the horrible evidence of these abuses, even in modern countries and modern days; but if any one dares to doubt my statement, the dark and damning proofs are superabundantly at hand. Where the system exists, there is no sure safeguard—there never has been any safeguard—against such abuses. They have been admitted by Council after Council, by Pope after Pope, by writer after writer; by Alexander IV., by Pius IV., by Paul V., by Gregory XV., by Benedict XIV. They were pointed out by Abélard, by St. Bonaventura, by the learned and saintly Jean Gerson, by Savonarola, by Cardinal Cajetan, by Erasmus. They have been revealed to a horrified world in France, in Spain, in Germany, in Italy, and in England. The paper laid before the Council of Trent by a Romish archbishop contained revelations of the system as damaging as could have been written by any Protestant. As late as 1867 the Congregation of the Inquisition at Rome saw reason to issue an inquiry about these perils, and, although the details are always studiously hushed up, enough has been demonstrated before courts of justice, even in living memory, to show that the same causes lead, in many instances, to the same results.*

Now it is worse than preposterous to argue that this dangerous practice can be based on the pretence of any inherent priestly power to absolve sin. None but God can say *Absolve te*. A minister may use the formula in a *purely declarative and hypothetic sense*, which has not the smallest particle of validity apart from that sincere repentance, which, as all Scripture tells us, is, and always has been perfectly efficacious, through Christ, without any priestly absolution whatever.† And it is

* Even in England at this moment the details of a case are before me in which a servant girl has been invited to confession by her Anglican "priest," against the will of her parents, with results which even ten years ago would have made England ring with indignation. "The Priest in Absolution," issued by the Ritualistic Society of the Holy Cross, was described by Archbishop Tait as "a disgrace to the community." Bishop Wilberforce called the system of confession "one of the worst developments of Popery, a sort of spiritual dram-drinking, fraught with evil to the whole spiritual constitution."

† The Pre Communion address tells the people that if their conscience cannot otherwise be quieted, and they need further coun-

equally futile to dwell on the natural and wholesome impulse of the struggling and penitent soul to unburden itself from the load of a guilty conscience, and to seek remission, in extreme cases, by the consolations of the Gospel. Every clergyman who has made it felt by his readers or hearers, that he is trustworthy, and able to comfort and advise, has probably received voluntary confessions from sinners. It is the privilege of every member of a religious community to seek religious help and counsel from his spiritual pastors. In that way, never seeking it, never urging it, never inviting it, I myself have heard, and frequently hear, many a tale of sin and woe outpoured to me by men with whom I have prayed, and whom I have advised, and by God's grace been enabled to help. But this differs *toto cælo* from auricular confession. It is utterly different from telling young women and others that "they must never go to mass" (as it is now called) "without confession;"* that they "must kneel before their priest as a culprit before his judge;" that "the priest as far as his priesthood is concerned, is Christ Himself;" that "the priest washes and cleanses the soul, he restores it to health pure and white." It is inconceivably different from putting into the hands of ignorant servant girls English translations of Popish books on the confessional; from such travesties and misrepresentations of truth as the sentence

sel and comfort, "they may come to some discreet and learned minister, that, by the ministry of God's word," they may receive the benefit of absolution. The Rubric in the Order for the Visitation of the Sick rightly recognizes that power to pronounce a (hypothetic) declaration of absolution which was given by Christ not "to priests," but "to His Church;" and how little final is the "I absolve you," is proved by the fact that the absolution is immediately followed by a prayer for forgiveness.

* Even Romish writers—such as St. Bonaventura, Cajetan, and Erasmus—admit that confession is not necessary. "For confession to a priest," says Bishop Lloyd, of Worcester (1693), "the necessity of it was unknown to the Fathers of the Primitive Church. Nay, above a thousand years after Christ it was held disputable in the Roman Church." "To be placed under the obligation of going to a priest to confess," wrote Bishop Marsh . . . "is such an insult on a rational being, that even the prejudices of education are hardly sufficient to account for the patience with which the servitude is endured" ("Comparative View," p. 197).

that, Christ Himself received confessions, among others from *the woman taken in adultery, who remained with Him in the Temple!* It is inconceivably different from teaching our fellow-sinners to say, and to say repeatedly, "For these and all my other sins . . . I most humbly ask pardon of God, and of you my spiritual father penance, counsel, and absolution."

Again, it is worse than unavailing to quote John xx. 23 as though it gave any power to any priest to say "I absolve thee," otherwise than in a purely conditional and declarative sense. On this point it will be enough for most English Churchmen if I quote the authority of our greatest and most learned living theologian, the Bishop of Durham. "The commission" (to remit and retain sins by virtue of the gift of the Holy Ghost) "*must be regarded properly as the gift of the Christian society, and NOT as that of the Christian ministry. . . . The gift and the refusal of the gift are regarded in relation to classes, and not in relation to individuals.*" "It is impossible to contemplate an absolute individual exercise of the power of 'retaining.' So far it is contrary to the scope of the passage to see in it a direct authority to the absolute individual exercise of the remitting."

Also, it should be observed that the ignorant and indiscriminate abuse of auricular confession, which may be made in unscrupulous hands an instrument of the most intolerable and dangerous tyranny, is even more perilous in England than it is in the Church of Rome. For in the Church of Rome there is, I believe, some limitation put on the right to hear confessions. How are we to assume, in the face of fact, that all "priests" have that gift of "spiritual discernment," without which the pretence to absolve becomes not only baseless, but pernicious? But in the stress of unrestrained license to which we have now been reduced and betrayed by supineness in the defence of truth, any silly youth who has barely scraped through a poll degree, and who may have shown in his ordination examination an incredible ignorance of the most elementary facts of Scripture, scholarship, and theology, thinks himself at liberty, as soon as he enters a parish, to pose as a confessor, and to tell men and women, whose very shoes he is not worthy to tie, that they are to come and kneel to him "as culprits before

their judge." He will indeed find few—and none of any manliness and intelligence—to adopt such abject thralldom to one who may be immeasurably their inferior in the most elementary Christian graces; but he may do—as has been done a thousand times—quite infinite mischief to himself, and to weak and miserable souls. Not to dwell on his utter unfitness to dabble his unspiritual hands

"In the dark dissolving human heart

And hallowed secrets of this microcosm,"

such a youth, in his self sufficiency and blindness, may hopelessly poison the peace of families; may

"Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and wedded calm"

of households; may subtly alienate the love of wives from their husbands; may sow discord between the daughter and her mother; may, in sheer incompetence; and without consciously wicked intentions, reduce the whole religious state of the silly and the impressionable to a chaos of hysteric falsities by teaching for doctrines the deceits of men. Bishop Wilberforce, all his life long an acknowledged leader of the High Church party, declared to his clergy with passionate emphasis four days before his death that the system of auricular confession was baneful to the person confessing; baneful to the person receiving the confession; and, above all, baneful to the society in which the practice prevailed: but now the Ritualists are patronized by many bishops in their worst excesses, and all over the country the interests of the Evangelical laity are being trampled down with a contemptuous *insouciance* which in many cases is really shocking. These innovators of yesterday have utterly abandoned Hooker, and gone immensely farther than great old Anglican divines, like Bishop Andrewes and Jeremy Taylor, and even Archbishop Laud. They have even left far behind such Anglican leaders as Keble, Bishop Wilberforce, and Dean Burgon. Dean Burgon told them that they were "Sectarians and Separatists," who "as a party would have been disowned by churchmen of every age and every school." Bishop Wilberforce, in his last public speech, described the growth of Ritualism "not as a grand development, but as a decrepitude;" "not as something very sublime and impressive, but something very feeble and contempti-

ble." And already, like a swarm of locusts, Ritualistic practices have settled on every green field. In twenty years, if things are suffered to go on at the present rate—if the cause of the Reformation is on every side abandoned and betrayed—the Church of England will be Romish in everything but name. Lord Halifax will have had his ardent wish that there be restored "those *filial relations* that formerly existed between the successors of Augustine in the See of Canterbury and that chair which is now occupied by the successors of St. Gregory the Great;"*—in other words, the Church of England will have finally undone the work of the Reformation, and will have been insidiously seduced back, step by step, into the corrupt bosom of the Church of Rome. And this is a consummation which Lord Halifax tells us he "ardently desires"—yet the certainty of being abused and slandered to death, and the sure loss of all chance of promotion and preferment, is to deter Evangelicals from speaking out!

This hardly resembles the "ardent desire" of our homilies: "The Lord defend us from their tyranny and pride, that they never enter into the vineyard again to the disturbance of the silly poor flock."†

And what will come of this? What has come of absolute and unquestioned Roman supremacy, and abject submission to it, and the abandonment of Christian truth and Christian freedom to

"That grim wolf with privy paw,"

which now, much more than in Milton's time,

"Daily devours apace and nothing said"?

We have object-lessons enough all over the world from Mexico to Great Britain. Will any one compare Romish Ireland to Presbyterian Scotland in progress, in edu-

cation, in freedom? Is Romish Connaught to be matched with Protestant Ulster? Is the black decrepitude of Spain in the sixteenth century with the lurid balefires of its thrice-accursed Inquisition, to be compared with the England of Elizabeth or of Cromwell? In Switzerland will you compare the Popish cantons of Lucerne and the Haut Valais with the Protestant cantons of Berne and Geneva? Bossuet taught that not to hear mass on Sundays, and not to confess and communicate at Easter, were mortal sins and merited eternal damnation, and were irremissible but by confession and absolution. What then must be the spiritual condition of at least 30,000,000 Roman Catholics in Romish France? In spite of 50,000 priests and a whole army of "religious," they never dream of communicating or confessing either at Easter or any other time. Why? Because they have been driven into incredulity by superstition. If Sacerdotalism, Transubstantiation, and the Confessional, re-introduced by Ritualists into our Reformed Church, are to pervert Protestant England—to which, and to Protestant America, Romish Bishops in France constantly appeal as examples of respect for religion—how is it that they have been so deadly a failure throughout the Roman Catholic world? Why is it that, in the third generation, the Romanists lose almost all hold over Romish immigrants? Why is it that, in Romish France, the artisan has already lapsed altogether from the faith, and the peasant is daily following the example? Why is it that in multitudes of French villages scarcely any but women and children go to Mass, and only 100,000 out of the 2,000,000 inhabitants of Paris? And how is it that out of ten millions of these "Catholics" five or six millions deliberately vote for atheists, or agnostics, as their representatives? If Romanism, under the name of Ritualism, triumphs in England, we shall see the same results. Already numbers of Evangelical laymen—grieved, abandoned, insulted in clerical newspapers, and despondent almost to death—have had their allegiance to the Church of their fathers rudely shaken and impaired; already many of them are being driven to worship in other religious communities, because they will not tolerate a Romish Church of England. Already multitudes, and even whole congregations,

* Expressed at the Leicester Church Congress, September, 1880.

† And the Bishops of the Lambeth Conference hardly share this "ardent desire." They say that reunion with Rome is only possible "on condition of a complete submission to her claims of absolute authority, and the acceptance of those other evils, both in doctrine and in discipline, against which, in faithfulness to God's Holy Word and to the true principles of the Church, we have been for three centuries bound to protest." Moreover, the American Bishops unanimously agree that by her two last "infallible" decrees Rome has cut herself adrift from all Catholic unity.

refuse to subscribe to diocesan funds which they fear may be expended in the promotion of Romish innovations. A few years ago many of them would have fought, heart and soul, as one man, to arrest the peril of Disestablishment; now they will scarcely lift a finger to avert the overthrow or humiliation of a Church which, in their opinion, is turning its back on the very principles of its foundation. For the same reason thousands of Nonconformists, and nearly all the Methodists, would now vote as one man for Disestablishment, which, even twenty years ago, they sincerely opposed.

But there is another class—a class unhappily of disastrous and ever-increasing magnitude—which will never accept such a form of religion as Rome or the Ritualists offer. It is not averse to the simple Gospel of Christ, but it is now being driven into indifference. There are thousands in England, where fifty years ago there were only scores, in the Upper Classes, who now devote their Sundays exclusively to worldly amusements, who rarely enter a church, and scarcely ever dream of partaking of the Holy Communion. In the working-classes such men may be counted by millions, and their numbers will steadily increase as Ritualism increases. England may be driven by Ritualism into infidelity, but I believe that she will have to reel back into barbarism before she becomes Romish, or again accepts the form of religion which the Spanish Armada would have forced upon us with stakes and implements of hellish torture. On the day on which I write Bishops and Churchwardens are assembling to denounce the Welsh Suspensory Bill. But what is the cause of the Nonconformist animosity to which the Welsh Suspensory Bill owes its origin? The Nonconformists in Wales feel no hatred toward Evangelical Christianity, but, according to the Archdeacon of Llandaff, they cannot bear with a Church in which “they believe that ‘the mass’ is being made the centre of religious worship; that ministers have, in practice, become sacrificing priests; that Sacerdotalism with its train of dangerous error has become the prominent

power of our churches; that the private Confessional is being made the door of full membership.” “The Welsh nation,” says the Archdeacon, “does not want a Church that busies herself in drawing narrow lines of demarcation. It wants a Church that can appreciate Christian virtue, and Christian work wherever these are to be found. When it finds such a Church it will not refuse to cherish it.” * Disestablishment will be one of the first consequences of the triumph of Ritualism; and immediately after Disestablishment will come the necessity for, and the certainty of a New REFORMATION to re-establish the truths which Ritualism endeavors to overthrow.† Of one thing the bishops, and the Ritualist clergy, and the members of the English Church Union, may rest assured. It is that, even if they re-establish the Inquisition in all its terrors, and not in its present milder forms, as they are exercised in the *Church Times* and similar “religious” newspapers—

“Fagot and stake were desperately sincere,
Our cooler martyrdoms are done in type—”

there are—in spite of this tyranny—myriads of Englishmen, and not a few even among the clergy, who will not stand a Church of England which shall tend to become Romish in all but name, or perhaps Romish even in name. The days of disruption are being hastened on with giant strides. May God avert the unspeakable evils which they will inevitably bring in their train!—*Contemporary Review*.

* Speech of the Archdeacon of Llandaff at Neath, April 25, 1893.

† Dr. Pusey was not usually regarded as “a rabid Protestant.” Pope Pius IX. compared him to the bell which is always ringing the people to the church, but does not itself go in. Yet Dr. Pusey, preaching before the University of Oxford in 1838, said that the Church of Rome “had incurred the Apostolic curse,” and “showed herself the descendant of them which slew the Apostles.” “There is not,” he said, “an enormity which has been practised against people or kings by miscreants, in the name of God, but the divines of that unhappy Church have abetted or justified.” As she has never confessed and repented these crimes, and boasts that she is infallible and unchangeable, I cannot understand the “ardent desire” of Ritualists for reunion with her.

THE SITUATION AT WASHINGTON.

BY PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH.

It has been said that there is something very august in the election of an American President, when sixty-five millions are choosing their chief. There is something more august, I should say, in the Inauguration, when the apparatus and practices of the election are out of the way. Inauguration, it is true, is the triumph of a party leader; but American parties take defeat with good humor, and on these occasions enthusiasm is general, and national spirit prevails.

This was particularly the case the other day at the Inauguration of President Cleveland. That the triumph was that of a party one was reminded by seeing on the breasts of the victors the party emblems, the rooster of the victorious Democracy, and the Tammany tiger, as well as by the pensive appearance, in the progress from the White House to the Capitol and back, of the outgoing President in the carriage beside his successful rival, which seems rather the cruel part of the ceremony. But the concourse, which was immense, and the sentiment were national; the procession took four hours in passing a given point. The President was expected to review it, and he showed a physical power of endurance which may stand him in good stead on other occasions, by remaining all that time in the open air on a bitter day which had opened with snow and sleet. Amid snow and sleet the President and ex-President had driven in an open carriage to the Capitol, the assemblage had gathered, and the vast procession had formed. Several deaths from exposure were afterward recorded in the newspapers. Why not at once change the day from the 4th of March to the 4th of April, by which time at Washington you can count on mild weather? Because, the date being imbedded in the Constitution, the change would involve a constitutional amendment. An amendment of the Constitution is a cumbrous process in any case. In a serious and debatable case it is a process of tremendous difficulty. For sixty years no amendment passed. It was only at the time of the Civil War, when the foundations of the political world had been moved, that important amendments

passed with ease. Such is the conservatism of the American Constitution. In ordinary times it is almost immobility. This is a fact to be borne in mind by you who are going headlong down the hill of democracy, fancying perhaps that you are assured of safety by American success. With you, when the multitude is master of Parliament, it will be a sovereign power, and may turn anything upside down at its will. In America change is limited by the adamant barriers of the Constitution, including the article which forbids legislation impairing the faith of contracts.

Mr. Cleveland is the most powerful President since Lincoln, who, though no man could be less prone to the assumption of power, was by force of circumstances toward the close of his Presidency a dictator. What Mr. Cleveland would do was almost the only question when I was at Washington in February and March, and that secret was still locked in his own breast. For three months, from the day of the Presidential election, the wheels of the political machine had been almost standing still. When the incoming President is of a different party from the outgoing, power during the four months which intervene between election and inauguration is parted from authority, and nothing of importance can be done—not to say that the out-going administration is tempted to throw all difficulties and burdens as much as possible on its successor. The most memorable and fatal instance of this interregnum was the interval between the first election of Lincoln and his inauguration; while Buchanan, a slavery man, remained President and when secession was going on. Had a President with full power been then in office, and had he been such a man as Jackson, it is possible that secession might have been stayed. But Buchanan's administration was dead, and even had he been a man of different opinions and stronger character, his position would have been one of hopeless weakness. He thought of nothing but temporizing till he could hand over responsibility to his successor. In the same way a dead House of Representatives is

allowed to hold a session after the election of its successor, with the same results if the balance of party has been reversed at the polls. In reading the American Constitution, and estimating the wisdom of its framers, we must bear in mind that the framers evidently did not foresee the action of that which was destined to be the great political force of the future. They did not recognize organized party as the mainspring of government. Had they been asked the question, they would probably have said that party was a distemper. As a distemper it was certainly regarded by Washington, who thought that he could put an end to it by bringing the leaders of the opposite political schools, Hamilton and Jefferson, together into his Cabinet, though the rupture in which the combination ended might have forced the truth upon his mind.

The same blindness of the Fathers to the destined influence of party had till the other day been making itself felt in the working of Congress. Unless the same party prevails in both Houses, there is apt to be a deadlock in legislation. Since the last Congressional election the House had been Democratic by an overwhelming majority, while the Senate was still Republican. The consequence was that no measure of importance in which party had any interest could pass: there was a general paralysis of legislation. Recent elections to the Senate have given that also to the Democrats, and the deadlock is now at an end. We here see a weak point in the bi-cameral system. It is needless to say that the British system is not at present really bi-cameral, the House of Lords not being in fact a co-ordinate branch of the Legislature, like the Senate, but having at most a suspensive veto. But if instead of ending the House of Lords you decide to mend it, you will have to guard in some way against the possibility of deadlock.

I have spoken of Mr. Cleveland's exceptional power. There seems to be a personal interest about him such as there has not been about any of his predecessors since Lincoln. All his doings and sayings, however trifling, are recorded with the minuteness of a court journal. The sentiment extends to his family, and one is almost reminded of the feeling toward royal families in monarchical countries. Miniature likenesses of the baby Ruth,

Cleveland's little daughter, were being sold in the streets of Washington. The nation wants reform. It feels that of late it has been going astray. It desires to be led back into the right path, and believing Mr. Cleveland to be strong and patriotic, it is disposed to give him a free hand. Very remarkable was the uprising of the silent vote, that index of the reserve force, in his favor at the election. It baffled the calculations of politicians, none of whom, I think, expected anything like such a majority for Mr. Cleveland. This way of giving a trusted man at a national crisis adequate power, without prejudice to the Constitution, is an advantage to be set against the evident evils of Presidential elections. At Washington, before the Inauguration, not only political action, but political thought, seemed to be suspended till the new President should take up the reins of power. That Mr. Cleveland felt his position to be more national than that of the ordinary nominee of a party he showed at once by appointing to the chief office, that of Secretary of State, Mr. Gresham, whose singular fitness all acknowledged, but whom thoroughgoing Democrats accepted with difficulty as a recent, and they seem to think not unqualified, convert to the party.

The nation wants reform of the tariff, retrenchment of expenditure, and restoration of the currency. The tariff was the principal issue at the election, and the result, if I mistake not, is a death-blow to the system of Protection on this continent; for the effect has extended to opinion in Canada, and the Tory and Protectionist Minister of Finance has been on a tour the practical object of which was to see how far he could meet the general cry for the reduction of duties without losing the vote of the Manufacturers' Association. The tariff under which the people of the United States have been living for the last thirty years is, in fact, the war tariff sustained by the party which the war had left in power, and which, to prolong its ascendancy, has been always appealing to war traditions and feelings. In the same way after the war of 1812 the manufacturers, who, having while the war lasted enjoyed practical protection, finding themselves at its close invaded by British competition, called for and obtained legislative protection. The political authors of the protective system were clay, and

the set of politicians who had made the war; while Webster, who had opposed the war, also opposed Protection in a series of most admirable speeches, though when it had gained the day, he felt or affected to feel himself bound to fall in with the dominant policy, and make the best bargain he could for the special interests of his constituents. Alexander Hamilton, the father of American finance, had been a protectionist, but of a school, for that age, very mild. In 1831 the system culminated in the "tariff of abominations," a medley of protectionism produced by a scramble of sinister interests: New England wanting high duties of woollen and cotton fabrics, and low duties on raw wool, iron, hemp, and molasses; Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Kentucky wanting high duties on raw wool, iron, hemp, and molasses, and low duties on woollen and cotton fabrics; while the South, exporting staples which were sure of a market everywhere, and manufacturing nothing, wanted low duties all round. The tariff was passed, as every protectionist tariff must be passed, by monopolist log-rolling. It was about that time that George McDuffie, of South Carolina, made, in the House of Representatives, a speech which was not forgotten in later times:

Sir, when I consider that by a single Act like the present from five to ten millions of dollars may be transferred actually from one part of the community to another, when I consider the disguise of disinterested patriotism under which the basest and most profligate ambition may perpetrate such an act of injustice and political prostitution, I cannot hesitate for a moment to pronounce this very system of indirect bounties the most stupendous instrument of corruption ever placed in the hands of public functionaries. It brings ambition and avarice and wealth into a combination which it is fearful to contemplate because it is almost impossible to resist. Do we not perceive at this very moment the extraordinary and melancholy spectacle of less than one hundred thousand capitalists, by means of this unhallowed combination, exercising an absolute and despotic control over the opinions of eight millions of free citizens and the fortunes and destinies of ten millions? Sir, I will not anticipate or forebode evil. I will not permit myself to believe that the Presidency of the United States will ever be bought and sold by this system of bounties and prohibitions; but I must say that there are certain quarters of this Union in which, if a candidate for the Presidency were to come forward with the Harrisburg tariff in his hand, nothing could resist his pretensions if his ad-

versary were opposed to this unjust system of oppression. Yes, sir, that Bill would be a talisman which could give a charmed existence to the candidate who would pledge himself to support it; and although he were covered with all the "multiplying villainies of nature," the most immaculate patriot and profound statesman in the nation could hold no competition with him, if he should refuse to grant this new species of imperial donative.

To say that Free Trade has gained the day is too much. Nowhere is there Free Trade in the proper sense of the term. England still raises a great part of her revenue by import duties, and thus falls short of Cobden's ideal. But tariff for revenue has triumphed. This is the old fiscal principle of the Democratic party, and accords with its old political principle of construing the Constitution strictly and limiting the central power, the imposition of taxes for the regulation of industry or any other purpose than necessary revenue having been certainly a stretch of the Constitution. Not that any great change is to be immediately expected. The contrary impression prevailed at Washington. Industries and interests have been built on the existing scaffolding which its sudden withdrawal might bring to the ground. This is felt by tariff reformers. Mr. Cleveland in his letter of acceptance responded very cautiously to the strong denunciation of Protection in the Democratic platform. But protectionism as a principle, I repeat, has probably received its death blow, while that of tariff for revenue has definitely prevailed. Whether English industry will be the gainer by the change which sets American industry free from the shackles of Protection is a question which time must answer. To all industries, however, commercial liberty is welcome as making for peace, as it certainly does, though it may not be the sure safeguard against war which the Manchester school took it to be. Of the anti-British feeling in the United States one element, at all events, has been protectionist horror of British goods.

Not only does Free Trade make for peace abroad, it makes for purity of government at home. Nobody doubts that the protective system was upheld at elections by the purse as well as by the influence of the group of interests whose gains it swelled. That members of Congress were bribed by the manufacturers' lobby I believe almost as little as I believe the stories told by protectionist organs of the

corruption of American constituencies by the gold of the Cobden Club. There may be, and probably there are, two or three black sheep in Congress who would take money. Of sacrifice of the general good to the pressure of sectional interests, there are, no doubt, instances enough, as there are in one way or another wherever the party system prevails. But of personal corruption, while there is a deplorable amount in some of the State legislatures and in some of the municipalities, I feel pretty sure that there is very little at Washington. The Government departments, even by the most censorious, are allowed to be pure.

It can hardly be doubted that the expenditure which has reached so great a height, and fixed on the last Republican Congress the nickname of the Billion Congress, had a sinister connection with the protective tariff. The people at large rested in the belief that their money was being taken for the necessary expenses of government, the incidence of the taxation only being so regulated as to foster native industries. This belief the surplus belied, and it was consequently necessary to get rid of the surplus, which was done by a lavish expenditure. The most startling of the outlays has been the pension list, which this year will amount to 140,000,000 dollars—more than the total cost of a great European army—and is expected still to increase. Of this, however, as of the Pension Arrears Act, which is its especial source, the blame must be shared by the politicians of both parties, for all alike succumbed to the influence of the Grand Army Vote. The history of the army has been a double surprise. People in Europe, while the Civil War was going on, judging from historical precedents, thought that when the war was over the army would remain a menace to the State, and perhaps raise its chief to supreme power. Instead of this, the army was disbanded with perfect ease, melted away like a snowdrift in spring, without giving for a single moment the slightest cause for political apprehension, and was absorbed by civil trades and callings. Everybody then thought that the last had been seen of it; but, behold! it reappears in a political form as the Grand Army of the Republic, levying by its votes a prodigious tribute on the nation. Nobody seems to doubt that the system covers great abuses, or

that pensions are being received by deserters, malingerers, bounty-jumpers, and men who never served the nation at all, to say nothing of the share which goes to pension agents; yet nobody has dared to open his lips in Congress, not even the Southern members, who, though their constituency is paying enormously for its own subjugation, are afraid, by opposition or criticism, to compromise the Northern wing of their party. If the people of the United States had any warlike propensities, which they have not, the Pension Arrears Act would bind them over to keep the peace, for they could not bear a doubled pension list. In that conviction Chile, if she had known it, might have dared them to the fight. A citizen army seems much more costly than a regular army, while it is probably less efficient. That Mr. Cleveland, in his former Presidency, ventured to veto some pension Bills is not the least of his claims to the confidence of reformers. But, as he cannot repeal the Pension Arrears Act, his power of retrenchment is small, and the country, as it was told the other day, must look for relief to the scythe of death, which in the case of pensioners is well known to lose its edge.

The immediate difficulty with which Mr. Cleveland is called upon to grapple is that created by the Silver law (named, with some injustice to Senator Sherman, the Sherman Act), which is heaping up in the Treasury masses of silver, bought at a price above its real value, while, by flooding the country with silver tokens and with token notes in the shape of silver certificates, it is driving out the gold, as bad money always drives out good, and threatening to bring on a currency crisis. The credit of the United States is now so strong that means may almost certainly be found, by the issues of bonds or other expedients, of tiding the Government over any financial difficulty; otherwise a terrible day of reckoning might be at hand. Currency is the paradise of chimeras, and in regard to it there is no saying what delusions may prevail. Inconvertible paper money is the delusion of men who have failed to grasp the elementary fact that a bank-note is not a piece of money, but an instrument of credit, like a check, and that when it changes hands gold passes, as in the case of a check, at the bank of issue, from the credit of the giver to that

of the taker. But American minds are keen, and it is not likely that many legislators at Washington are really victims to the silver delusion. If members of Congress had been free to vote according to their convictions, the task of averting a currency crisis would not, I suspect, have been left to Mr. Cleveland. The forces by which the Silver law was carried and has been kept in operation are two—that of the Silver States, bent on keeping up the price of their commodity; and that of the party which, like the Greenbackers of happy memory, wants “cheap money” and an easy method of paying debts. These currency controversies always call ingenuity into play. One economist, apparently so far enlightened as to see that you cannot legislate proportional any more than you can legislate positive value into a commodity, proposes a coin made half of silver, half of gold, which he fancies will be self-balanced; as if the fluctuations in the value of one metal would always be such as exactly to balance those of the other. Another suggests that, to keep up the price of silver, which he shrewdly perceives to be the main object in view, all the servants of the State, including the footmen, shall be made to wear silver buttons. He does not say whether the price is to be levied on the public or on the footmen, nor does he say why the community should be interested in keeping up the price of silver any more than in keeping up the price of salt. The payment of congressional salaries in silver was a suggestion more to the point. The matter, however, is most serious. It has compelled Mr. Cleveland to call an extra session of Congress, which is supposed to be very dangerous to an Administration, and he will have to exert all his influence to get the Silver law repealed, and avert a crash. He will probably find that his only course is to call in his token money and redeem his silver certificates in gold, just as the redemption of the greenbacks in gold was the only mode of restoring the currency after the war. The coercion of Congress by a combination so limited as that of the Silver men is an ominous proof of the influence which hungry interests playing on the balance of parties may exert. The same influence is exerted by bodies of enthusiasts, such as the Prohibitionists, exclusively bent on the attainment of their special object, and re-

gardless of the general policy of the country.

Mr. Cleveland had the support of the solid South. Happily he had also support enough at the North, and has sufficient force of opinion behind him to preserve him from being the slave of a geographical section. It will be strange if he has not in some way to deal with the Southern difficulty. That the negro is debarred from voting is a grievance of which his best friends do not bitterly complain. Perhaps his safest condition for the present is the enjoyment of personal and industrial rights without political power. But the lynchings of negroes are shocking, and indicate a dangerous as well as a hideous state of things. The English press probably noticed the other day that in Texas a negro who had outraged a white woman was bound to a tree, with his clothes steeped in petroleum, and slowly burned alive, in the presence of applauding thousands, the injured woman applying the match with her own hand. There have been several burnings, and there have been lynchings of negroes without number. The general cause is outrage on white women, to which, it is said, negroes are so desperately given that, in districts where they are numerous, no white woman can leave her home without fear. This is a state of things which can hardly last long without an explosion of race hatred on a larger scale. The negro is careless and callous. He is not stirred by these atrocities as a man of a more sensitive race would be. But there is in him a latent ferocity, which in Hayti was fearfully displayed. It is a desperate problem, this of race in the South, the barrier between the races being not, as in the case of ancient slavery, artificial, but natural, and fusion, which was the end of ancient slavery, being in this case out of the question.

Very notable was that part of Mr. Cleveland's letter of acceptance in which he protested against “Paternalism,” and proclaimed the old American principle of individual liberty and self help. The socialistic craving for State help and regulation, which Mr. Cleveland calls Paternalism, has hitherto made much less progress in America than in Europe, at least so far as the native Americans are concerned; for there is a certain amount of immigrant anarchism in New York and Chicago. Among native Americans the socialistic

tendency has hitherto been repelled by the general possession and the almost universal hope of property, but it is now beginning to appear. It has taken the shape of a People's party—Populists, as, by a barbarism, they are called—who seek State relief in different ways, some of them extravagantly chimerical, including, of course, an inflation of the currency, for the farmer, from the distress which, he alleges, is caused by the fall in the price of his products and his mortgage debts; though Mr. Atkinson, a first-rate authority on these subjects, traverses the allegation, and contends that the condition of the farmer has really improved. A rise in the farmer's standard of living, by elevating his desires, may, perhaps, have increased his expenditure, and stimulated his discontent, and still more that of his sons and daughters. The Populists showed considerable strength in the late election, and were able, partly by bartering their votes with the other party's to gain some seats in Congress. They reckon three or four representatives in the Senate. The party, however, is now showing symptoms of dissolution, and seems likely to be absorbed by the regular organizations. This was the end of the Anti-Freemason and Know-nothing parties of former days, and has hitherto been the end of all such abnormal growths. But, in the meantime, the politicians have been compelled, in some degree, to pander to Populism, and ostensibly to flatter chimeras which they are covertly combined to defeat. This salutary art of quietly breaking political waterspouts has, so far, been practised with skill and success; but it has its limits. There is no saying that some day an extravagance like Populism may not, by coercing party, carry its measure through the legislature, and even over the President's veto, which is usually the last safeguard. What will then follow? Look at the working of the elective system on whichever side we will, we find that the system is on its trial.

Mr. Cleveland is, no doubt, personally well disposed to give full effect to the Civil Service Act and to promote Civil Service reform. After being beset as he was in the days following his inauguration by the mosquito swarm of office-seekers, he must have sighed for the total abolition of patronage. It was as much, I suppose, by desire of escaping the nuisance of ap-

plications as by love of purity that British statesmen were induced to adopt the system of competitive examination. But there are limits to what any President elected by a party vote can do in this way. The party organization cannot be kept on foot, nor can elections be carried, without workers, and the workers must be paid. This is a fact which the Independents—Mugwumps, as they are nicknamed—to whom, and particularly to their late admirable leader, Mr. George W. Curtis, Civil Service reform is due, have hardly looked in the face. The Mugwumps themselves are not a party. They have no organization; their position is merely that of critics unattached: with the necessity of paying workers they have not to deal.

One of the last acts of the outgoing President was to agree to draft a treaty of annexation with the Hawaiian Commissioners, whose flag, with broad red and white stripes and the Union Jack in the corner, floated for some weeks over Wornley's Hotel. For this Mr. Harrison was accused of party manœuvring. But whatever his alleged defects as a political leader, he is thoroughly patriotic as well as upright, and he was here moving on his natural line. The Republican party, since the final exhaustion of the war sentiment and the overthrow of Protection, has no life left in it, except as the party of national aspiration. That field is still very much its own, its rival being, since the departure of its slavery element, in all respects Conservative and opposed to any projects of aggrandizement. Nor would such a line be unhelpful if the nation, wearied with these party struggles for the Presidency, should ever be inclined to refresh itself by a return to objects beyond party strife, and conducive to national greatness. But the balance of public opinion, after wavering for a time, seemed at last to turn against the annexation of Hawaii. The idea that Americans thirst for territorial aggrandizement, and that Canada is "lying beneath the shadow of a rapacious neighbor," is entirely baseless. Slavery sought territorial aggrandizement for four very substantial reasons: it wanted more land to replace that which was exhausted by slave labor; it wanted votes in the Senate, which it obtained by the creation of more slave States; it wanted to strengthen and extend its institution;

and it wanted to keep at bay Emancipation, which was advancing in the British and Spanish possessions and in the South American Republics. But with slavery aggrandizement died. Did not San Domingo, with all its natural wealth, throw itself into the lap of the Republic, and was it not shaken out again in spite of all that President Grant could do to bring about the annexation? The Americans now are so far from coveting territory that they shrink from extension, believing that it would imperil unity, and especially from the annexation of islands which would require a navy for their protection. Thus they rejected St. Thomas even after the bargain had been struck with Denmark and the cession had been made. But there was another cause of hesitation. What was to be the political relation between Hawaii and the American Republic, the incorporation of Hawaii being inconvenient from the distance, to say nothing of the alien character of its native population? This brought to mind the question whether a democracy could govern dependencies. Great Britain is likely soon to be a democracy unbridled, though under monarchical and aristocratic forms. How will she govern an empire? It is strange that in all these controversies about the suffrage and the abolition of the Upper House, this question should have never presented itself. Do the Radical constituencies which demand universal suffrage and the final divorce of representation from property by the adoption of the principle of "one man, one vote," consider that they are lords of two hundred and fifty millions of Asiatic subjects who have no vote at all? Is it possible that the United Kingdom should be broken up and put together again, as Home Rulers and Federationists propose, without totally deranging the Imperial system? It seems strange, I repeat, that this question should never have been raised. Already its serious character begins to be seen. British empire in India, the native army having been now placed on a sound footing, is apparently in no danger from internal insurrection, nor likely to be till there is far more union among the motley races and religions than there is at present. Nor does it seem likely that Russia, the extension of whose empire in Central Asia is not less natural than the extension of British empire in Southern Asia, though she

may stretch her dominion over barbarous or semi-civilized tribes, will attack a civilized power unless England bars her way to something absolutely essential to her in Europe. The chief danger to the Indian Empire is from the interference of British democracy with its government, and this has begun to appear.

I have said that there is no foundation for the idea that Canada is the object of rapacious designs on the part of the people of the United States. During twenty-five years of intercourse with Americans of all parties and classes, I have never heard any wish or thought of aggression upon Canada expressed. The general feeling about the Canadian question has been one of singular indifference. It has been seldom mentioned in American journals, and never, so far as I recollect, in party platforms or campaign speeches. Generally, as I have said, there is a shrinking from territorial extension, though in this case the extension would apparently be safe, since it would be natural, and even dictated by nature. At the same time, I should say that the question of the relations between the United States and Canada has of late been entering on a new phase in the councils of the Washington Government. These incessant disputes about fisheries, Behring Sea, canal tolls, customs duties, and what not, are bearing their fruit. The Canadian Government, feeling that it is safe under the broad ægis of Great Britain, is naturally tempted to pursue a spirited policy, as the British Foreign Office and the British Embassy at Washington can tell. It was in reference to a Canadian dispute that Lord Beaconsfield, then Mr. Disraeli, said, in a letter to Lord Malmesbury, the Foreign Ministry, "These wretched colonies will all be independent in a few years, and are a millstone round our necks." Nor would Lord Malmesbury have been likely to publish the letter if he had not felt the truth of the remark. The Tory party in Canada, also, is always expressing and working up feeling against the Yankees. At the last general election, the Government and its partisans made an open and direct appeal to that sentiment in a manner highly offensive to the Americans, whereof the Americans did not fail to take note. Canadian protectionists fan the flame of antipathy against Americans, as American protectionists fan the flame of antipathy

against the British. The division between the two portions of the continent, if it were natural, might be friendly; being artificial, it can hardly be perpetuated without keeping the antipathy alive. American statesmen, though they may not desire territorial aggrandizement, are being awakened to the danger of allowing a power hostile to the United States to be created to the north of them under European influence. Politicians of both parties at Washington feel this, and it is perhaps the one question on which they are likely to act together. Few can think their anxiety unnatural, or doubt that British statesmen placed in a similar situation would take the same view of their policy and duty. Allusions to the Monroe doctrine—which, be it remembered, was the doctrine of Canning as well as of Monroe—are beginning to be heard. The Canadian question had nothing to do with the passing of the McKinley Act, which was not levelled against any foreign nation in particular, but was simply a dead-lift effort to consolidate and perpetuate the protectionist system by bringing all American industries, especially that of the farmer, within the pale. But it may not be without influence on the approaching dealings with the tariff. To repeat an illustration used before: if Scotland were a dependency of the United States, and under their auspices were always being placed and placing itself in antagonism to England, there would be trouble in Great Britain, as there is upon this continent. On the other side, Canada, since the passing of the McKinley Act, has been feeling more keenly her commercial isolation. Her agricultural products, her barley, peas, hay, eggs, wool, lean cattle, can be sold to the United States no longer, and her export of horses is reduced. In eggs alone she has lost a trade of nearly two millions of dollars. Exports to Great Britain have increased, but nothing like in proportion, nor do the sales appear to have been very good. The egg trade from Canada seems to be a failure. The Province of Quebec especially suffers, its products being unsuited for exportation to Europe. As a consequence the exodus from Canada to the United States increases. Already there are a million of Canadians on the south of the line. Some villages in Quebec have lost a great part of their population. In Ontario almost all

the towns and villages are stationary or going backward. The American Consulate in Toronto has had little else to do during the past year than despatch emigrants to the United States. In the city, five thousand houses are vacant, and though this is partly due to over-speculation in land and over-building, it is also partly due to emigration. It was the president of a Conservative association who said the other day, that soon "the Americans would have all the men, and we should have all the mud." Toronto is the stronghold of British sentiment and of the Canadian protectionism which finds fervent love of the mother-country available as a safeguard against American competition. Englishmen who visit Canada form their notions of Canadian sentiment from what they hear at Toronto or at Ottawa, which, as the official city, is, of course, the centre of attachment to the existing system. If they went among the farmers, especially in the border counties, they might form a different estimate. In the Province of Quebec a movement in favor of independence has been set on foot by Mr. Mercier, the Nationalist leader, who, having been prosecuted for corruption by one of the political parties and disclaimed by the other, is now acting independently of both, and seems in a fair way to recover his ascendancy over his own people. The French clergy have hitherto been opposed to continental union, fearing loss of their privileges and the contagion of American Liberalism. But they are alarmed by the exodus of their flocks, and by the impoverishment which threatens to render those that remain less willing and less able to pay the tithes. Moreover, the spirit of the quiet French *curé* of former days, who was a remnant of the old Gallican school, is being supplanted by that of the Ultramontane and the Jesuit, who are less quiet, and more inclined to act with their Roman Catholic brethren in the more important sphere of the United States. If the Roman Catholic bishops in the United States countenance the movement, it will become strong; the independence, which is Mr. Mercier's professed aim, would soon turn into annexation; for an independent Quebec is almost inconceivable, especially when there are so many French emigrants in the adjoining States of the Union that New France may be said almost to be astride of the line.

Sentiment is a motive always respectable, and sometimes practicable, but from what motive except sentiment Great Britain should cling to her connection with this continent it is hard to say. She derives from it neither strength nor profit. Canada has gone fiscally out of the Empire, and lays protective duties on British goods, the crowning measure of that kind being the duty imposed on British iron by a Canadian Finance Minister, who now represents Imperial Federation in London. Your investments here are very large; they have been reckoned at the enormous sum of a hundred and thirty millions sterling, though this estimate, no doubt, includes an immense amount hopelessly sunk in railways, especially in the ill-starred Grand Trunk, which seems now to be succumbing to the force of its new and aspiring rival, the Canadian Pacific. But the value would be enhanced by the admission of Canada into the American Union. You hold probably by far the larger part of the Canadian debt, which at present the Americans would certainly take over, but which they might not take over if the present system were to break up in a storm. As to military force, it is amusing to hear Imperial Federationists in London discussing the contingent to be furnished to British armaments by a confederacy in whose councils the French of Quebec, with the tricolor floating over them, have the casting vote. Englishmen always think of Canada as a British colony, forgetting that it is a conquered colony of France with British settlements added. If France was your enemy, the more practical question would be how to provide the force necessary to hold down Quebec. The growth of European navies has divested England of the supremacy, though not of the primacy, of the sea, and the maritime defence of a distant dependency which has no navy of its own would be more than ever difficult. The dependency, meantime, suffers from commercial atrophy, the inevitable consequence of fiscal severance from the continent of which it is a part, as Norfolk and Suffolk would suffer if they were severed from the rest of Great Britain. Its people are docketed of the fair earnings of their industry, and are forced to leave their homes—a perpetual wound to family sentiment, which may be set against any advantages of political sentiment derived from the

connection. Added to this is exposure to the possibility of a war with the United States, in which Canada, whatever the bravery of her people, would be hopelessly overrun by an enormously superior force, and of a war between Great Britain and some European power, perhaps about Egypt or Hindustan, by which Canadian commerce would be suspended or cut up. The notion that Canada is being fostered under British protection till she is strong enough to hold her own against the United States is another case of Horace's clown waiting for the river to run dry. The United States grow much faster than Canada, while the growth of Canada is retarded by isolation. Much the same might be said of the proposal to keep Canada in political swaddling clothes till she has become a nation. The independent spirit of nationality can never be acquired by remaining in dependence. As to the exercise of political tutelage over Canadian democracy by the British democracy, of which not one man in ten thousand knows anything about Canadian affairs, it is too absurd for discussion. Imperial Federationists may think that they have the solution of the problem. But let them inquire in Quebec, and they will find that the very name of Imperial Federation is hateful there, and that the people were at first inclined to receive the Governor-General coldly, because they fancied that he leaned that way. The movement has little strength here, so far as I can see, except what it borrows from protectionism, which is ready to take advantage of any cover for a shot against free trade with the United States. My own opinions, I dare say, are heretical; it matters little whether they are or not. What seems to me pretty certain is that, as events are now shaping themselves and American opinion is moving, the question of the relation between Great Britain and Canada will, at no distant time, present itself to you in a practical form. Before you decide upon maintaining the present system, with its burdens and risks, acquaint yourselves not only with postprandial speeches, with the effusions of Canadian High Commissioners, or with the polite sayings of the social magnates of Toronto in their visits to London, but with the decisive, though perhaps unwelcome, facts.—*Nineteenth Century.*

FLORENTINE FANCIES.

BY MARY NEGREPONTE.

I.

OMBRES CHINOISES.

(Written in the Jardin Boboll.)

Was it in Florence that little old church,
 With its strange façade of black and white stone,
 Its Renaissance cherubs with wings full grown,
 And its faded frescoes over the porch?

Oh! vision of crags and of feverish sea,
 Of brown fishers' huts on a desolate shore,
 Of a lighthouse, a ship, and a semaphore;
 Of cormorants—was it in Brittany?

Was it in London that riverside scene:
 The ships' hulls and masts enveloped in mist,
 The ownerless dog that roamed where it list?
 Yea, somewhere, some time, these things have I seen.

That Cypris, Orestes, Antigone,
 Was it in Denmark those gracious white forms
 The spirit of Hellas the marble informs
 As conceived by a Northern visionary?

Pink roses and sunlight and ambient air,
 And fluted shafts hidden in olive groves
 That nightingales harbor and turtle doves—
 'Tis Greece! I know not, I never was there.

In Paradise was it those faces fair,
 That floor paved with onyx and chrysolite—
 A dwelling o' songfulness sweet and delight?
 Alas! I know not, I never was there.

II.

IL BEATO ANGELICO.

God dreamed again of Florence, for
 She needed just one painter more
 Her fair art-cycle to complete.

Not fearful fancies such as drew
 Orcagna, on whose visage blew
 Hell-winds, but visions suave and sweet.

He thought of Fra Angelico!
 He had some work for him to do,
 That none might execute but he.

He wanted angels, gracious, pure,
In their own holiness secure,
Tethered to Paradise, yet free.

So from some eerie dwelling-place,
Betwixt the bounds of earth and space,
The Beatific brought us these

Glad virgins, whose bright faces Earth
Has never robbed of holy mirth :
Diaphanous divinities.

God wanted saints whose feet had ne'er
Strayed out of church or cloister-square,
Who nought of human dolour knew.

He thought of Fra Angelico !
Such glorious work for him to do,
To paint one aspect of the True.

So fresh from decking missal-marge
The painter sought but to enlarge
His seraphs of the Book of Hours.

No master-draughtsmanship is here,
His art is childlike, pure, sincere—
Yet give we thanks, for aye 'tis ours.

God thought of Fra Angelico.

III.

MASACCIO.

Poet Masaccio, couldst thou not have bribed
The stern old ferryman of Dante's dream—
He who is ever paddling in our wake,
To catch us at the rapids unawares—
To leave thee yet awhile upon the earth ?
Another lustrum in thy Tuscan town,
Fair crucible of germinating thoughts,
Already in thy time half crystallized,
Would have enabled thee to paint thy fill
Upon the walls of Carmine. For thou
By some prodigious power didst leap the gulf
Which cuts the low-lying field of Art's dim birth
From the proud heights of her maturity ;
Thou couldst have mounted to the lonely crags
Scaled by thy near posterity. But no,
We must not carp at that which thou hast done,
Or left undone for lack of means to do,
Thy youth rememb'ring and precocious skill,
Thine insight into wider realms of art
Than any which thy fellows cared to know.
What made thee resolute to copy flesh,
Wrinkled or rose-tinted as it was,
And as it seemed in divers grades of light ?

What instinct taught thee to divine the pose,
 Though gropingly, da Vinci would have drawn,
 His crayon more subservient to his will
 Than thine, Forerunner of the Perfect Art?
 Weeks doubtless waxed to months, and on thy perch—
 Hung 'neath the chapel ceiling 'gainst the wall—
 Seated in dull, dissatisfied survey,
 Thou faced its humid bareness, half averse
 To fix thy thoughts thereon, lest by mischance
 Thy hand might play the traitor to thy brain,
 That doubtless gauged the truth unerringly,
 And as the greatest saw it face to face,
 Only it lay too deep to give it form
 Just then. We know not at what labor cost
 The rebel folds of clinging drapery
 Might be portrayed to something like the lines
 Which flowing linen naturally takes,
 Only we read the trouble in the eyes
 Of all the frescoed faces. Even more.
 The very soul of Florence at her best
 From one abstracted angel visage looks :
 This much, my painter-poet thou hast done—
 This much, no less.

IV.

THE BABES OF DELLA ROBBIA.

(*Written at the Foundling Hospital, Florence.*)

Like guardian-genii of the place,
 Each with a welcome on his face,
 And on his outstretched dimpled hand
 Medallioned on the Hospice stand,
 The Babes of della Robbia !

O Innocents, left desolate,
 Take heart, not hopeless is your fate,
 For reared in Art's glad atmosphere
 They've come your solitude to cheer—
 The Babes of della Robbia !

No trace of earthly misery
 Sullies their radiant purity ;
 Alas ! the tiny foundlings here
 Will know much more of want and fear
 Than the Babes of della Robbia.

V.

GIORDANO BRUNO TO HIS FRIEND.

I lay beneath thy roof, I thought
 I was enshrined within thy heart,
 And while my spirit vainly sought,
 Thro' alchemy's delusive art,

Some stubborn science-truth to test,
Though fail'd mine aim, I was at rest,
Safe anchor'd to thy constancy.

Alas ! how should a student's eye,
Turned ever upon Nature's face
To mark each change, each covert grace,
Note that thy life was one long lie,
Thy friendship but a specious mask,
'Neath which ambition wove its schemes ?
Hatred was best ; I did not ask
" For that which is not what it seems ;"
I would have chos'n thine enmity.

Reproaches thou'lt not hear from me ;
A leopard may not change his skin ;
And long before I met with thee,
Alas ! thy soul was black with sin ;
Thy tongue to flattery attuned !
I do not blame thee, though my wound
Has not yet reached the healing stage.

Thou art the loser in this game
Believe me, though thou hadst thy way—
A sorry one some folks might say—
A man's whole life to blight and maim
For such a paltry recompense ;
Thou deemest that my lot is worse,
Yet in thy heart a void immense
Bears witness to the living curse
That tracks thee to a loveless age.

And thou, thou hast not my resource
To lift thee from thy leaden thoughts,
For I may quaff at that bright source.
Which wells in wisdom's inner courts,
And these are closed to such as thee.
Thou art in chains, and I am free,
Though pent behind these prison-bars.

Thy deed has taught me one wise thing.
On no frail human prop to lean,
But from the fields of God to glean
The grain which mine own watering
May cause perchance to bloom anew,
So that the coming race will say,
Giordano Bruno in his day
Was of the mighty spirits who
Direct men's vision to the stars.

VI.

THE BEASTS' ANTIPHON.

(From a quattrocento triptych in the Uffizzi Gallery, Florence.—Pictor ignotus.)

We warmed our Saviour with our breath
When in the manger low He lay ;
We cherished Him on His birthday ;

And at the season of His death,
Of His long fast miraculous,
We could not save, but mourned Him thus :

The ass, that bore Him to His end,
Had liefer hied o'er desert sand
To some non-crucifying land.

He was His servitor and friend !
The cock that crowed censoriously
Told Peter of his treachery !

We cherished Him on His birthday !
Now His uprising we acclaim ;
For us into this world He came.

For us, whate'er the scornful say,
For all that share God's gift of breath
He gave His body unto death !

VII.

REDIVIVA.

"A lily-sceptred damsel fair
As her own Giotto painted her."

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

'Twas Florentine lit
The brilliant fires of Art's new birth, and made
A mighty blaze above the Apennines,
So that all the rushlights of the world, all
The dying torches of the North and West,
Took a fresh flame thereat, and Europe saw,
When mediæval shadows slowly cleared,
The true significance of men and things.

— *Westminster Review*.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE present year is not only the centenary of the death of Gilbert White, but also the tercentenary of the birth of Isaak Walton. In commemoration of the latter event, we are promised yet another edition of "The Complete Angler," to be called the tercentenary edition.

THE distinguished Germanist Dr. Albert Schulz, who was born at Schwedt, in Brandenburg, in 1802, and wrote under the pseudonym "San Marte," died on the 3d inst., at Magdeburg. Dr. Schulz made for himself a reputation in the domain of Middle High German literature, and also by his studies of ancient popular literature in Poland.

At a special congregation held at the Cambridge University, honorary degrees were conferred upon the Maharajah of Bhownagar, Lord Herschell, Lord Roberts, Professor Zupitza, Mr. Standish O'Grady, and four distinguished foreign musical composers—M. Saint-Saëns, Herr Max Bruch, Signor Arrigo Boito, and M. Tschaikowsky.

THE New York *Critic* prints a list of the authors of the greatest American books, as shown by a plebiscite of its readers. Nathaniel Hawthorne stands easily first, with 643 votes ; then Emerson (545) and Lowell (535), followed by Washington Irving (496) and Longfellow (488). Next come two living writ-

ers, Mrs. Beecher Stowe (437) and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes (417). After this there is a great drop. We must be content to mention that Fenimore Cooper received only 159 votes, and Poe (apparently) less than 20.

SHELLEY.—The memory of Shelley has fared better at Oxford than elsewhere. One memorial, extravagantly conceived and meagrely supported both in England and America, has failed, but Lady Shelley presented, on Wednesday to University College, Oxford, a peculiarly appropriate memento of her great kinsman, and in accepting it the Master of University welcomed back the man whom its predecessor had driven away. Shelley was expelled from University College, together with his friend Hogg, in March, 1811, for refusing to disavow the authorship of the pamphlet on "The Necessity of Atheism." The college authorities of that day acted according to their lights, for religious tolerance is not even yet the distinguishing characteristic of our great universities. But it is well to-day that Shelley should lie, as Mr. Bruce Joy has represented him, in this mimic sleep of death within the precincts of his own college. It is a pleasant reflection that the feuds of one generation are almost always healed by the clearer vision and kindlier sympathy of the next.—*Daily Chronicle*.

PLANS are being prepared for the erection of a public library at Constantinople, near the Sublime Porte. It appears not unlikely that the libraries of the mosques will be concentrated there.

THE following is the result of the votes received by the *Revue Bleue* from 764 readers in reply to a request for a list of the twenty-five best authors: Victor Hugo (616), Molière (563), Shakespeare (476), Racine (475), La Fontaine (426), Musset (426), Corneille (400), Goethe (393), Voltaire (388), Pascal (373), Lamartine (352), Homer (346), The Bible (331), Montaigne (300), Cervantes (288), Michelet (282), Balzac (256), Dante (246), Renan (246), La Bruyère (245), Flaubert (240), Bossuet (239), Rabelais (237), A. Daudet (214), Virgil (207). Immediately following came the names of Zola, Taine, and Thomas à Kempis.

THE address which the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke delivered at the inaugural meeting of the Irish Literary Society has been published, in the form of a handsome quarto pamphlet, by Mr. Fisher Unwin. The subject is "The Need and Use of Getting Irish Literature into the English Tongue." We may add that there

is a sister society in Dublin, of which Dr. Douglas Hyde is president. His address was entitled "The Necessity of De-Anglicizing the Irish Nation."

FOREIGN papers announce the death of Dr. Hefele, the learned ecclesiastical historian and author of the celebrated "Conciliengeschichte." He was born in 1809, and became Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Roman Catholic Faculty of Theology at Tübingen in 1840. In 1844 he published an admirable monograph on Cardinal Ximenes; his *magnum opus*, "The History of the Councils of the Church," appeared in 1855 and subsequent years, and has been translated into French and English. In 1869 he became Bishop of Rottenburg. In 1870 he distinguished himself as an opponent of the dogma of infallibility, publishing two pamphlets on the subject of Pope Honorius, which his Ultramontane opponents were quite unable to answer. However, the pressure brought to bear on him was so great that he was eventually forced to accept the decrees.

INSCRIPTION FOR COLERIDGE'S COTTAGE AT STOWEY.

TRAVELLER, beneath this roof in bye-gone days
Dwelt Coleridge. Here he sang his witching
lays

Of that strange Mariner, and what befel
In mystic hour the Lady Christabel!
And here one day, when summer breezes
blew,

Came Lamb, the frolic and the wise, who
drew

Fresh mirth from secret springs of inward
glee:

Here Wordsworth came, and wild-eyed Dorothy.

Now all is silent: but the taper's light,
Which from these windows shone so late at
night,

Has streamed afar.* To these great souls was
given

A doulte portion of the Light from Heaven!

E. H. COLERIDGE (*The Athenæum*).

THE WHITE MOTH.

THE following poem is from "Green Bays: Verses and Parodies," by Q. (Methuen & Co.):—

If a leaf rustled, she would start:
And yet she died, a year ago.

* October 21st, 1892 (being the 120th anniversary of Coleridge's birthday).

How had so frail a thing the heart
To journey where she trembled so?
And do they turn and turn in fright,
Those little feet in so much night?

The light above the poet's head
Streamed on the page and on the cloth,
And twice and thrice there buffeted
On the black pane a white-wing'd moth:
'Twas Annie's soul that beat outside
And "Open, open, open!" cried.

I could not find the way to God;
There were too many flaming suns
For signposts, and the fearful road
Led over wastes where millions
Of tangled comets hissed and burned—
I was bewildered, and I turned.

O, it was easy then! I knew
Your window and no star beside,
Look up, and take me back to you!"
He rose and thrust the window wide,
'Twas but because his brain was hot
With rhyming; for he heard her not.

But poets polishing a phrase
Show anger over trivial things;
And as she blundered in the blaze
Toward him, on ecstatic wings,
He raised a hand and smote her dead;
Then wrote, "That I had died instead!"

MISCELLANY.

GEORGE MEREDITH.—There are many things in Mr. Meredith's novels, but one thing there is not, or in scant measure only; there is very little "modernity," to use a term that has nothing but its convenience to recommend it. By this we do not mean to imply that he is not of his day, or that he could have written just as he does at any other epoch than the present. He is, on the contrary, extremely modern; he illustrates his generation in a hundred ways; and in no way more forcibly perhaps than by an occasional grimly humorous pessimism, almost Nihilism, a capacity for turning the world inside out, and exhibiting it as an old and empty sack, woefully in want of repair. It is a feat to which one may be permitted to attach more or less value; but such as it is, Mr. Meredith knows how to perform it with a great completeness and sense of humor. But however it may represent a prevailing mood of the time, the feat, it need hardly be said, is less characteristic of the present age than of a temper common to all ages since the world was young; and in nam-

ing "modernity," we intend rather that exhibition of the newest theories, the newest crotchets, the newest manners, fashions, modes of thought, mingled with a somewhat indescribable quality, an implied sense that the newness of these things means not youth, but age, not hopefulness, but decay, which gives its distinctive note to so much of the literature of the day. From all these matters Mr. Meredith stands a little aloof, or introduces them as side-lights only. We may turn page after page of his novels and find hardly a trace of heredity or neurosis or indifference or half-a-dozen other burning subjects that so incessantly preoccupy some of our French contemporaries. His characters, to put it briefly, have less the value of special "documents," than that of the perennial quality of humanity.

This is nowhere more apparent than in the author's treatment of his heroines. Their value to the reader, like that of Shakespeare's women (with which they are very commonly compared), lies in their constant womanhood, and not in any passing mood borrowed from the fashion of the hour; in the essential qualities which, under one or another influence, bloom from century to century into one and another transient form, and not in the transient form itself. It is quite possible to unite the two, to give the permanent root and the flower of the moment; but with such ephemeral blossom our author concerns himself but a little. A good deal has been written about Mr. Meredith's women, and there is undoubtedly much that may be said. No writer, perhaps, not of their own sex, has treated them with a comprehension so sensitive to the complex mingling of their better and their weaker impulses; and this combined with what may be termed the outside view, the man's particular appreciation of the feminine charm, a point of view that no woman-writer can absolutely adopt—she is apt to fall into terrible blunders when she attempts it—gives Mr. Meredith's delineation of women an extreme fascination. It is true that he has a theory concerning them that he propounds from time to time, and which is the only approximation to a purpose, as distinct from a philosophy, that appears throughout his work. The theory, crudely and briefly stated, is, that men require too much of women; that so long as their own lives are not irreproachable, they have no right to demand a flawless perfection in their fellow-creatures of the opposite sex. This is the theory put nakedly; but it is naturally capable

of much amplification, and more broadly it may be said that it is a protest against the sentimental conception of woman as an ethereal and bloodless being, with only just so much flesh as will suffice to make a decent garment for her soul. Nothing, Mr. Meredith's readers do not need to be told, can be further removed from his conception of the ideal woman than such a woman as this; we have only to glance at the contrast between Diana and her rival, in "Diana of the Crossways," to see how far removed. To quote from an ingenious and enthusiastic "Appreciation" lately published under the title of "George Meredith—Some Characteristics:" "If asked what is the quality that especially distinguishes Mr. Meredith's women, it would be no bad answer to say that they eat well and are not ashamed." The formula is a trifle meagre, but it expresses not amiss that glow of youth and vitality and rounded symmetry that characterize our author's most attractive heroines. It must be immediately added that he makes no effort to press home the theory hinted at above, or to set it in motion in the person of those heroines. There is never a trace of coarseness in the admirable young creatures whom he sets before us with their glance half divine and wholly feminine. In honor, purity, sweetness and tenderness, Lucy Desborough, Cecilia Halkett, Princess Otilie, and the exquisite Clara Wentworth, again belong to the category of Shakespeare's women. Even Diana of the Crossways, one of the most fascinating, but also one of the most imperfect of Mr. Meredith's creations, is guilty of nothing worse than an excess of imprudence—for we refuse to believe that Diana, being what she was, would ever have sold her lover's secret for a sum of money.

In considering Mr. Meredith's heroines, then, it is unnecessary to lay much stress on a theory that he himself is content to leave very much in the background. It is more profitable to dwell on the extreme insight and sympathy with which he knows how to depict the young girls and women who sway the fortunes of his heroes, the particular grace of feminine impulse and charm with which he endows them. Mr. Meredith has also that conception of simple goodness in good women, the goodness without guile, to which Balzac, for example, hardly ever attained, and the want or neglect of which led him now and again to present such singular monstrosities. Mr. Meredith's appreciation of this quality is at once artistic and sympathetic. He leaves

it in its right place; he allows it to be duly modified by caprice, by passion, by gayety, by wilfulness or ignorance; it is never obtrusive and never mawkish; but in his best characters it is always there, an indestructible core of crystal, the inalienable quality that in its turn modifies every other; the result is seen in the heroine he presents to our admiration.
—*Temple Bar.*

PREHISTORIC AMERICA.—We are so accustomed to think of America as the New World, that the assertion of a recent writer that "America is also an old world, and compares well with other countries in this respect," comes upon the reader with something of a shock. But when we find how lavishly the remains of prehistoric races are scattered over the length and breadth of the North American continent, we realize that ancient monuments are no more numerous on this than on the other side of the Atlantic. And when we consider the works left by the lost races, we are constrained to admit that the prehistoric relics of America are as interesting as any yet discovered within our own borders. The American archæologist is, it is true, confronted with a great and peculiar difficulty. His continent is covered with remains of prehistoric races; but historic time for him begins at least no earlier than the landing of Columbus, and the mystery which must always envelop a people who have left so little in the way of written records commences for him but four centuries ago. On the other hand, we have clear evidence that some of the early inhabitants were contemporary with the mammoth and the mastodon; and in South America, at any rate, remains of cliff-dwelling races are associated with the bones of no fewer than forty-four animals now entirely extinct. Many interesting notices, more or less fragmentary, have from time to time appeared relative to the wonderful architectural relics of the Cliff-dwellers of Colorado, and to the no less wonderful pyramids and earthworks of the Mound-builders of the Mississippi. But the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America has been marked, among other things, by the publication in one volume of all that has yet been made known of the Mound-builders—a volume of which it is not too much to say that it is one of the most interesting of all archæological records. When the relics of this vanished race first began to attract attention some forty years ago, it was thought that the silver sword scabbards, iron knives, and

Hebrew inscriptions then brought to light, were traces of a highly civilized "people who had migrated from some historic country." Latterly the current of opinion has been tending quite the other way, and some authorities appear to think that the real Mound-builders, who had nothing to do with the modern implements which had been "intruded" among their remains, were, after all, mere savages. But it is the view of many eminent American antiquarians that these early races—Mound-builders, Cliff dwellers, and others coeval with them—"constituted a cultus which differed essentially from any other now known to history."

The works of the Mound builders are most abundant in the Mississippi Valley. They are found, it is true, in other parts of the continent, but nowhere else do they occur in such profusion or such magnitude. From the Red River to Florida, from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains, the whole ground is strewn with their remains. In Ohio alone, there are ten thousand mounds for burial or for the foundations of dwellings, and more than fifteen hundred enclosures surrounded with earthworks. Some of the mounds are acres in extent—Monk's Mound, the great tumulus of Cahokia, near St. Louis, rises by four platforms to a height of a hundred feet, and covers sixteen acres of ground. Some tribes, evidently hunters by occupation, using tools and weapons made of unsmelted copper and meteoric iron, have left, in addition to the ordinary conical mounds, huge earthen effigies, not only of beasts of the chase, elk and moose, wolf and panther, goose and wild duck, but of hawks and swallows, of lizards, snakes, and tadpoles. One such figure of a serpent is nearly five hundred yards long. Other tribes, apparently more warlike, have left earthen walls, some of which are still thirty feet high, and enclose as much as four hundred acres of ground. The actual mounds which are so numerous served in many cases for burial, and were so used by successive races. In some instances it is clear that interments continued even into historic times. Of two mounds in the same group, one contained the skeleton of a medicine-man with a modern looking-glass, perhaps not fifty years old, in its hand. Another mound in the group contained the skeleton of a child, with a string of beads on its wrist and a pot of sweet-meats at its head; while trees of at least three centuries' growth were growing in the ground above. That these structures have been used

by successive races is well illustrated by a mound in Illinois, in which, lying underneath recent Indian interments, was the skeleton of some long-forgotten Jesuit pioneer, with a rosary of Venetian beads about its waist, and a silver crucifix still in its bony hand.

There must have been several entirely different races of Mound builders, to judge from the wide differences in the style and materials of their works. In the upper part of the Mississippi Valley the mounds are mainly burial-places. In Wisconsin, many are in the shapes of animals. In other districts the mounds contain chambers roofed with logs. The Gulf States are remarkable for their earthen pyramids. At one point on the Lower Mississippi is a group of eight, one of which covers six acres of ground. Its sides correspond to the points of the compass, and it is surrounded by a ditch ten feet deep. In Ohio are a great many so-called sacred enclosures, some of which are of large extent. Not a few of them consist of a square and two adjacent circles, and look like gigantic geometrical figures. The stone forts are larger still. The walls of Fort Ancient are still twenty feet high and three miles and a half in length, enclosing a space of one hundred and forty acres. An immense number of relics have been collected by various explorers. Few, perhaps, are of greater interest than those lately taken from a mound on Paint Creek. At the base of the tumulus, which was five hundred feet long, were domed chambers, four or five feet high. In one of these was a skeleton, evidently of some distinguished warrior. On its head, fastened to a sort of helmet, were wooden antlers, covered with copper. Over it were strewn pearls, bears' teeth, and claws of eagles. At its side lay a pipe, an agate spear-head, and canes covered with copper. Other skeletons in the same mound were clad in copper armor, decorated with elaborate and beautiful designs. Here, too, was found a copper axe—still sharp, forty pounds in weight, and bearing traces of gilding. In a burial mound on the Iowa River, in a district which was inhabited by hunter tribes, were found three chambers, roofed with logs, and in the central room eight skeletons were seated on the floor, each with a drinking-cup at its feet. In a mound on the Scioto River—a huge tumulus one hundred and sixty feet long and ninety feet wide—were twelve chambers, each containing a skeleton. A remarkable point is the size of the trees which are sometimes found in these

old works. Some were felled in Ohio which had been growing for five centuries on the long-deserted ramparts of an old fort. One tree that grew on the wall of a fort in Ohio had five hundred and fifty rings in it. This does not, it is true, imply a really high degree of antiquity; but there seems no reason to doubt that the early Mound-builders were contemporary with the mastodon, if not with the mammoth. Many pipes have been found which clearly represent the latter; while remains of the former have been found, so recent that the turf-cutters greased their boots with marrow taken from the bones. Among the bones of a mastodon dug up in Missouri were discovered the arrow-heads which, as it lay helpless in the bog, had been shot at it by hunters. Near it were the stones they had hurled at it, while the ashes of fires they had lighted round the carcass were still heaped against it six feet high. Much excitement was caused in 1866 by the discovery of what is known as the Calaveras skull, at a depth of one hundred and thirty feet below the surface, on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada—a clear proof, as it was at first thought, of the vast antiquity of man on the American continent. Almost more extraordinary was the "Nampa Image," a tiny figure of a man of baked clay, that came up in a sand-pump from a depth of no less than three hundred and twenty feet. It is now recognized that the skull owed its burial to accumulations of flood *débris*, and that the clay figure came from an unsuspected Indian mine. Two very remarkable stone slabs, called the Davenport Tablets, which it is said were dug up in Missouri, were inscribed, one with a cremation scene, including thirty figures of men and animals; and the other with archaic-looking characters. Many of these characters, however, are now seen to be taken from the Roman, Arabic, Phœnician, and Hebrew alphabets, and both tablets are regarded as spurious.

The civilization of the Mound-builders was at one time thought to have been equal to that of Tyre or Babylon or Egypt. It was even confidently asserted that here were the relics of the ten "Lost Tribes"—a suggestion we may well remember, since out of it grew the gigantic imposture, the "Book of Mormon." It must, however, be admitted that there are points in the work of the Mound-builders, in their effigies and pyramids and "sacred enclosures," which strongly support the view that America was at some remote period visited by successive waves of invaders from Europe, from the coast of Asia, even

from Mongolia. Rites such as prevailed in Phœnicia in Old Testament times were widely practised on the North American continent. The more closely the relics of the lost races are examined, the more clear becomes the evidence that their worship combined elements of Druidical, of Hittite, and of Phœnician ceremonial. The faiths of the Far East, the worship of fire, of the serpent, and of the sun, extensively prevailed throughout the whole area occupied by the Mound-builders. Their relics abound with symbols which, in the Old World, "belonged to the secret mysteries, the mysteries which were so full of cruelties and degradations."

It is here, then, among objects associated with their religious observances, that we must look for the key to this great problem—the problem as to who were this strange people, and from what sources the North American continent received the first impulses of its ancient civilization.—*Spectator*.

"THE *Jeunesse Dorée* had begun to revive social forms in Paris, and *sansculottism* was forced to retreat before *Notre Dame de Thermidor*, as Madame Tallien was called, and her revival of luxury. Perhaps it was in sympathy with the new light, lurid and unheavenly as it was, that the little Capet's guardians changed their manners to him. Laurent insisted that the visitors of the Commune should cease to call him wolf and viper, and should address the prisoner as M. Charles, or Charles. But Laurent could do little in the face of the Convention, which remained unchanged in its hatred of the Bourbon race. He was not allowed, except at meal-times, to see his charge, and then only in presence of the municipal commissioners. The solitude of the prisoner was so little alleviated, that his persistent indifference and silence are not so strange as they would have been had he been encouraged. No doubt his coarse and scanty diet, which had not been improved, increased the languor and depression which nothing could move.

One day Laurent obtained permission to take his ward to the roof of the tower. He waited to see what reviving influence the open sky and the distant sound of the city might have, but the child followed his keeper in silence. As he came down, he stopped before the entrance of the third story, where his mother's apartments had been; he grasped Laurent's arm, and his eager eyes fixed themselves on the door, but he said nothing. That evening he hardly touched his food. On an-

other occasion, as he was on the 'platform,' a regiment passed with drums and music. He seemed to have forgotten the sounds, for he nervously seized his guardian's hand, but as the music continued to play his face brightened. Generally he looked upward or straight before him as he walked, but one day he appeared to look for something between the flags and stones of the parapet of the roof. Some little flowers had thrust their weak stems among them. Long and patiently he collected them and made them into a little bunch, and when the time came for leaving the place, he took them carefully. When he and Laurent had got down to the door of the third story the boy held Laurent back with all his strength. 'You mistake the door, Charles,' said his guardian. But he had not mistaken; he had dropped his gleanings at the threshold of what had been the Queen's apartment. He thought her still there to receive his offering, as in the old days at Versailles, when each day he brought her a nosegay gathered by himself."

We cannot refrain from adding the account of the last scene, which, like the one we have just quoted, is also of the purifying nature of true tragedy. The long torture of the child's loneliness ended peacefully at last:—

"Even on that last night his guardians were obliged to leave him alone. Next morning, the 8th of June, Lasne went up first to his room, for Gomin dreaded to find him dead. At eight o'clock, when Pelletan arrived, the child was up; but the physician saw that the end was near, and did not stay many minutes. Feeling heavy and weak, the Prince asked to lie down as soon as the doctor was gone. He was in bed at eleven, when Dumangin came; and with Pelletan's concurrence a bulletin was signed, which announced the fatal symptoms of the Prince's illness. He did not apparently suffer. Seeing him quiet, Gomin said to him, 'I hope you are not in pain just now.' 'Oh, yes, I still suffer, but much less; the music is so beautiful.' Needless to say that there was no music perceptible to other ears in the Temple on that day! 'Where do you hear it?' asked Gomin. 'Up there; listen, listen.' The child raised his hands, his eyes opened wide, he listened eagerly, and then in sudden joy he cried out, 'Through all the voices I heard my mother's.' A second after, all the light died away in his face, and his eyes wandered vacantly toward the window. Gomin asked him what he was looking at. But the dying boy seemed not to have heard, and took no notice of the guardi-

an's questions. After a time Lasne came upstairs to replace Gomin. The Prince looked at him long and dreamily, then on some slight movement of his, Lasne asked him if he wanted anything. 'Do you think my sister heard the music?' asked the child. 'It would have done her good.' Soon after he turned his eyes eagerly toward the window, a happy exclamation broke from his lips, then looking at Lasne, he said: 'I have a thing to tell you.' The guardian took his hand, the prisoner's head sunk on Lasne's breast, who listened in vain for another sound. There was no struggle, but when the guardian felt the child's heart, it had ceased to beat. It was a quarter past two o'clock in the afternoon."—*The Prison Life of Marie Antoinette and her Children, the Dauphin and the Duchesse D'Angoulême*, by M. C. Bishop.

GEORGE IV. was never happy unless he had an *amourette* or two in progress; and after his death the *souvenirs* of these gallantries were a serious embarrassment to those left behind. The following statement was taken down by Lady de Ros from the Duke of Wellington's lips in 1838: "George IV. had, from the time he was quite a young man, been in the habit of carrying about him a *douillette* pocket book, into which he used to put money, letters, trinkets, miniatures, and any of the numerous odd gloves, locks of hair, and similar keepsakes which he was always adding to his stock from all quarters. As soon as his pocket-book became full, he used to put it away in a drawer without ever troubling himself to examine its present contents, or to take out whatever money it might contain, mixed with the miscellaneous articles. Whenever he thus put away a full pocket-book, he took another to replace it from a great stock of new ones he kept by him, and this, as soon as filled, was laid by and replaced in like manner. At the time of his death it devolved upon the Duke and another to examine the personal effects of the king, and, accordingly, they had to look over the contents of a whole chest of drawers entirely filled with these pocket-books, filled and stowed away by the king from the time he was a young man. When the Duke first looked at one of them, and found the toys it contained, he was about to have the whole stock burnt, but some money accidentally fell out, which led to a careful scrutiny of others, and they actually collected in various sums no less than £10,000 from these pocket-books, after which they caused them to be destroyed with their less important contents."